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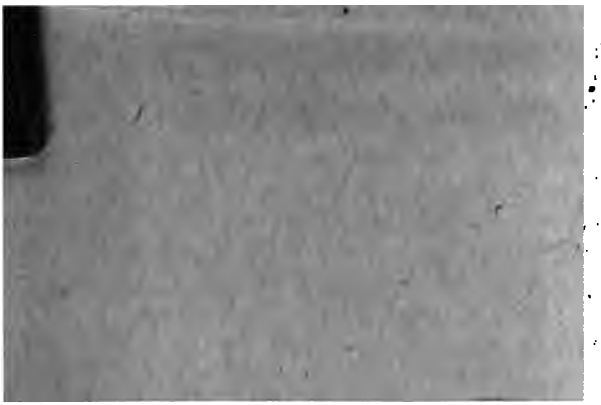

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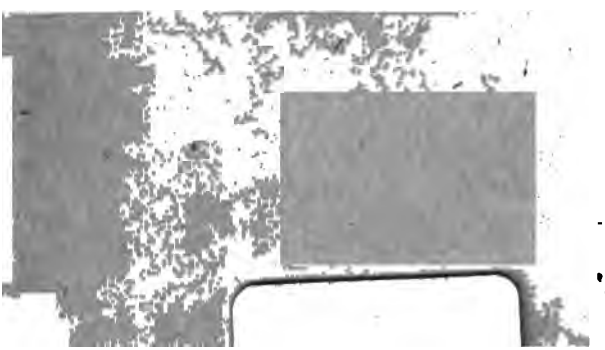

Dr SWIFT's WORKS,

COMPLETE

IN EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN;

INCLUDING THE WHOLE OF HIS

POSTHUMOUS PIECES, LETTERS, &c.

A NEW EDITION,

ACCURATELY REVISED, AND ARRANGED IN THE MOST NATURAL AND PROPER ORDER;

WITH

An Account of the AUTHOR'S LIFE,

AND

NOTES HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,

By J. HAWKESWORTH, LL.D. and others.

ADORNED WITH COPPERPLATES.

VOL. I.

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THE

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EDITORS PREFACE.

WHENEVER any thing from the Preſs is offered to the Public, it will be conſidered in the ſame light as money, which receives its currency from its conſtituent qualities. Authors and Editors are both accountable to the World. He who compoſes, will conſider public Utility, and public Entertainment; he who compiles, ought to be judicious, as well as careful, in collecting; and he who would be the faithful Editor, will bring to public view, Matter deduced from Authority, properly digeſted and arranged in due form: Among different Precedents, he will chuſe the moſt accurate, clear, and edifying: If he has Modeſty, his choice will be guided by thoſe whoſe judgment and taſte qualify them to inſtruct him: If he has Prudence, he will attend to their advice.

Upon theſe principles, is an Edition of the Works of the Great SWIFT offered to the Public; an attempt not proceeding

from thoſe intereſted motives which too often abſorb all other conſiderations; for although the fair reward of Labour is a lawful deſire, yet Reputation is ſtill to ſhare in the Undertaking.

Care has been taken to print this Edition as elegantly as poſſible; and, in point of Accuracy, it will be found vaſtly ſuperior to any former one, as no pains or expence have been ſpared to render it complete. The diſagreeable Inconvenience reſulting to the Reader, from the very confuſed and irregular manner in which the Letters have been placed throughout all the former Editions,—not excepting even the London Royal Quarto, which ſells for upwards of Ten Guineas,—is effectually obviated in This; as they ſucceed each other in exact Chronological Order.

As a further improvement to this valuable Work, we have thought it neceſſary, in order the more readily to lead the Reader to the mutual References throughout the whole, to prefix CONTENTS to each volume.

THE

THE

FAMILY OF SWIFT.*

Taken from Mr DEANE SWIFT's Eſſay.

SECT. I. THE family of the SWIFTS was ancient in Yorkſhire. From them deſcended a noted perſon, who paſſed under the name of Cavaliero Swift, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Iriſh peer by King James or King Charles I. with the title of Baron Carlingford †, but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleaſant ſtories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland hath received from their parents. This Lord died without iſſue-male; and his heireſs, whether of the firſt or ſecond deſcent, was married to Robert Fielding, Eſq; commonly called *Handſome Fielding*. She brought him a conſiderable eſtate in Yorkſhire, which he ſquandered away, but had no children. The Earl of Eglinton married another co-heireſs of the ſame family, as he hath often told me.

* This little Tract, Mr Swift tells us, was written by Dr Swift, about ſix or eight and twenty years ago, as an introduction to his life, which he had reaſon to apprehend would ſome time or other become a topic of general converſation. Mr Swift got the original manuſcript, under the Doctor's own hand, from his friend and couſin-german Mrs Whiteway.

† Bernam Swift, Eſq; created Viſcount (not Baron) of Carlingford, in Ireland, March 20th 1627, the 3d of Charles I.

SECT. II. Another of the ſame family was Sir Edward Swift, well known in the time of the great rebellion and uſurpation; but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or no.

SECT. III. Of the other branch, whereof the greater part ſettled in Ireland, the founder was William Swift *, prebendary of Canterbury, towards the laſt years of Queen Elizabeth, and during the reign of King James I. He was a divine of ſome diſtinction. There is a ſermon of his extant, and the title is to be ſeen in the catalogue of the Bodleian library; but I never could get a copy, and I ſuppoſe it would now be of little value.

SECT. IV. This William married the heireſs of Philpot, I ſuppoſe a Yorkſhire gentleman †, by whom he got a very conſiderable eſtate; which however ſhe kept in her own power, I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill-natured, and paſſionate woman, of which I have been told ſeveral inſtances. And it hath been a continual tradition in the family, that ſhe abſolutely diſinherited her only ſon Thomas, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when

* Dr Swift is here miſtaken. From the dedication of William Swift's ſermon, it appears, that Thomas, the father of William, was preſented, in 1569, to the pariſh of St Andrew, in Canterbury; and that, upon the deceaſe of Thomas, William, in 1591, ſucceeded his father.

† Rather a gentleman of Kent, or ſome of the neighbouring counties.

when he was a boy. And this much is certain, that, except a church or chapter leaſe, which was not renewed, Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a-year; which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordſhire, whereof not above one half is now in the poſſeſſion of a great-grandſon *.

SECT. V. His original picture is now in the hands of Godwin Swift †, of Dublin, Eſq; his great-grandſon, as well as that of his wife's, who ſeems to have a good deal of the ſhrew in her countenance; whoſe arms as an heireſs are joined with his own: And by the laſt, he ſeems to have been a perſon ſomewhat fantaſtic; for there he gives, as his device, a dolphin (in thoſe days called a Swift) twiſted about an anchor, with this motto, *Feſtina lente.*

SECT. VI. There is likewiſe a ſeal with the ſame coat of arms (his not joined with his wife's) which the ſaid William commonly made uſe of; and this is alſo now in the poſſeſſion of Godwin Swift ‡ above mentioned.

SECT. VII. His eldeſt ſon Thomas §, ſeems to have been a clergyman before his father's death. He was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordſhire, within a mile or two of Roſs ‖: He had like-

* Deane Swift, Eſq;

† In the hands of Mrs Elizabeth Swift, relict of Godwin.

‡ In the hands of Mrs Swift above mentioned.

§ His only ſon Thomas was a clergyman before his father's death.

‖ Within four miles of Roſs.

wiſe another church-living, with about one hundred pounds a-year in land, as I have already mentioned. He built a houſe on his own land, in the village of Goodrich *, which, by the architecture, denotes the builder to have been ſomewhat whimſical and ſingular, and very much towards a projector. The houſe is above a hundred years old, and ſtill in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line †; but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own eſtate in Ireland.

SECT. VIII. This Thomas was diſtinguiſhed by his courage, as well as his loyalty to K. Charles I. and the ſufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any perſon of his condition in England. Some hiſtorians of thoſe times, relate ſeveral particulars of what he acted, and what hardſhips he underwent for the perſon and cauſe of that bleſſed martyr'd prince. He was plundered by the Round-heads, ſix and thirty times, ſome ſay above fifty. He mortgaged his ſmall eſtate, and gathered all the money he could get, quilted it in his waiſtcoat, got off to a town held for the King; where being aſked by the governor, who knew him well, what he could do for his Majeſty? Mr Swift ſaid he would give the King his coat; and ſtripping it off, preſented it to the governor; who obſerving it to be worth little, Mr Swift

* Not in the village, but in the pariſh of Goodrich.

† That tenant of the female line hath been dead theſe many years.

Swift ſaid, Then take my waiſtcoat. He bid the governor weigh it in his hand; who ordered it to be ripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold; which, as it proved a ſeaſonable relief, muſt be allowed to be an extraordinary ſupply from a private clergyman with ten children, of a ſmall eſtate, ſo often plundered, and ſoon after turned out of his livings in the church.

SECT. IX. At another time, being informed that three hundred horſe, of the rebel-party, intended in a week to paſs over a certain river, upon an attempt againſt the Cavaliers, Mr Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with three ſpikes, whereof one muſt always be with the point upwards. He placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would paſs early the next morning; which they accordingly did, and loſt two hundred of their men, who were drowned, or trode to death by the falling of their horſes, or torn by the ſpikes.

SECT. X. His ſons, whereof four * were ſettled in Ireland, (driven thither by their ſufferings, and by the death of their father) related many other paſſages, which they learned, either from their father himſelf, or from what had been told them by the moſt credible perſons of Herefordſhire,

* He ſhould have ſaid five. I ſuppoſe he forgot Dryden Swift, who died very young, and a batchelor, ſoon after he had come over to Ireland with his brothers.

fordſhire, and ſome neighbouring counties; and which ſome of thoſe ſons often told to their children; many of which are ſtill remembered, but many more forgot.

SECT. XI. He was deprived of both his church-livings, ſooner than moſt other loyal clergymen, upon account of his ſuperior zeal for the King's cauſe, and his eſtate ſequeſtered: His preferments, at leaſt that of Goodrich, were given to a fanatical ſaint *; who ſcrupled not however to conform upon the Reſtoration; and lived many years, I think till after the Revolution. I have ſeen many perſons at Goodrich, who knew, and told me his name, which I cannot now remember.

SECT. XII. The Lord Treaſurer Oxford told the Dean, that he had among his father's (Sir Edward Harley's) papers, ſeveral letters from Mr Thomas Swift, writ in thoſe times, which he promiſed to give to the grandſon, whoſe life I am now writing: But never going to his houſe in Herefordſhire while he was treaſurer, and the Queen's death happening in three days after his removal, the Dean went to Ireland; and the Earl being tried for his life, and dying while the Dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.

SECT. XIII. Mr Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, and in the [63d] year of his age. His

* Gyles Rawlins ſucceeded him in the pariſh of Goodrich: But the other here mentioned, ſucceeded Rawlins ſome time before October 1657. His name was William Tringham.

His body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a ſhort inſcription. He died about two years before the return of K. Charles II. who, by the recommendation of ſome prelates, had promiſed, if ever God ſhould reſtore him, that he would promote Mr Swift in the church, and otherwiſe reward his family, for his extraordinary ſervices and zeal, and perſecutions in the royal cauſe; but Mr Swift's merit died with himſelf.

SECT. XIV. He left ten ſons and three or four daughters, moſt of which lived to be men and women. His eldeſt ſon Godwin Swift, of the Inner-temple *, Eſq; (ſo ſtyled by Guillim the herald, in whoſe book the family is deſcribed at large) was, I think, called to the bar before the Reſtoration. He married a relation of the old Marchioneſs of Ormond; and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four wives; one of which, to the great offence of his family, was co-heireſs † to Admiral Deane, who was one of the Regicides. Godwin left ſeveral children, who have all eſtates. He was an ill pleader, but perhaps a little too dextrous in the ſubtle parts of the law.

SECT. XV. The ſecond ſon of Mr Thomas Swift, was called by the ſame name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldeſt daughter of Sir William D'Avenant; but died young,

* Of Gray's Inn, not of the Inner-temple.

† Sole heireſs.

young, and left only one ſon, who was called Thomas, and is now rector of Puttenham in Surrey *. His widow lived long, was extremely poor, and in part ſupported by the famous Dr South, who had been her huſband's intimate friend.

SECT. XVI. The reſt of his ſons, ſo far as I can call to mind, were Mr Dryden Swift, (called ſo after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr Dryden the poet †) William, Jonathan, and Adam; who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male iſſue, except Jonathan, who, beſides a daughter, left one ſon, born ſeven months after his father's death; of whoſe life I intend to write a few memorials.

SECT. XVII. J. S. D. D. and D. of St P—, was the only ſon of Jonathan Swift, who was the ſeventh or eighth ſon of Mr Thomas Swift above mentioned, ſo eminent for his loyalty and his ſufferings.

SECT. XVIII. His father died young, about two years after his marriage. He had ſome employments and agencies. His death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good underſtanding.

SECT. XIX. He married Mrs Abigail Erick, of Leiceſterſhire, deſcended from the moſt ancient family of the Ericks; who derive their lineage from Erick the Foreſter, a great commander, who

* He died in May 1752, in the 87th year of his age.

† She was aunt to the famous John Dryden.

who raiſed an army to oppoſe the invaſion of William the Conqueror; by whom he was vanquiſhed, but afterwards employed to command that prince's forces: And in his old age retired to his houſe in Leiceſterſhire, where his family hath continued ever ſince; but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen.

SECT. XX. This marriage was on both ſides very indiſcreet: For his wife brought her huſband little or no fortune; and his death happening ſo ſuddenly *, before he could make a ſufficient eſtabliſhment for his family, his ſon (not then born) hath often been heard to ſay, that he felt the conſequences of that marriage, not only through the whole courſe of his education, but during the greateſt part of his life.

SECT. XXI. He was born in Dublin, on St Andrew's day †. And when he was a year old, an event happened to him that ſeems very unuſual: For his nurſe, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an abſolute neceſſity of ſeeing one of her relations, who was then extremely ſick, and from whom ſhe expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, ſhe ſtole him on ſhipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven; where he continued for almoſt three years. For, when the matter was diſcovered,

* He died at the age of about five and twenty.

† In the year 1667.

vered, his mother ſent orders, by all means not to hazard a ſecond voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurſe was ſo careful of him, that before he returned, he had learned to ſpell; and by the time that he was three * years old, he could read any chapter of the Bible.

SECT. XXII. After his return to Ireland, he was ſent, at ſix years old, to the ſchool of Kilkenny; from whence, at fourteen, he was admitted into the Univerſity at Dublin: Where, by the ill treatment of his neareſt relations, he was ſo diſcouraged and ſunk in his ſpirits, that he too much neglected ſome parts of his academic ſtudies; for which he had no great reliſh by nature, and turned himſelf to reading hiſtory and poetry: So that when the time came for taking his degree of Bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due obſervance of the ſtatutes, he was ſtopped of his degree for dulneſs and inſufficiency; and at laſt hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *ſpeciali gratia*. And this diſcreditable mark, as I am told, ſtands upon record in their college-regiſtry.

SECT. XXIII. The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leiceſter; and after continuing there ſome months, he was received by Sir William Temple, whoſe father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his houſe called Moorpark,

* Hawkeſworth ſays *five*; and probably he is right.

near Farnham in Surrey, where he continued for about two years: For he happened, before twenty years old, by a ſurfeit of fruit, to contract a giddineſs and coldneſs of ſtomach, that almoſt brought him to his grave; and this diſorder purſued him, with intermiſſions of two or three years, to the end of his life. Upon this occaſion he returned to Ireland, by advice of phyſicians, who weakly imagined, that his native air might be of ſome uſe to recover his health. But falling worſe, he ſoon went back to Sir William Temple; with whom growing into ſome confidence, he was often truſted with matters of great importance. King William had a high eſteem for Sir William Temple, by a long acquaintance while that gentleman was ambaſſador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen. The King, ſoon after his expedition to England, viſited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of the greateſt conſequence. But Sir William Temple, weary of living ſo near London, and reſolving to retire to a more private ſcene, bought an eſtate near Farnham in Surrey, of about 100 l. a-year, where Mr Swift accompanied him.

SECT. XXIV. About that time a bill was brought into the Houſe of Commons, for triennial parliaments; againſt which the King, who was a ſtranger to our conſtitution, was very averſe, by the advice of ſome weak people, who perſuaded the Earl of Portland, that King Charles I.

loſt his crown and life by conſenting to paſs ſuch a bill. The Earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moorpark, by his Majeſty's orders, to have Sir William Temple's advice; who ſaid much to ſhew him the miſtake: But he continued ſtill to adviſe the King againſt paſſing the bill. Whereupon Mr Swift was ſent to Kenſington, with the whole account of that matter in writing, to convince the King, and the Earl, how ill they were informed. He told the Earl, to whom he was referred by his Majeſty, (and gave it in writing), that the ruin of King Charles I. was not owing to his paſſing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from diſſolving any parliament; but to the paſſing another bill, which put it out of his power to diſſolve the parliament then in being, without the conſent of the Houſe. Mr Swift, who was well verſed in Engliſh hiſtory, although he was then under twenty-one years old *, gave the King a ſhort account of the matter, but a more large one to the Earl of Portland; but all in vain: For the King, by ill adviſers, was prevailed upon to refuſe paſſing the bill. This was the firſt time that Mr Swift had any converſe with courts; and he told his friends, it was the firſt incident that helped to cure him of vanity.

The

* It was firſt written, but afterwards eraſed in the original manuſcript, "three and twenty years old;" which, in all probability, was right: For Dr Swift was twenty-one years old the laſt day of November 1688, and before that period there could have been no ſuch bill under conſideration.

The conſequence of this wrong ſtep in his Majeſty, was very unhappy: For it put that prince under a neceſſity of introducing thoſe people called Whigs into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For although it be held a part of the King's prerogative to refuſe paſſing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwiſe, from that expreſſion uſed at the coronation, wherein the prince obligeth himſelf to conſent to all laws *quas vulgus elegerit.*

SECT. XXV. Mr Swift lived with him, (Sir William Temple) ſome time *; but reſolving to ſettle himſelf in a way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very ſmall, he had a ſcruple of entering into the church merely for ſupport; and Sir William Temple then being maſter of the rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about 120 l. a-year in that office: Whereupon Mr Swift told him, that ſince he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was reſolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders †. He was recommended to the Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy, who gave him a prebend in the North, worth about 100 l. a-year; of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, reſigned his living in favour of a

* That is, for the ſpace of about five years and a half, from 1688 to 1694.

† An anſwer extremely polite, and ſeemingly adorned with gratitude; but at the ſame time extremely reſolute, and worthy of himſelf.

friend, and continued in Sir William Temple's houſe till the death of that great man, who, beſides a legacy *, left him the care, and truſt, and advantage of publiſhing his poſthumous writings.

SECT. XXVI. Upon this event Mr Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to King William, upon the claim of a promiſe his Majeſty had made to Sir W. Temple, that he would give Mr Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Weſtminſter. The Earl of Rumney, who profeſſed much friendſhip for him, promiſed to ſecond his petition; but as he was an old, vitious, illiterate rake, without any ſenſe of truth or honour, ſaid not a word to the King. And Mr Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given him by the Earl of Berkeley, to attend him to Ireland as his chaplain and private ſecretary, his Lordſhip having been appointed one of the Lords Juſtices of that kingdom. He attended his Lordſhip, who landed near Waterford: And Mr Swift acted as ſecretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another perſon had ſo far inſinuated himſelf into the Earl's favour, by telling him, that the poſt of ſecretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one who only aimed at church preferments, that his Lordſhip, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other †.

SECT. XXVII.

* Suppoſed to be 500 l.

† See a poem upon this incident in vol. ix. intitled, *The Diſcovery.*

SECT. XXVII. In ſome months the deanry of Derry fell vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to diſpoſe of it; yet things were ſo ordered, that the ſecretary having received a bribe, the deanry was diſpoſed of to another, and Mr Swift was put off with ſome other church-livings not worth above a third of that rich deanry, and at this preſent not a ſixth. The excuſe pretended, was his being too young, although he was then thirty years old *.

* He was then upwards of two and thirty years old.

N. B. All the notes in this Tract, except that in p. 12, and the laſt in p. 16, are taken from Mr Deane Swift.

Account of the LIFE of Dr Jonathan Swift, Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin.

A LATE writer juſtly obſerves, that "there "has rarely paſſed a life, of which a ju- "dicious and faithful narrative would not be "uſeful. For" (adds he) "not only every man "has, in the mighty maſs of the world, great "numbers in the ſame condition with him- "ſelf, to whom his miſtakes and miſcarriages, "eſcapes and expedients, would be of immedi- "ate and apparent uſe; but there is ſuch an uni- "formity in the ſtate of man, if it be conſidered "apart from adventitious and ſeparable decora- "tions and diſguiſes, that there is ſcarce any "poſſibility of good or ill, but is common to "human-kind. A great part of the time of "thoſe who are placed at the greateſt diſtance by "fortune, or by temper, muſt unavoidably paſs "in the ſame manner: And though, when the "claims of nature are ſatisfied, caprice, and va- "nity, and accident begin to produce diſcrimi- "nations and peculiarities; yet the eye is not "very heedful or quick, which cannot diſcover "the ſame cauſes ſtill terminating their influence "in the ſame effects, though ſometimes accele- "rated, ſometimes retarded, or perplexed by "multiplied

" multiplied combinations. We are all prompted " by the ſame motives, all deceived by the ſame " fallacies, all animated by hope, obſtructed by " danger, intangled by deſire, and ſeduced by " pleaſure *."

If a faithful and judicious narrative of an ordinary life would be ſo apparently uſeful; ſtill greater utility may be expected to ariſe, from that of the life of one who has made an illuſtrious figure on the ſtage of the world, and employed his talents in the ſervice of mankind and his country. Dr Swift was certainly a man of that diſtinguiſhed character. He was eminent for his genius, his learning, his charities, and many virtues: And tho' he had faults, yet his faults were out-numbered by his virtues: And as the failings of great men are to be carefully avoided, their virtues command reſpect, and are proper objects of imitation. An account, therefore, of the life and character of the celebrated Dr Swift, cannot but be highly agreeable to the reader, and will, it is hoped, afford both delight and inſtruction.

DR JONATHAN SWIFT was deſcended from a younger branch of an ancient family of that name in Yorkſhire. But the account of his family ſhall be as ſhort as poſſible; ſince, (as Lord Orrery obſerves), though his anceſtors were perſons of very decent and reputable characters, [and the elder branch of the family ennobled,] he himſelf has been the herald to blazon the dignity

* The Rambler, N°. 60.

nity of their coat. Bernam Swift, Eſq; otherwiſe called Cavaliero Swift, a gentleman of great wit and humour, who, in the reign of K. James I. poſſeſſed the paternal eſtate, was, on the 20th of March 1627, by K. Charles I. created a peer of Ireland, by the title of Lord Viſcount Carlingford, tho' it is ſaid he never went into that kingdom. He died without male iſſue; and the family inheritance deſcended to the daughters; one of whom married Robert Fielding, commonly called *Handſome Fielding*, and the other the Earl of Eglinton. Fielding ſoon diſſipated his wife's patrimony; and that of her ſiſter being transferred to the family of Lord Eglinton, the principal eſtate of the Swifts was divided from the name for ever. [Sketch, § 1.]

One of the younger branches from the ſame ſtem, was Sir Edward Swift, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his attachment to the royal cauſe, in the war between King Charles I. and his parliament, from whom there is no deſcendent of the name. [Sketch, § 2.]

Another of the younger branches, was the Rev. Mr Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, Herefordſhire, with which he alſo held another eccleſiaſtical living.

His father William Swift, rector of St Andrew's in Canterbury, married the heireſs of Philpot; who contrived to keep her eſtate, which was very conſiderable, in her own hands. She is ſaid to have been extremely capricious and ill-natured,

tured, and to have diſinherited her ſon Thomas, an only child, merely for robbing an orchard when he was a boy. But however this be, it is certain, that except a church or chapter leaſe, which was not renewed, Thomas never poſſeſſed more than 100 l. a-year. [Sketch, § 4.] This little eſtate, which lay at Goodrich, in Herefordſhire, he mortgaged for 300 broad pieces; and having quilted them into his waiſtcoat, he ſet out for Ragland caſtle, whither King Charles I. had retired after the battle of Naſeby, in 1645. The governor, who well knew him, aſked what was his errand? "I am come," ſaid Swift, "to "give his Majeſty my coat;" at the ſame time pulling it off, and preſenting it. The governor told him pleaſantly, that his coat was worth little, "Why then," ſaid Swift, "take my waiſtcoat." This was ſoon found to be an uſeful garment by its weight; and it is remarked by Lord Clarendon, that the King received no ſupply more ſeaſonable or acceptable than theſe 300 broad pieces during the whole war, his diſtreſs being then very great, and his reſources cut off. The zeal and activity of this gentleman for the royal cauſe, expoſed him to much danger, and many ſufferings. He was plundered more than thirty times by the parliament's army, and was ejected from his church-livings; his eſtate was ſequeſtered, and he was himſelf thrown into priſon. His eſtate, however, was afterwards recovered, and part of it ſold to pay the money due on the mortgage, and

ſome

ſome other debts; the remainder, being about one half, deſcended to his heir, and is now poſſeſſed by his great-grandſon, Deane Swift, Eſq; *. [Sketch, § 8.]

This Mr Thomas Swift married Mrs Elizabeth Dryden, of an ancient family in Huntingdonſhire, ſiſter to the father of the famous John Dryden the poet; by whom he had ten ſons and four daughters. He died in 1658; and of his ſons, ſix ſurvived him, Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, William, Jonathan, and Adam. [Sk. § 14. 15. 16.]

Thomas was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldeſt daughter of Sir William D'Avenant; but dying young, he left only one ſon, whoſe name alſo was Thomas, and who died in May 1752, in the 87th year of his age, rector of Puttenham in Surrey, a benefice which he had poſſeſſed ſixty years. [Sketch, § 5.] Godwin was a barriſter of Gray's Inn; and William, Dryden, Jonathan, and Adam, were attorneys.

Godwin having married a relation of the old Marchioneſs of Ormond, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary in Ireland. Ireland was at this time almoſt without lawyers, the rebellion having made almoſt every man, of whatever condition,

* The grandmother of this gentleman, one of the wives of Godwin Swift, was heireſs to Admiral Deane, one of the Regicides; whence Deane became a Chriſtian name in the family. [Sketch. § 14.]

dition, a ſoldier. Godwin, therefore, determined to attempt the acquiſition of a fortune in that kingdom; and the ſame motives induced his four brothers to go with him. Godwin ſoon became wealthy; and the reſt obtained ſomething more than a genteel competence; though Dryden and Jonathan, who died ſoon after their arrival, had little to bequeath. [Sketch, § 14. 16.]

Jonathan, at the age of about three and twenty, and before he went to Ireland, married Mrs Abigail Erick, of Leiceſterſhire *. The family of this lady was deſcended from Erick the Foreſter, who raiſed an army to oppoſe William the Conqueror; by whom he was vanquiſhed, and afterwards made commander of his forces. But whatever was the honour of her lineage, her fortune was ſmall; and about two years after her marriage, ſhe was left a widow with one child, a daughter, and pregnant with another; having no means of ſubſiſtence but an annuity of 20 l. which her huſband had purchaſed for her in England, immediately after his marriage. [Sketch, § 19.]

In

* This lady was greatly beloved and eſteemed by all the family of the Swifts. Her converſation was extremely polite, chearful, and agreeable. She was of a generous and hoſpitable nature, very exact in all the duties of religion, attended the public worſhip generally twice a day; was a very early riſer, and was always dreſſed for the whole day at about ſix o'clock in the morning. Her chief amuſements were needle-work and reading. She was equally fond of both her children, notwithſtanding ſome diſagreements that ſubſiſted between them. D. S. p. 22. 23.

In this diſtreſs ſhe was taken with her daughter into the family of Godwin, her huſband's eldeſt brother; and, on the 30th of November 1667, about ſeven months after her huſband's death, ſhe was, in Hoey's-alley, in the pariſh of St Werburgh, Dublin, delivered of a ſon, whom ſhe called Jonathan in remembrance of his father, and who was afterwards the celebrated Dean of St Patrick's. [D. S. p. 22.]

Of all the brothers of Mrs Swift's huſband, Thomas excepted, Godwin only had ſons; and by theſe ſons ſhe was ſubſiſted in her old age, as ſhe had been before by their father and their uncles, with ſuch liberality, that ſhe declared herſelf, not only happy, but rich. [D. S. p. 23.]

It happened, by whatever accident, that Jonathan was not ſuckled by his mother, but by a nurſe, who was a native of Whitehaven: And when he was about a year old, her affection for him was become ſo ſtrong, that finding it neceſſary to viſit a relation who was dangerouſly ſick, and from whom ſhe expected a legacy, ſhe found means to convey the child on ſhipboard, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven. At this place he continued near three years: For when the matter was diſcovered, his mother ſent orders, not to hazard a ſecond voyage, till he ſhould be better able to bear it. The nurſe, however, gave other teſtimonies of her affection to Jonathan: For, during his ſtay at Whitehaven, ſhe had

taught him to ſpell; and when he was five years old, he was able to read any chapter in the Bible. [Sketch, § 21. O. let. 1.]

Mrs Swift, about two years after her huſband's death, quitted the family of Mr Godwin Swift, in Ireland, and retired to Leiceſter, the place of her nativity: But her ſon was again carried to Ireland by his nurſe, and replaced under the protection of his uncle Godwin. [O. let. 1.]

It has been generally believed, that Swift was born in England: a miſtake to which many incidents beſides this have contributed. He had been frequently heard to ſay, when the people of Ireland diſpleaſed him, "I am not of this "vile country, I am an Engliſhman;" and would inſiſt, that he was ſtolen from England when a child, and brought over to Ireland in a band-box. Mr Pope alſo, in one of his letters to him, mentions England as his native country. But whatever the motives were that prevailed on Dr Swift to ſpeak in this manner, they were not borrowed from any ſort of contempt which he had ſecretly entertained againſt Ireland conſidered merely as a nation, but rather proceeded from ſeveral other ſources, which will appear afterward. [D. S. p. 26.] This account of his birth is taken from that which he left behind him in his own hand-writing; and while he lived, he was ſo far from ſeriouſly denying or concealing his being a native of Ireland, that he often mentioned, and even pointed out the houſe in which he was born.

He has alſo been thought by ſome to have been a natural ſon of Sir William Temple: a miſtake which was probably founded upon another; for, till the publication of his letter to Lord Viſcount Palmerſton, among his poſthumous works, he was thought to have received ſuch favours from Sir William, as he could not be ſuppoſed to beſtow upon a perſon to whom he was not related, and but diſtantly related to his wife *. However, ſuch a relation between Sir William and the Dean, appears beyond contradiction to have been impoſſible; for Sir William Temple was reſident abroad in a public character from the year 1665 to 1670, firſt at Bruſſels, and afterwards at the Hague; as may be proved by his letters to the Earl

* In the year of the Revolution, his uncle Godwin Swift had fallen into a kind of lethargy, or dotage, which deprived him by degrees of his ſpeech and memory, and rendered him totally incapable of being of the leaſt ſervice to his family and friends. But, in the midſt of this diſtreſsful ſituation, as if it was ordained that no incident ſhould bereave mankind of ſuch a genius, Sir William Temple (whoſe lady was related to Dr Swift's mother) moſt generouſly ſtept in to his aſſiſtance, and avowedly ſupported his education at the univerſity of Oxford. Acts of generoſity ſeldom meet with their juſt applauſe. Sir William Temple's friendſhip was immediately conſtrued to proceed from a conſciouſneſs, that he was the real father of Mr Swift; otherwiſe it was thought impoſſible, that he could be ſo uncommonly munificent to a young man, no wife related to him, and but diſtantly related to his wife. I am not quite certain, that Swift himſelf did not acquieſce in the calumny. Perhaps, like Alexander, he, though the natural ſon of Jupiter, would appear greater than the legitimate ſon of Philip. O. let. 2.

Earl of Arlington, and the reſt of the miniſtry: So that Dr Swift's mother, who never croſſed the ſea, except from England to Ireland, was out of all poſſibility of a perſonal correſpondence with Sir William Temple, till ſome years after her ſon's birth; who, as before obſerved, was born in 1667. [O. let. 1.]

At about the age of ſix years [1673] he was ſent to the ſchool of Kilkenny; and having continued there eight years, he was, at the age of fourteen, [1681], admitted into the univerſity of Dublin, and became a ſtudent in Trinity college. There he lived in perfect regularity, and obeyed the ſtatutes with the utmoſt exactneſs. But the moroſeneſs of his temper often rendered him very unacceptable to his companions; ſo that he was little regarded, and leſs beloved: And he was ſo much depreſſed by the diſadvantages of his ſituation, deriving his preſent ſubſiſtence merely from the precarious bounty of an uncle, and having no other object of hope but the continuance of it *, that he could not reſiſt the tempta-

* While Swift was at the univerſity, one day as he was looking out of his window penſive and melancholy, his pockets being then at the loweſt ebb, he ſpied a maſter of a ſhip gazing about in the college courts. Lord, thought he, if that perſon ſhould now be enquiring and ſtaring about for my chamber, in order to bring me ſome preſent from my couſin Willoughby Swift, what a happy creature ſhould I be! He had ſcarce amuſed himſelf with this pleaſing imagination, when behold the ſhipmaſter having come into his chamber, aſked him if his name was Jonathan Swift? who having told him it was;

tion to neglect many neceſſary objects of academic ſtudy, to which he was not by nature much inclined; and apply himſelf wholly to books of hiſtory and poetry, by which he could, without intellectual labour, fill his mind with pleaſing images, and for a while ſuſpend the ſenſe of his condition †. The ſacrifice of the future to the preſent, whether it be a folly or a fault, is ſeldom unpuniſhed; and Swift ſoon found himſelf in the ſituation of a man who had burned his bed to warm his hands: For at the end of four years, in the year 1685, he was refuſed his degree of Bachelor of Arts for inſufficiency, and was at laſt admitted *ſpeciali gratia*, which is there conſidered

Why then ſaid the other, I have ſomething for you that was ſent to you by Mr Willoughby Swift. Whereupon he drew out of his pocket a large greaſy leather bag, and poured him out all the money that it contained on the table. As this ſum was greater than ever Swift had been maſter of at any time before, he puſhed over, without reckoning them, a good number of the ſilver cobs (for it was all in that ſpecie) to the honeſt ſailor, and deſired he would accept of them for his trouble. But the ſailor would not touch a farthing. No, no, maſter, ſaid he, I'ſe take nothing for my trouble; I would do more than that comes to for Mr Willoughby Swift. Whereupon Mr Swift gathered up the money as faſt as he could, and thruſt it into his pocket; for, by the Lord Harry, ſaid he when relating this ſtory, I was afraid, if the money had lain much longer upon the table, he might have repented his generoſity, and taken a good part of it. But from that time forward, he declared that he became a better œconomiſt, and never was without ſome little money in his pocket. D. S. p. 54. 55.

† He held logic and metaphyſics in the utmoſt contempt; and he ſcarce conſidered mathematics and natural philoſophy, unleſs to turn them into ridicule. *Orrery*, let. 1.

conſidered as the higheſt degree of reproach and diſhonour. It is (ſays Lord Orrery) a kind of diſhonourable degree; and the record of it, notwithſtanding Dr Swift's preſent eſtabliſhed character throughout the learned world, muſt for ever remain againſt him in the academical regiſter at Dublin *. [Sketch, § 22.]

But upon Swift this puniſhment was not ineffectual. He dreaded the repetition of ſuch a diſgrace as the laſt evil that could befal him, and therefore immediately ſet about to prevent it as the principal buſineſs of his life. During ſeven years from that time, he ſtudied eight hours a-day, [J. R. p. 50.]; and by ſuch an effort of ſuch a mind ſo long continued, great knowledge muſt neceſſarily have been acquired. He commenced theſe ſtudies at the univerſity in Dublin, where he continued them three years, till 1688; and during this time he alſo drew the firſt ſketch of his Tale of a Tub †.

* Ambition could ſcarce have met with a ſeverer blow. Hercules found himſelf ſet aſide for want of ſtrength, or, if admitted among the wreſtlers, admitted only by favour and indulgence; yet ſtill he muſt be conſcious that he was Hercules. Diſappointments, the earlier they happen in life, the deeper impreſſion they make upon the heart. Swift was full of indignation at the treatment which he had received in Ireland, and therefore reſolved to purſue his ſtudies at Oxford. *Orrery*, let. 1.

† Waſſendon Warren, Eſq; a gentleman of fortune near Belfaſt, in the north of Ireland, who was chamber-fellow with Dr Swift, declared, that he then ſaw a copy of the Tale of a Tub in Swift's own hand-writing. D. S. p. 31.

In 1688, when he was about twenty-one, and had been ſeven years at the college, his uncle Godwin was ſeized with a lethargy, and ſoon after totally deprived both of his ſpeech and his memory. As by this accident Swift was left without ſupport, he took a journey to Leiceſter, that he might conſult with his mother what courſe of life to purſue. At this time Sir William Temple was in high reputation, and honoured with the confidence and familiarity of K. William. [D. S. p. 33. 34] His father, Sir John Temple, had been Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland, and contracted an intimate friendſhip with Godwin Swift, which continued till his death; and Sir William, who inherited his title and eſtate, had married a lady to whom Mrs Swift was related. She therefore adviſed her ſon to communicate his ſituation to Sir William, and ſolicit his direction what to do. This advice, which perhaps only confirmed a reſolution that Swift had ſecretly taken before he left Ireland, he immediately reſolved to purſue.

Sir William received him [in 1690] with great kindneſs, and Swift's firſt viſit continued two years. Sir William had been ambaſſador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen, before the Revolution. In this character he became known to the Prince of Orange, who afterwards, when King, frequently viſited him at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of the utmoſt importance. [Sketch, § 23.] Sir William being then lame with the gout, Swift uſed to attend his Majeſty in

in his walks about the garden; who admitted him to ſuch familiarity, that he ſhewed him how to cut aſparagus after the Dutch manner, and once offered to make him a captain of horſe. [D. S. p. 108.] Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early upon an eccleſiaſtical life; and it is therefore probable, that, upon declining this offer, he obtained a promiſe of preferment in the church; for in a letter to his uncle William Swift, dated in 1692, he ſays, "I am not to take "orders till the King gives me a prebend."

Sir William becoming ſtill more infirm, and wiſhing to retire farther from London, bought an eſtate at Farnham in Surrey, called Moorpark, whither he was accompanied by Swift *. [Sketch, § 23.] About this time a bill was brought into the Houſe for triennial parliaments; againſt which the King, who was a ſtranger to the Engliſh conſtitution, was very averſe, by the advice of ſome weak people, who perſuaded the Earl of Portland,

* There is ſome difficulty in reconciling the firſt and laſt paragraphs of ſect 23. in the Dean's ſketch of his own life, where Moorpark is mentioned. In the firſt it is ſaid, that Swift, after having been ſome months with his mother at Leiceſter, was received by Sir William, who was "now retired to Moorpark:" And in the laſt, that Sir William, tired of being near London, bought an eſtate near Farnham in Surrey, "where Mr Swift accompanied him." The ſenſe of the laſt, which ſeems to imply that Swift lived with Sir William at Sheen "before" he went to Moorpark, is adopted upon the credit of Mr Deane Swift, who ſays, that Swift was there familiar with King William; and the King does not appear to have continued his viſits after the removal to Moorpark. *Hawkeſ.*

land, that Charles I. loſt his crown and life by conſenting to ſuch a bill. [Sketch, § 23. 24.] Upon this occaſion the Earl was by the King diſpatched to Moorpark, for Sir William's advice; who ſaid much to ſhew him the miſtake, but without effect; and therefore he ſoon afterwards diſpatched Swift to Kenſington, with the whole account in writing, to convince the King and the Earl how ill they were informed. Swift, though he was then very young, was yet well acquainted with the Engliſh hiſtory, and gave the King a compendious account of the matter, which he amplified to the Earl. But the meaſure was at laſt rejected *; and thus ended Mr Swift's firſt embaſſy to court, ſo much to his diſſatisfaction, that he then declared it was the firſt incident that helped to cure him of vanity. [Sketch, § 24.] Soon after † this tranſaction, he was ſeized with the return of a diſorder, which he had contracted in Ireland by eating a great quantity of fruit; and upon

* The conſequence of this wrong ſtep, (ſays Dr Swift, in this Sketch, § 24.) was very unhappy; for it put King William under a neceſſity of introducing thoſe people called Whigs, into power and employments, in order to pacify them. For altho' it be held a part of the King's prerogative to refuſe paſſing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwiſe, from that expreſſion uſed at the coronation, wherein the prince obligeth himſelf to conſent to all laws, "*quas vulgus elegerit.*"

† It muſt have been *after*, though it is *firſt* related in the ſketch; for it is ſaid, ſect. 23. that he went to Ireland after he had been two years at Moorpark; and in ſect. 24. that his expedition to court was ſoon after the removal from Sheen. *Hawkeſ.*

upon this occaſion returned thither by the advice of his phyſicians, who hoped that his native air would contribute to the recovery of his health. But from this journey he received no benefit; and therefore, in a ſhort time, returned to Sir William, being ever afterwards ſubject to that giddineſs, which gradually increaſed, though with irregular intermiſſion, till it terminated in total debility of body and mind *.

But he was ſtill indefatigable in his ſtudies; and to prevent the loſs of health in the acquiſition of knowledge, by the want of bodily exerciſe, it was his conſtant practice to run up a hill that was near the houſe, and back again every two hours. The diſtance backwards and forwards was about half a mile, and he uſed to run it in about ſix minutes. [D. S. p. 272.] By what books his ſtudies were principally directed, cannot certainly be known. But ſeveral copious extracts from Cyprian, Irenæus, Sleidan's commentaries, and Padre Paolo's hiſtory of the council of Trent, were found among his papers, which appear, by memorandums in his own hand-writing, to have been made while he lived with Sir William Temple. [D. S. p. 276.]

About

* To this ſurfeit (ſays Lord Orrery) I have often heard him aſcribe that giddineſs in his head, which, with intermiſſions ſometimes of a longer, and ſometimes of a ſhorter continuance, purſued him till it ſeemed to complete its conqueſt, by rendering him the exact image of one of his Struldbruggs, a miſerable ſpectacle, devoid of every appearance of human nature, except the outward form.

About a year after his return from Ireland, he thought it expedient to take his degree of Master of Arts at Oxford. With this view he appears to have written to his uncle William Swift, to procure and ſend him the teſtimonium of his Bachelor's degree. With this teſtimonium, which is dated May 3. 1692, he went to Oxford; where having received many civilities, he was admitted *ad eundem*, June 14, and took his Maſter's degree July 5. following.

It has been ſaid, that the civilities which he received at Oxford, proceeded from a miſunderſtanding of the phraſe *ſpeciali gratia*, which was there ſuppoſed to be a compliment paid to uncommon merit. [D. S. p. 30. 44. O. let. 1.] But theſe words are not to be found in that copy of the teſtimonium which is entered into the congregation-book at Oxford *; and not to have inſerted

* The certificate of his degree is as follows:

" Omnibus quorum intereſt ſalutem. Nos præpoſitus ſociique
" ſeniores Collegii Sacro-ſanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis juxta
" Dublin, teſtamur JONATHAN SWIFT die decimo quinto Fe-
" bruarii 1685 gradum Baccalaureatus in artibus ſuſcepiſſe, præ-
" ſtito prius fidelitatis erga Regiam Majeſtatem juramento;
" quod de prædicto teſtimonium, ſubſcriptis ſingulorum nomi-
" nibus, et collegii ſigillo quo in hiſce utimur, confirmandum
" curavimus. Datum die tertio Maii 1692.

ROB. HUNTINGTON, Præpoſ. L. S.
ST GEORGE ASHE.
RICH. READER.
GEO. BROWN.
BEN. SCROGGS.

" Quibus in venerabili congregatione magiſtrorum regentium
" 14 die Junii 1692 habita publicatis, JONATHAN SWIFT (gra-
" tia

ſerted them there, when they were thought a compliment, would have been an affront. It is therefore probable, that, by the influence of Swift's uncle, they were omitted in the copy which he procured and ſent; eſpecially as ſome ſuch favour ſeems to be intimated in Swift's letter to him, after he had received it: "I am "ſtill," ſays he, "to thank you for 'your care' "in my teſtimonium; and 'it was to a very "good purpoſe, for' I was never more ſatisfied "than in the behaviour of the univerſity." The civilities which he received at Oxford, might indeed proceed from his known connection with Sir William Temple; but he might reaſonably impute them alſo to the ſuppreſſion of a reproach, againſt which there was good reaſon to fear this connection would not have ſupported him: Nor is it ſtrange, that Swift, after his reputation was eſtabliſhed, ſhould, while he was ſporting with this incident, in the gaiety of his heart, pretend a miſtake which never happened, or that which he meant as a jeſt upon the univerſity, ſhould be ſeriouſly remembered as an event of his life.

It has alſo been ſaid, that, upon his diſgrace at Dublin, he reſolved to purſue his ſtudies at Oxford,

"tia prius petita et conceſſa) ad eundem gradum, ſtatum, et "dignitatem, admiſſus fuit, apud Oxonienſes, quibus inſigni-"tus erat apud ſuos Dublinienſes."

"10 Nov. 1753,
"vera copia
"RIC. RAWLINSON."

JONATHAN SWIFT, M. A.
Hart Hall, July 5, 1692.

D. S. p. 43. 44.

Oxford, where he almoſt conſtantly reſided during three years, and was avowedly ſupported by Sir William Temple *. [O. let. 2.] But the contrary is inconteſtably true; for there are not quite two months between the date of his teſtimonium, and his taking his Maſter's degree. Beſides, in the letter to his uncle juſt mentioned, he ſays, "I am aſhamed to be more obliged in a few "weeks, to ſtrangers, than in ſeven years to "Dublin college †."

From Oxford he returned again to Moorpark, where he aſſiſted Sir William Temple to reviſe his works ‡, corrected and improved his Tale of a Tub, and added the digreſſions. From the converſation of Sir William, who was minutely acquainted with all the intricacies of party, and the ſecrets of ſtate, during the reigns of King Charles II. and King James II. Swift greatly increaſed his political knowledge. But having

* See the note above, p. 26.

† He went to college at the age of fourteen, in 1681; continued there ſeven years, as appears by his letter; ſo that he did not leave Ireland till 1688. He was ſome months with his mother before he went to Sir William, and two years with him before he went to Ireland for his health, which muſt therefore be in 1691: He returned from Ireland, and continued ſome time longer with Sir William before he went to Oxford; which muſt therefore be in 1692; and in that very year he took his degree. The fact, therefore, which, Lord Orrery ſays, was immediately conſtrued to favour an opinion that Swift was Sir William's natural ſon, appears never to have happened. See Swift's ſketch of his own life. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Swift tranſlated, for Sir William, his letters out of the original French into Engliſh. D. S. p. 99.

ong ſuſpected Sir William of neglecting to provide for him, merely that he might keep him in his family, he at length reſented it ſo warmly, that, in 1694, a quarrel enſued, and they parted.

It is probable that Swift did not leave Sir William for ſuch a reaſon, without ſevere expoſtulation, not only becauſe Swift was no reſpecter of perſons, but becauſe it appears that Sir William, though he was extremely angry, admitted his claim to ſome proviſion, by offering to make him his deputy as Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland. This offer, however, Swift did not accept; but replied, that ſince he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for ſupport, a ſcruple which had hitherto kept him out of it, he was determined to go into Ireland, and take orders.

Swift, during his reſidence with Sir William, had never failed to viſit his mother at Leiceſter, once a-year; and his manner of travelling, was very extraordinary. He always went on foot, except the weather was very bad; and then he would ſometimes take ſhelter in a waggon. He choſe to dine at obſcure alehouſes, among pedlars and hoſtlers, and to lie where he ſaw written over the door 'Lodgings for a penny;' but he uſed to bribe the maid with a teſter, for a ſingle bed, and clean ſheets. He delighted (ſays Lord Orrery) in ſcenes of low life. The vulgar dialect was not only a fund of humour for him, but I verily believe was acceptable to his nature;

otherwiſe I know not how to account for the many filthy ideas, and indecent expreſſions, (I mean indecent in point of cleanlineſs and delicacy) that will be found throughout his works *.

In

* When Swift was a young man, he was prodigiouſly fond of rambling, even before his pocket could afford the common expences of a journey; and therefore we cannot but applaud his manner of travelling; ſince travel about he certainly muſt, or elſe die of the ſpleen. Oxford, Dublin, London, Moorpark, and Leiceſter, were at various times the places of his abode; but Leiceſter in particular, during his mother's life, he commonly viſited once a-year, let his general reſidence have been where it would. In ſhort, upon his own feet he ran like a buck, from one place to another. Gates, ſtiles, and quickſets, he no more valued than if they had been ſo many ſtraws. His conſtitution was ſtrong, and his limbs were active—His company in thoſe flights were, I believe, all ſorts of people, which he met in towns and villages, where he chanced to refreſh himſelf; ſome chat for an hour, and again to the fields. His imagination was always alive; and perhaps, beyond all others, he had a power to conciliate his ideas to the ſeveral capacities of all human race, and at the ſame time catch entertainment to himſelf from every ſpecies of underſtanding; agreeable to what is ſaid in that Panegyric on the Dean, written in the perſon of a lady in the north of Ireland. See vol. ix.

Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
Whether with Dermot, or his Grace;
With Teague O'Murphy, or an Earl,
A Ducheſs, or a kitchen-girl.
With ſuch dexterity you fit
Their ſev'ral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can ſmoke,
And Gahagan take ev'ry joke.

However, the Doctor hath often told his friends, that whatever money he ſaved by this manner of travelling, he conſtantly threw it away, as ſoon as he went to London, upon a fine waiſtcoat, or ſome additional gaiety upon a ſuit of cloaths. D. S. p. 99. 100, 1.

In this manner he went down to his mother upon his leaving Sir William, and from Leiceſter he wrote a letter, dated June 1694, to his couſin Deane Swift, then at Liſbon; in which he relates his quarrel with Sir William, and declares his purpoſe to take orders in the September following, wiſhing he could procure for him the chaplainſhip of the factory.

What was the effect of this letter is not known; but Swift ſoon after obtained a recommendation (ſuppoſed to be from Sir William Temple) to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, who gave him the prebend of Kilroot, in the dioceſe of Connor, a northern diſtrict, worth about 100 l. a-year *. But Sir William, who had been uſed to the converſation of Swift, ſoon found that he could not be content to live without him; he therefore urged him to reſign his prebend in favour of a friend, and promiſed to obtain preferment for him in England, if he would return †. Swift conſented; and Sir William was

* Swift ſoon grew weary of this preferment. It was not ſufficiently conſiderable, and was at ſo great a diſtance from the metropolis, that it abſolutely deprived him of that kind of converſation and ſociety in which he delighted. He had been uſed to very different ſcenes in England, and had naturally an averſion to ſolitude and retirement. He was glad, therefore, to reſign his prebend in favour of a friend, and to return to Sheen, &c. *Orrery*, let. 2.

† This appears by a letter from Swift's ſiſter, then in Ireland, to her couſin Deane in Portugal, dated May 26. 1699. "My poor brother" (ſays ſhe) "has loſt his beſt friend Sir "William Temple, who was ſo fond of him whilſt he lived, "that

ſo much pleaſed with this act of kindneſs, that during the remainder of his life, which was about four years, his behaviour was ſuch as produced the utmoſt harmony between them. Swift, as a teſtimony of his friendſhip and eſteem, wrote the Battle of the Books, of which Sir William is the hero; and Sir William, when he died, left him a pecuniary legacy, (ſuppoſed to have been about 500l.) and his poſthumous works. [Sketch, § 25.]

What other favours he received from Sir William, cannot certainly be known. Swift acknowledged none but his ineffectual recommendation to K. William; and he is known to have received frequent remittances from his uncle William, and his uncle Willoughby Swift: So that Sir William does not ſeem to have treated him with a liberality for which it is difficult to account.

Upon the death of Sir William Temple, Swift applied by petition to K. William, for the firſt vacant prebend of Canterbury or Weſtminſter, for which the royal promiſe had been obtained by his late patron, whoſe poſthumous works he dedicated to his Majeſty, to facilitate the ſucceſs of this application. But it does not appear, that, after the death of Sir William, the King took the leaſt notice of Mr Swift *. His petition and dedication

" that he made him give up his living in this country to ſtay " with him at Moorpark, and promiſed to get him one in Eng- " land; but death came in between, and has left him unpro- " vided both of friend and living." D. S. p. 66.

* The promiſes of kings are often a kind of chaff, which the breath of a miniſter bloweth, and ſcattereth away from the face

dication were equally neglected *; and after a ıitleſs attendance at court, which probably in-ɛaſed the auſterity of his temper, he accepted invitation of the Earl of Berkeley, who had en appointed one of the Lords Juſtices of Ire-ıd, to attend him as chaplain and private ſe-ɛtary. It might reaſonably have been hoped, ıt although he had been diſappointed of the eferment for which he ſolicited, yet the ıployment to which he was invited would ve been ſecure. But it happened, that after had acted as ſecretary during the whole jour-y to Dublin, one Buſh found means to inſinu-: to Lord Berkeley, that the poſt of ſecretary .s not fit for a clergyman; and his Lordſhip ſered himſelf to be ſo eaſily convinced of this propriety, that, after making ſome apology to r Swift, he appointed Buſh ſecretary in his ad †. [Sketch, § 26.]

: of a court. Swift's petition had no effect. It was either ılly forgotten, or drowned amidſt the clamours of more ur-t claims. From this firſt diſappointment, may probably be ɛd that bitterneſs towards kings and courtiers, which is to ound ſo univerſally diſperſed throughout his works. *Orrery*, 3.

he Earl of Rumney, who profeſſed much friendſhip for Mr ft, promiſed to ſecond his petition; but as he was an old, ıus, illiterate rake, without any ſenſe of truth or honour, aid not a word to the King. Sketch, § 26.

What then was to be done? Honour, or, to uſe a properer d, pride, hindered him from ſtaying long in a ſtate of ſervi-and contempt. *Orrery*, let. 3.

Here was another diſappointment, and a freſh object of in-ration. The treatment was thought injurious, and Swift expreſſed

This diſappointment was ſoon after followed by another. It happened, that the deanry of Derry became vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to diſpoſe of it. Yet whatever atonement was due to Swift for his Lordſhip's late breach of engagement, the ſecretary having received a bribe *, the deanry was given to another, upon pretence that Swift, who was then more than thirty years old, was too young †; and he received,

expreſſed his ſenſibility of it, in a ſhort, but ſatirical copy of verſes, intitled, The Diſcovery. *Orrery*, let. 3. See vol. ix.

* I have been told, that upon the ſecretary's being offered 1000 l. for the deanry of Derry, he would not conclude the bargain, but kept it in reſerve, until he had acquainted Swift with the propoſal he had received: which after he had done, he made him the offer of the deanry for the like ſum. But Swift told him plainly, that he thought he had nothing to do with eccleſiaſtical preferments, and rejected his overture with all imaginable diſdain D. S. p. 113.

† The rich deanry of Derry was intended for Swift by Lord Berkeley, if Dr King, then Biſhop of Derry, and afterwards Archbiſhop of Dublin, had not interpoſed; intreating with great earneſtneſs, that the deanry might be given to ſome grave and elderly divine, rather than to ſo young a man; "becauſe" (added the Biſhop) "the ſituation of Derry is in the midſt of "Preſbyterians, and I ſhould be glad of a clergyman who "could be of aſſiſtance to me. I have no objection to Mr "Swift. I know him to be a ſpritely ingenious young man; "but inſtead of reſiding, I dare ſay, he will be eternally flying "backwards and forwards to London; and therefore I intreat, "that he may be provided for in ſome other place."——Swift was accordingly ſet aſide on account of youth; but, as if his ſtars had deſtined to him a parallel revenge, he lived to ſee the Biſhop of Derry afterwards ſet aſide on account of age. That prelate had been Archbiſhop of Dublin many years, and had been

received, inſtead of it, the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, in the dioceſe of Meath, which together did not amount to half the value of the deanry *. [Sketch §. 27.] The firſt of theſe rectories

been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr Lindſay the Primate of Ireland died. Upon his death, Archbiſhop King immediately made claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right, from his ſtation in the ſee of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of theſe pretenſions were prevalent. He was looked upon as too far advanced in years to be removed. The reaſon alledged was as mortifying as the refuſal itſelf. But the Archbiſhop had no opportunity of ſhewing his reſentment, except to the new Primate Dr Bolter, whom he received at his own houſe, and in his dining parlour, without riſing from his chair, and to whom he made an apology, by ſaying, in his uſual ſtrain of wit, and with his uſual ſneering countenance, "My Lord, I am certain "your Grace will forgive me, becauſe, you know, I am too "old to riſe." *Orrery*, let. 3.

Whether or no Dr King, who was at that time very deſervedly in high reputation, although deſcended from the meaneſt of the people, (being the ſon of a miller), was afraid of being eclipſed by the ſuperior luſtre of this young aſpiring genius, who was in all reſpects, notwithſtanding that he agreed with the Biſhop in affairs eccleſiaſtical, a man of a quite different caſt and manner of thinking, I ſhall not preſume to determine. However, it is by no means improbable, that Swift's prodigious talents, which appear throughout his whole life to have been dreaded by all his contemporaries, not excepting even thoſe miniſters, who were deſirous to have the honour of being ranked among his beſt friends, had a greater ſhare in obſtructing his promotion to the deanry of Derry, than perhaps any ſilly, trifling objections againſt his youth and ſpritelineſs. D. S. p. 114.

* As Swift did not receive theſe livings till after the deanry was given to another, his non-reſidence could not, as Lord Orrery ſuppoſes, be the reaſon why it was not given to him. *Hawkeſ.*

rectories was worth about 200 l. and the latter about 60 l. a-year; and they were only church-preferments that Dr Swift enjoyed, till he was appointed Dean of St Patrick's, in 1713. [O. let. 3.]

Whilſt Swift was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, his only ſiſter, who was of the middle ſize, finely ſhaped, rather beyond what is called the agreeable throughout her whole perſon, was polite and well bred, with at leaſt a good ſhare of underſtanding, and at that time worth 300 l. by the conſent and approbation of her uncles and relations, accepted a propoſal of marriage from a tradeſman, whoſe fortune, character, and ſituation, were eſteemed, by all her friends, ſuitable for her in every reſpect. He was reputed to be worth five thouſand pounds. Having communicated this propoſal to her brother, and finding him utterly averſe from entertaining the moſt diſtant thoughts of it, ſhe began to remonſtrate to him in the way of reaſon, (for the match was by no means very deſirable in her own breaſt), that ſhe could not ſupport herſelf on her 300 l. On which her brother aſſured her, that he would never ſee her want the neceſſaries or the conveniencies of life; and as a further proof to convince her that his regards were truly affectionate and ſincere, he promiſed to ſettle upon her 500 l. being all he was then poſſeſſed of in the world, the very hour he ſhould get ſome benefice in the church, which he daily expected, provided ſhe would reject this overture of marriage with a proper

per diſdain. But the match having taken place, notwithſtanding her brother's remonſtrances, it was entirely diſagreeable to him. It ſeemed to interrupt thoſe ambitious views which he had long ſince formed. He grew outrageous at the thoughts of being brother-in-law to a tradeſman. He utterly refuſed all reconciliation with his ſiſter, nor ever would liſten to the intreaties of his mother, who came over to Ireland, under almoſt a certainty of pacifying his anger; having, in all other reſpects, ever found him a dutiful and obedient ſon. But his pride was not to be conquered; and Mrs Swift, finding her ſon inflexible, haſtened back to Leiceſter, where ſhe continued till her death. However, his ſiſter's marriage proved in the end very unfortunate. The huſband was an old, tyrannical, vitious rake; and with regard to his 5000 l. he was ſcarce worth half ſo much on the day he was married. After he had two or three children, he broke and died, leaving his family in very deplorable circumſtances. Mr Swift, upon this event, acquainted his ſiſter by meſſage, (for he would never be ſo far reconciled as to ſee her face,) that he would allow her 20 l. a-year during her life, provided ſhe would live in England, but not otherwiſe. She accordingly went to England, where ſhe conſtantly received her annuity till her death. [D. S. p. 101.—104. O. let. 3.]

In 1699, Swift had like to have burnt the caſtle of Dublin, and Lord Berkeley in the midſt of it. For the Doctor, whoſe bed-chamber was the

the next room to his Excellency's, having grown drowſy over his book while he was reading in bed, dropt aſleep without extinguiſhing his candle; which happening to fall upon the quilt, ſet it on fire, and burnt its paſſage through the bedcloaths, until it reached his thigh. Swift rouſed by the pain, leapt out of bed, and extinguiſhed the fire, which by this time had burnt part of the curtains. He took care to have the damages repaired; and by throwing away ſome guineas in huſh-money, the accident was never made known in the caſtle. [D. S. p. 112.]

As Swift had refuſed a commiſſion under King William, and a ſecular employment under Sir William Temple, it appears, that his attachment to a religious life, however early, and however ſtrong, was not the effect of temporary views, but of a zeal for the ſucceſs of the great work in which he was about to engage, and a conſciouſneſs of his own ability to acquit himſelf with advantage. That religious purpoſes were at this time predominant in his mind, he uſed frequently to declare; he hoped, he ſaid, that, by diligent and conſtant application, he ſhould ſo far excel, that the ſexton might ſometimes be aſked on a Sunday morning, "Pray does the Doc-"tor preach to-day?" And when, after having taken poſſeſſion of his livings, he went to reſide at Laracor *, he gave public notice, that he would

* As ſoon as the Earls of Berkeley and Galway had been ſucceeded in the government by the Primate and the Earl of Drogheda,

would read prayers on every Wedneſday and Friday; a labour which he would not have brought upon himſelf, if he had been principally concerned about the value of his dues, which had been long before cuſtomarily paid for much leſs ſervice. [J. R. p. 40. 41.]

The duties of the church, which he thus rendered more frequent, he performed with the utmoſt punctuality, and the moſt rational devotion. He was indeed devout, not only in his public and ſolemn addreſſes to God, but in that tranſient act of adoration, which is called ſaying grace, and which generally conſiſts only in a mutter and a bow; in which the ſpeaker appears to compliment the company, and the company each other.

Swift

Drogheda, which happened, I think, ſomewhat about a year after his being preſented to the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, poor Swift, half in deſpair of any further preferment, gallops down to Laracor; where ſolitude, retirement, the fanning of leaves, and the warbling of birds, threw him into ſome kind of reveries, more ſuitable, if any ſtreſs can be laid on the general opinions of the world, to the gravity and ſedateneſs of an older divine, than to that abundant ſpritelineſs and fire which animated the ſoul of this young, vigorous, uncommon, heteroclite genius. Perhaps it may be thought exceedingly ſtrange, by thoſe who admire Swift only for his wit and politics, that immediately after he had gone to reſide in the country, he ſhould begin to reflect, that he was intruſted with the cure of ſouls. But Swift was really a man of high religion, without grunting, groaning, canting, hypocriſy, or making wry faces. And ſure it is, that in proportion to thoſe talents, which he is allowed to have poſſeſſed in the moſt eminent degree, he beat all his contemporaries many thouſands of leagues in the race of Chriſtianity. D. S. p. 115, 116.

Swift always uſed the feweſt words that could be uttered on the occaſion; but he pronounced them with an emphaſis and fervour which every one around him ſaw and felt, and with his hands claſped in each other, and lifted to his breaſt. And it is hoped, that thoſe who can no otherwiſe emulate the character of Swift, will attempt it in this act of religious decorum, and no longer affect either to be wits or fine gentlemen, by a conduct directly contrary to ſo great an example.

But Swift, with all this piety in his heart, could not reſiſt the temptation to indulge the peculiarity of his humour when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of time and place.

On the firſt Wedneſday after he had ſummoned his congregation at Laracor, he aſcended his deſk, and having ſat ſome time with no other auditor than his clerk Roger, he roſe up, and, with a compoſure and gravity that upon this occaſion was irreſiſtably ridiculous, he began, "Dearly beloved, Roger, the ſcripture moveth "you and me in ſundry places;" and ſo proceeded to the end of the ſervice *. [O. let. 3.]

During Swift's reſidence at Laracor, he invited to Ireland a lady whom he has celebrated by

* What a glorious prieſt would he have been, to reform the young and ſpritely from the extravagance of their ways? But, alas! that amazing capacity, ſo continually rolling over with torrents of wit and humour, was by no means adapted to the ſolemnity of a country-pariſh, or to the conſolation of old women. D. S. p. 117.

the name of Stella. With this lady he became acquainted while he lived with Sir William Temple. She was the daughter of his ſteward, whoſe name was Johnſon; and Sir William, when he died, left her 1000l. in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices. At the death of Sir William, which happened in January 1698-9, ſhe was in the ſixteenth year of her age *; and it was about two years afterwards, that, at Swift's invitation, ſhe left England, accompanied by her friend Mrs Dingley, a lady who was fifteen years older, and whoſe whole fortune, though ſhe was related to Sir William, was no more than an annuity of 27l. [D. S. p. 85. 86. 90.] Whether Swift at this time deſired the company of Stella, as a wife, or a friend, is not certain; but the reaſon which ſhe and her companion then gave for their leaving England, was, that in Ireland the intereſt of money was high, and proviſions were cheap. It appears, however, that other reaſons are ſuſpected in the neighbourhood of Moorpark: For Mr Thomas Swift, the rector of Puttenham, in a letter, dated Feb. 5. 1706, inquires "whether Jonathan was married, "or whether he had been able to reſiſt the "charms of both thoſe gentlewomen who march-"ed from Moorpark to Dublin, with a reſolu-

* Mr Deane Swift ſays eighteen; but it appears, by the poem on her birth-day in 1718, that ſhe was then but thirty-four. The Deane, ſays ſhe, was in Ireland from eighteen, in his introduction to *Bon Mots de Stella. Hawkeſ.*

" tion to engage him *?" [D. S. p. 86. 87.] It appears too, that Swift, if he did not addreſs her himſelf, yet contrived to break off a treaty of marriage with another, by perſuading her to inſiſt upon terms with which the gentleman could not comply †. But whatever was Swift's attachment

* The beauty and gracefulneſs of Mrs Johnſon's perſon, had been remarked by Swift about two years before Sir William Temple's death, but never, we may be ſure, had he made her the leaſt advances. I am inclined, however, to think, that having obſerved her to be a delightful girl, and of a genius quick and lively, he had given her ſome inſtructions for the improvement of her mind in thoſe happy years of ductility, when the ſoul is apt to receive all the fineſt impreſſions; which, like ſeed thrown upon a rich and fertile ſoil, might have prejudiced her inclinations to have a tenderneſs for him. D. S. p. 85. 86.

† Dr Swift made no addreſſes to this charming fair upon her firſt arrival in Ireland, when ſhe was in the prime of her life, and ſplendor of her beauty. However, the graceſulneſs of her perſon, and the politeneſs of her converſation, were not to be reſiſted by a gentleman of wit and learning, who was an intimate friend of the Doctor, and with whom ſhe had frequently converſed. This gentleman declared his paſſion, and made her propoſals of marriage.—Mrs Johnſon diſcovered no repugnancy to the match; but ſtill ſhe would be adviſed by Dr Swift. The Doctor, perhaps loth to be ſeparated from ſo delightful a companion, threw an obſtacle in the way that was not to be ſurmounted. The gentleman had a benefice in the church of a conſiderable value, about 100 miles from Dublin, which required his attendance. Dr Swift, in order to bring matters to a final iſſue, made him an overture, that he ſhould ſettle upon his wife 100 l. a-year for pin-money. The lover indeed, though extremely captivated with the charms of his miſtreſs, was by no means delighted with this propoſal: He deſired, however, that he might have a night's time to conſider of it. And the next morning, contrary to expectation, he agreed to the terms.

Swift,

attachment to Mrs Johnſon, every poſſible precaution was taken to prevent ſcandal. They never lived in the ſame houſe. When Swift was abſent from Laracor, Mrs Johnſon and her friend reſided at the parſonage; when he returned, they removed either to the houſe of Dr Raymond vicar of Trim, a gentleman of great hoſpitality, and Swift's intimate friend, or to a lodging provided for them in the neighbourhood: Neither were they ever known to meet but in the preſence of a third perſon. [D. S. p. 90.] Swift made frequent excurſions to Dublin, and ſome to London: But Mrs Johnſon was buried in ſolitude and obſcurity; ſhe was known only to a few of Swift's moſt intimate acquaintance, and had no female companion except her friend Mrs Dingley, who was by all accounts a very inſipid companion *.

Swift, never at a loſs for ſome uncommon flight of imagination, inſiſted further, that he ſhould live in Dublin, and keep a coach for his wife. The gentleman had more honour than to promiſe what he could not perform; and ſo the match was broken off. D. S. p. 87. 89.

* This courſe of life, ſo very ſingular in a fine woman, abſtracted Mrs Johnſon, in a great meaſure, from the converſe of her own ſex; ſhe lived, I cannot abſolutely ſay by her own choice, wholly in the circle of books and men: a life ſo unnatural to the ſweetneſs and delicacy of a tender female conſtitution, that I cannot ſuppoſe it, with all its glittering advantages in the way of ſcience, to have been near ſo eligible to the lovely Mrs Johnſon, as that open, free converſe with the world, which is totally unacquainted with every colour and ſpecies of involuntary confinement. However, that greatneſs of mind which inſpires, like the demon of Socrates, courage and reſolution

In 1701, Swift took his Doctor's degree; and in 1702, ſoon after the death of King William, he went to England, for the firſt time after his ſettlement at Laracor; a journey which he frequently repeated during the reign of Queen Anne. Mrs Johnſon was once alſo in England, in 1705; but returned in a few months, and never afterwards croſſed the channel. [D. S. p. 90.]

He ſoon became eminent as a writer, and in that character at leaſt was known to the great men in both the factions, which were diſtinguiſhed by the names of Whig and Tory*. He had been educated among the Whigs; but he at length attached himſelf to the Tories, becauſe, as he ſaid, the Whigs had renounced their old principles; and received others, which

tion into the ſouls of the innocent, comforted and ſupported the religious and virtuous Mrs Johnſon, under all the bitterneſs and preſſures of her reſtraint. D. S. p. 90. 91.

* Two creatures, ſays a modern author, who are born with a ſecret antipathy to each other, and engage as naturally when they meet, as the elephant and rhinoceros. In a mixture of theſe two jarring animals, conſiſted the firſt miniſtry of Queen Anne; but the greater ſhare of the adminiſtration was committed to the Whigs, who, with indefatigable induſtry, ſoon ingroſſed the whole; incloſing their Sovereign within their own fortifications, and keeping her captive within their own walls. The Queen, whoſe heart was naturally inclined towards the Tories, remained an unwilling priſoner ſeveral years to the Whigs; till Mr Harley, with a Tory army, undermined all the Whiggiſh fortreſſes, levelled their works to the ground, ſeized the princeſs, and, during the remainder of her life, ſurrounded and defended her with a new ſet of troops under the command of the Duke of Ormond. O. let. 4.

which their fore-fathers held in utter abhorrence *. [O. let. 4.] He did not, however, write any political pamphlet from the year 1701 † to

* The effects of power and ambition are extraordinary and boundleſs. They blind our faculties, they ſtagger our reſolution, and they ſubvert our nature. Not all the metamorphoſes of Ovid can produce a parallel equal to the change that appears in the ſame man, when from a patriot he becomes a courtier. Yet it may be aſſerted, and will redound to the honour of Dr Swift, that when he roſe into the confidence and eſteem of thoſe great men who ſat at the helm of affairs, during the laſt years of Queen Anne's reign, he ſcarce ever loſt himſelf, or grew giddy by the plenitude of power, and the exalted ſtation of frequently appearing in the confidence and favour of the reigning miniſter. He may have been carried away by inconſiderate paſſion, but he was not to be ſwayed by deliberate evil. He may have erred in judgment, but he was upright in intention. The welfare and proſperity of theſe kingdoms were the conſtant aim of his politics, and the immediate ſubject of his thoughts and writings. O. let. 4.

† In 1701, Dr Swift having wrote the piece intitled, A diſcourſe of the conteſts and diſſentions in Athens and Rome, [in vol. ii.] returned from England to Ireland; where having met with old Biſhop Sheridan, at his uncle William Swift's in Dublin, the Biſhop, after ſome converſation with him about affairs in England, aſked him if he had read that pamphlet, and what reputation it carried at London? The Doctor told him modeſtly, that he had read it, and that, as far as he had obſerved, it was very well liked at London. Very well liked! ſaid the Biſhop, with ſome emotion; yes, Sir, it is one of the fineſt Tracts that ever was written. Well, ſurely Biſhop Burnet is one of the beſt writers in the whole world! Biſhop Burnet, my Lord! ſaid the Doctor: Why, my Lord, Biſhop Burnet was not the author of that diſcourſe. Not the author of it? ſaid the Biſhop. Why, Sir, there is never a man in England, except the Biſhop, capable of writing it. I can aſſure your Lordſhip, replied the Doctor, Biſhop Burnet was not the author of it. Not the author of it? ſaid the Biſhop: Pray, Sir, give me your reaſon for:

to the year 1708 *. [D. S. p. 148.]

But though, by his frequent excurſions to England, and a long abſence from his cures, he appears to have delayed the execution of his purpoſe to excell as a preacher; yet he uſed to declare, that he did not renounce it till his acquaintance with Harley; nor did he ever mention his ſubſequent attachment to politics, without indubitable ſigns of penitence and regret. J. R. p. 41. 42. 266.

It

for thinking ſo. Becauſe, my Lord, ſaid Swift, that diſcourſe is not written in the Biſhop's ſtyle. Not in the Biſhop's ſtyle? replied old Sheridan, with ſome degree of contempt. No, my Lord; the ſtyle of that pamphlet is, I think, wholly different from the ſtyle of the Biſhop. Oh, Mr Swift, replied Sheridan, I have had a long acquaintance with your uncles, and an old friendſhip for all your family, and really I have a great regard for you in particular. But let me adviſe you, for you are ſtill a very young man; I know you have a good ſhare of abilities, and are a good ſcholar; however, let me aſſure you notwithſtanding, that you are ſtill a great deal too young to pronounce your judgment on the ſtyle of authors. I am greatly obliged to your Lordſhip, replied Swift, for the good opinion you are pleaſed to entertain of me; but ſtill I am to aſſure your Lordſhip, that Biſhop Burnet was not the author of that diſcourſe. Well, Sir, ſaid the Biſhop, let me know who it was that did write it. Why, really, my Lord, replied Swift, I writ it myſelf. And this was the firſt time that ever he acknowledged himſelf to be the author of that famous Tract. D. S. p. 122, 3.

* During this interval, Dr Swift had worked hard, within thoſe ſubterraneous paſſages, where, as has been hinted in a former note, the mine was formed that blew up the Whiggiſh ramparts, and opened a way for the Tories to the Queen. Swift was to the Tories what Cæſar was to the Romans, at once a leader of their armies, and an hiſtoriographer of their triumphs. He reſided very much in England; his inclinations were always there. O. let. 4.

It is probable, that he hoped to exert himſelf more effectually in the church, by acquiring ſome other preferment; and that, with this view, he was ſolicitous to be near the court: For before his acquaintance with Lord Oxford, a biſhopric was intended for him by the Queen. But Abp. Sharpe, and a certain great lady, having miſrepreſented his principles and character, her Majeſty gave it to another *. Of this injury, however, the Archbiſhop was afterwards truly ſenſible, expreſſed great ſorrow for it, and deſired his forgiveneſs. J. R. p. 270.

After this diſappointment, it was not long before a new ſcene opened before him; for in 1710, being then in England, he was impowered by his Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland, to ſolicit the Queen to exonerate the clergy of Ireland from paying the twentieth parts and firſt fruits. And upon this occaſion his acquaintance with Harley commenced †.

As ſoon as he had received the Biſhop's letter, inſtructions, and authority, he reſolved to apply to Mr Harley, not only becauſe he was a principal perſon in the Queen's Miniſtry, but becauſe, by his intereſt, the ſame favour had been granted

* Archbiſhop Sharpe repreſented him as a perſon who was not a Chriſtian, and the great lady ſupported the aſperſion. Swift kept himſelf indeed within ſome tolerable bounds, when he ſpoke of the Queen: But his indignation knew no limits, when he mentioned the Archbiſhop, or the lady. O. let. 4.

† See the letters that paſſed between Dr Swift and the Iriſh Biſhops on this occaſion.

ed to the clergy of England. That he might not wait upon Mr Harley, to whom his name was well known, wholly without recommendation, he got himſelf repreſented as a perſon who had been extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, becauſe he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him; this being in ſome ſort Mr Harley's own caſe *.

Mr

* Swift no ſooner appeared at London, in September 1710, but "all the Whigs were raviſhed to ſee him, and would have "laid hold on him as a twig to ſave them from ſinking; and "the great men were all making him their clumſy apologies." [Let. to S. Sept. 9. 1710.] "It is good" [ſaith the Doctor] "to ſee what a lamentable confeſſion the Whigs all make of my "ill uſage." [Ib. Sept. 30.] In ſhort, the Whigs would gladly have depended on his ſuperior talents for their reſurrection; and the Tories dreaded from his pen their inevitable deſtruction. D. S. p. 312, 13.—It does not appear, that Swift had any deſign of attaching himſelf to the Tory miniſtry at this time. For he declares, within a few days after his arrival, that "he "is heartily weary of London, and wiſhes that he had never "ſtirred from Ireland." [Let. to S. Sept. 12. 1710.] But obſerving, in October, in what manner he was courted by Mr Harley and Mr Secretary St John, ("who frequently proteſted, "after he had become their intimate, that he was the only "man in England they were afraid of.") [Ibid. June 30. 1711.] as well as by all the reſt of the great people in power, to whom he was immediately introduced by Mr Harley upon their firſt acquaintance, he readily enough accepted the invitation to be their friend and protector.

And now the public intereſt to ſupport,
By Harley SWIFT invited comes to court †.

"I ſtand with the new people" (ſaith he) "ten times better "than ever I did with the old; and forty times more careſſed."

[Oct.

† *See a poem written by the Author upon Himſelf*, vol viii.

Mr Harley received him with the utmoſt kindneſs and reſpect; he ſat with him two hours in company, and two hours he ſat with him alone. He not only engaged in the Doctor's immediate buſineſs

[Oct. 14. 1710.] "The preſent miniſtry have a difficult taſk, "and want me, &c. According to the beſt judgment I have, "they are purſuing the true intereſt of the public; and there- "fore I am glad to contribute what lies in my power." [Nov. 29, 1710.] "As for your news that Mr St John is going to "Holland, he has no ſuch thoughts to quit the great ſtation he "is in; nor, if he had, could I be ſpared to go with him." [Jan. 25. 1710.] "May my enemies live here (at London) in "ſummer; and yet I am ſo unlucky, that I cannot poſſibly be "out of the way at this juncture.——The Whigs whiſper, that "our miniſtry differ among themſelves, and they begin to talk "out the Secretary. They have ſome reaſons for their whiſ- "pers; though I thought it was a greater ſecret. I do not "much like the preſent poſture of things. I always appre- "hended that any falling out would ruin them, and ſo I have "told them ſeveral times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes "at preſent; and whatever is the matter, all kinds of ſtocks "fall. I have not yet talked with the Secretary about Prior's "journey [to France.] I ſhould be apt to think it may foretel "a peace; and that is all we have to preſerve us." [Aug. 27. 1711.] Swift and the Secretary having appointed to ſpend a whole day in private together upon affairs of the greateſt conſe- quence; "The duce" (ſaith he) "is in this Secretary. When "I went to him this morning, he had people with him; but "ſays, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all "our buſineſs in the afternoon. At two, Prior ſends word he "is otherwiſe engaged. Then the Secretary and I go and dine "with Brig. Briton; ſit till eight, grow merry, no buſineſs "done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This "is the fault of all the preſent miniſters, teaſing me to death "for my aſſiſtance, laying the whole weight of their affairs "upon it; and ſlipping opportunities." [Oct. 31. 1711.] D. S. p. 329, 30, 1.

buſineſs with the utmoſt zeal, and ſoon after accompliſhed it; but told he muſt bring him acquainted with Mr St John; invited him to dine with him; charged him to come often; and, when the Doctor propoſed attending at his levee, told him that was no place for friends. The Doctor ſoon became perſonally acquainted with the reſt of the miniſters, who appear to have courted and careſſed him with uncommon aſſiduity. He dined every Saturday at Mr Harley's, with the Lord Keeper, Mr Secretary St John, and Lord Rivers. On that day no other perſon was for ſome time admitted; but his ſelect company was at length enlarged to ſixteen, all men of the firſt claſs, Swift included. They dined once a-week at the houſes of each other by rotation, and went under the general denomination of brothers *.

From

* Swift was repreſented to Mr Harley, "as one extremely "ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry;" a ſentiment, which, in his political wiſdom, that great miniſter both greedily and fearfully imbibed. And accordingly, when Swift waited upon him about the firſt fruits and twentieth parts, Harley, knowing the pride and ſpirit of the man with whom he had to deal, inſtantly began to pay his court to Swift, in all the ſhapes that were conſiſtent with his ſpirit and dignity. The moment that Swift appeared in his houſe, Harley "received him with the great-"eſt reſpect and kindneſs imaginable; and appointed him an "hour, two or three days after, to open his buſineſs to him." [Let. to S. Oct. 4. 1710] No ſooner had Swift told him his buſineſs on the day appointed, but Harley "entered into it "with all kindneſs, aſked him for his powers, and read them; "and read likewiſe the memorial he had drawn up, and put "it

From this time the Doctor ſupported the intereſt of his new friends with all his power, in pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers; his intimacy

" it into his pocket to ſhew the Queen; told him the meaſures " he would take, and, in ſhort, ſaid every thing he could wiſh; " told him he muſt bring Mr St John and him acquainted; " and ſpoke ſo many things of perſonal kindneſs and eſteem, " that he [Swift] was inclined to believe what ſome friends had " told him, that he [Harley] would do every thing to bring " him over. He [Harley] deſired him to dine with him on " Tueſday; and after four hours being with him, ſet him down " at St James's coffee-houſe in a hackney-coach." [Oct. 7. 1710.] And again, " I muſt tell you" [ſaith the Doctor] " a " great piece of refinement in Harley." [This was but four days after their firſt acquaintance.] " He charged me to come to " ſee him often. I told him I was loth to trouble him in ſo " much buſineſs as he had, and deſired I might have leave to " come at his levee; which he immediately refuſed, and ſaid " that was no place for friends." [Oct. 8. 1710.] In two days after, Harley " told him, he had ſhewn his memorial to " the Queen, and ſeconded it very heartily; becauſe (ſaid he) " the Queen deſigns to ſignify it to the biſhops of Ireland in " form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial " from you; which Mr Harley told Swift, he did, to make it " look more reſpectable to him." [Oct. 10. 1710.]——" I be- " lieve" [ſaith the Doctor] " never any thing was com- " paſſed ſo ſoon, and purely done by my perſonal credit with " Mr Harley, who is ſo exceſſively obliging, that I know not " what to make of it, unleſs to ſhew the raſcals of the other " party, that they uſed a man unworthily who had deſerved " better." [Oct. 21. 1710.] " Harley ſpeaks all the kind " things to me in the world." [Nov. 8. 1710.] But the account of his entertainment and reception at the Secretary's, will give ſome clearer light into theſe matters. " I dined to- " day [ſaith he] by invitation with the Secretary of State, Mr " St John. Mr Harley came in to us before dinner, and made " me

timacy with them was ſo remarkable, that he was thought not only to defend, but in ſome degree to direct their meaſures; and ſuch was his importance in the opinion of the oppoſite party, that many ſpeeches were made againſt him in both

I

" me his excuſes for not dining with us, becauſe he was to re-
" ceive people who came to propoſe the advancing money to
" the government.——The Secretary uſed me with all the
" kindneſs in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and
" upon an occaſion he [the Secretary] ſaid, the beſt thing he
" ever read is not your's, ſays he, but Dr Swift's on Vanbrug;
" [in vol. viii.] which I do not reckon ſo very good neither: But
" Prior was damped, till I ſtuffed him with two or three com-
" pliments. He told me among other things, that Mr Har-
" ley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the
" way ſo much of getting into him. I knew that was a re-
" finement; and ſo I told him, and it was ſo. Indeed, it is
" hard to ſee theſe great men uſe me like one who was their
" betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarded
" me. But there are ſome reaſons for all this." [Nov. 11. 1710.] Theſe laſt words have an eye to his writing the Examiner; which he kept as a profound ſecret from all the world, except the printer and the miniſtry. Prior was ſuſpected for being the author of the Examiner, ſee N°. 26, 31, [in vol. iii.] and had like to have been inſulted for it in the ſtreet; to which the letter from the Whigs to the Examiner, N°. 28, very plainly alludes. It is a point beyond all controverſy, that no ſovereign prince was ever more careſſed, by noble, generous, and manly ſpirits, than Swift undoubtedly was, not only by the great Harley, but all the Tory miniſtry. For it is certain, that Swift courted not the miniſtry, but the miniſtry courted Swift to be their champion and their protector, [See his own words, Examiner, No. 26;] and uſed him with the ſame reſpect, as well after as before he had taken them under his care. Neither did he once conſent to ſtay with the miniſtry, and run his fortune among them. D. S. p. 313,—316.

both houſes of parliament *; a reward was alſo offered for diſcovering the author of *The public ſpirit of the Whigs* †.

Whatever

* See vol. viii.

† Among the various branches into which Swift's expanſive genius ſpread itſelf, thoſe peculiar talents of levelling his writings to the loweſt, and ſuſtaining their dignity to the higheſt capacity, were probably the original motives that attracted the Earl of Oxford's friendſhip to him. In the year 1709, the character of Dr Swift as an author, was perfectly eſtabliſhed. He had ſhewn abilities equal to thoſe attributed by Homer to Ulyſſes: He could appear a beggar among beggars, and a king among kings.——From the year 1709, to the lateſt period of Queen Anne, we find him fighting on the ſide of the miniſters, and maintaining their cauſe in pamphlets, poems, and weekly papers. In a letter to Mr Pope of Jan. 10. 1721, he has this expreſſion: "I have converſed in ſome freedom with "more miniſters of ſtate, of all parties, than uſually happens "to men of my level; and I confeſs, in their capacity as mi"niſters, I look upon them as a race of people, whoſe ac"quaintance no man would court, otherwiſe than on the ſcore "of vanity or ambition." Lord Oxford, as a gentleman and a ſcholar, might be open and unreſerved to Dr Swift, as far as his Lordſhip's nature would permit; but as a miniſter of ſtate, he ever appeared myſterious and enigmatical, delivering his oracles, like the Delphian deity, in occult terms, and ambiguous expreſſions.——A man always appears of more conſequence to himſelf, than he is in reality to any other perſon. Such, perhaps, was the caſe of Dr Swift. He found himſelf much indulged by the ſmiles and converſation of the Earl Oxford. He knew how uſeful he was to the adminiſtration in general: And in the afore-mentioned letter, he ſays, that the place of hiſtoriographer was intended for him. But I am apt to ſuſpect, that he flattered himſelf too highly; at leaſt, it is very evident, that he remained without any preferment till the year 1713, when he was made Dean of St Patrick's. In point of power and revenue, ſuch a deanry might be eſteemed no inconſiderable pro-

Whatever excellence we poſſeſs, or whatever honours we obtain, the pleaſure which they produce, is all relative to ſome particular favourite, with whom we are tenderly connected, either by friendſhip or by love; or, at moſt, it terminates like rays collected by a burning-glaſs, in a very ſmall circle, which is ſcarce more than a point, and, like light, becomes ſenſible only by reflection. Thus Swift, while he was courted and careſſed by thoſe whom others were making intereſt to approach, ſeems to have enjoyed his diſtinction, only in proportion as it was participated with Stella; for amidſt all the buſineſs, and all the honours that crouded upon him, he wrote every day an account of whatever occurred, and ſent her a journal, regularly dated, every fortnight during the whole time of his connection with Q. Anne's miniſtry. D. S. p. 258. From theſe unreſtrained effuſions of his heart, many particulars are known, which could have been known no other way. And by theſe it appears inconteſtibly, that he was not only employed, but truſted; and that Harley, who is univerſally allowed to have been one of the moſt reſerved and myſterious of all politicians, was to him, in affairs of the utmoſt moment, open and explicit *. The

motion; but to an ambitious mind, whoſe perpetual aim was a ſettlement in England, a dignity in any other kingdom, muſt appear (as perhaps it was deſigned) only an honourable and profitable baniſhment. O. let. 4.

* The Earl of Oxford had a real friendſhip for Dr Swift. And there are ſome little gratifications in the commerce of friendſhip,

The reſult of one of their conferences, ſo early as the year 1710, was to this effect, That the kingdom was as certainly ruined as a bankrupt merchant; that a peace, whether bad or good, was abſolutely neceſſary; that the confederacy muſt ſoon break, and factions increaſe; and that the miniſtry was upon a narrow bottom, and ſtood like an iſthmus, between the Whigs on one ſide, and the violent Tories on the other; a ſituation in which they could not ſubſiſt †. Theſe violent

friendſhip, which appear to be as ſtrong, if not ſtronger indications of our love and eſteem for particular perſons, that what is called advancing them in the *grande monde*, whether to honours or preferment. Of this nature, I take ſome preſents to have been, which the Earl made to the Doctor, particularly his own picture enamelled with Zinck, the ſeal of Julius Cæſar, and eſpecially the ſeal of the young Hercules, which were both given to the Earl by his royal miſtreſs, and afterwards by the Earl preſented to the Doctor; alluding, perhaps, in the preſent of the young Hercules, to the character of Alcides, in the poem called Atlas, the Earl being conſcious to himſelf, how much the Doctor had ſupported the conſtitution, the Queen, and the miniſtry. But what, I think, ſhewed more kindneſs and affection than any of the former, was the preſent of that pen-knife, wherewith the Earl himſelf had been ſtabbed by Guiſcard. It was a common ordinary pen-knife, with a tortoiſe-ſhell handle; and when it was ſhut, was juſt about the length of a man's little finger. But as the blade was broken within half an inch of the handle, by the violence of the blow againſt one of the Earl's ribs, the Doctor had a hole drilled through that part of the blade, which was broken off, and another hole through that piece which remained in the handle; and by that contrivance, they were both held together by a little ſilver chain. D. S. p. 162, 3.

† Dr Swift's own account of this, is as follows: "This king-
"dom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt
"merchant.

Tories were formed into a ſociety called the October club, of whom Swift ſays, "They are "about an hundred parliament-men of the "country, who drink October beer at home, "and meet every evening at a tavern near the "parliament-houſe, to drive things on to ex-"tremes againſt the Whigs, to call the old mini-"ſtry to account, and get off five or ſix heads *." [Let. to S. Feb. 18. 1710. D. S. p. 319. 320.]

But

"merchant. We muſt have peace, let it be a bad or a good "one; though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look "upon things, the worſe I like them. I believe the confede-"racy will ſoon break to pieces; and our factions at home in-"creaſe. The miniſtry is upon a very narrow bottom; and "ſtand like an iſthmus, between the Whigs on one ſide, and "violent Tories on the other. They are able ſeamen; but "the tempeſt is too great, the ſhip too is rotten, and the crew "all againſt them. Lord Sommers has been twice in the "Queen's cloſet, once very lately; and the Ducheſs of S——t, "who now has the key, is a moſt inſinuating woman; and, I "believe, they will endeavour to play the ſame game that has "been played againſt them. I have told them all this, which "they know already; but they cannot help it; they have cau-"tioned the Queen ſo much againſt being governed, that ſhe "obſerves it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon "theſe things; but they make me melancholly. I could not "but obſerve, that lately, after much converſation with Mr "Harley, though he is the moſt fearleſs man alive, and the "leaſt apt to deſpond, he confeſſed to me, that uttering his "mind to me gave him eaſe." [Let. to Stella, March 4. 1710.] D. S. p. 318.

* —— The miniſtry ſeemed not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there muſt be ſomething thought on to ſettle things better. I'll tell you one great ſtate ſecret. The Queen, ſenſible how much ſhe was governed by the

But if Swift thought this party too precipitant, it is certain he thought Lord Oxford too ſlow; and he once told him ſo, in a manner that ſhews both his integrity, and the freedom of his converſation with thoſe who have a preſcriptive right to ſervility and adulation. He had received (from Col. Hill, a gentleman of worth, who had commanded with great bravery in the battle of Almanza, ſoon after his promotion to a regiment) a preſent of a fine tortoiſe-ſhell ſnuff-box, richly lined with gold, with the proſpect of the rialto of Venice, ſeveral gondalos plying on the canals, and other figures to the number of 150, repreſenting the pleaſures of a carnival, painted on the inſide of the lid. This preſent he ſhewed one day to Harley; who, having admired the painting and the workmanſhip, at laſt ſpied a figure ſtudded on the outſide of the bottom, which he thought reſembled a gooſe; upon which, turning to the Doctor, "Jonathan,"

the late miniſtry, runs as little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of thoſe who got her out of the other's hands. The miniſtry is for gentler meaſures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, curſed the paper called the Examiner, for ſpeaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the Secretary; who blamed the warmth of that Lord and ſome others, and ſwore, that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reaſon to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the Queen, to put her affairs more in the hands of a miniſtry than ſhe does at preſent; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, &c. [Let. to S.] D. S. p. 320.

ſays he, " I think the Colonel has made a gooſe " of you." " Yes, my Lord," ſays the Doctor; " but, if your Lordſhip will look a little farther, " you will ſee that I am driving a ſnail before " me;" which indeed happened to be the device. To this the Earl coolly replied, " That is " ſevere enough, Jonathan; but I deſerve it." [D. S. p. 163, 4.].

It is equally true, and equally evident, that Swift had no expectations of advantage from his connection with theſe perſons; that he knew they could not long preſerve their power; that he did not honour it while it laſted, and that he diſdained pecuniary obligations *."

" The

* Swift, conſcious of his great abilities, and that he was not obliged to the miniſtry, for any the leaſt favour, how much ſoever they had been obliged to him for his care and protection, treated every one of them round, juſt in what ſtyle and manner he thought convenient. The miniſtry, who were themſelves men of wit and penetration, bore with his temper, and ſoothed him in his greateſt irregularities. Had they ventured to have acted otherwiſe, they knew in their ſouls, that he would have taken horſe the next morning, and, careleſs of their fate, expoſed them to the fury of their enemies. But this ſpirit of dominion, which more or leſs gave a tincture to all his converſation and behaviour throughout his whole life, was ſuffered freely to paſs under the ſoft and gentle appellation of wit and humour. " I dined to-day" (ſaith he) " with Mr Secretary St John: I " went to the court of requeſt at noon, and ſent Mr Harley in- " to the houſe to call the Secretary, to let him know I would " dine with him if he dined late." [Let. to S. Feb. 12. 1710] Where do you find in the Roman, the Grecian, the Perſic, the Aſſyrian, the Ægyptian, or the Punic ſtory, any champion, or protector of a miniſtry, alive and ſpirited to ſuch an exalted degree,

"The miniſtry," (ſaith he) "are good honeſt hearty fellows. I uſe them like dogs, becauſe I expect they will uſe me ſo. They call me Jonathan; and I ſaid I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a miniſtry do any thing for thoſe whom they make companions of their pleaſures; but I care not." [Let. to S. Feb. 17. 1710. D. S. p. 322.]

In the Summer of 1711, he foreſaw the ruin of the miniſtry, by thoſe miſunderſtandings among themſelves which at laſt effected it; and it was not only his opinion, but their own, that if they could not carry a peace, they would not be able to keep themſelves out of the Tower, even though they ſhould agree. [D. S. p. 331. Let. to Stella.] In order therefore to facilitate this great event, Swift wrote *The conduct of the allies*; a piece which he confeſſes coſt him much pains, and which ſucceeded even beyond his expectation. [D. S. p. 332. Let. to S.] It was publiſhed, Nov. 27. 1711, juſt ten days before the parliament met; and, before the 28th of January, above eleven thouſand were ſold, ſeven editions having

degree, as to command the firſt miniſter of ſtate to call out the Secretary from the important buſineſs of his King and country, upon ſo bootleſs an affair? But a ſpirit of liberty, or, in other words, a juſt and true notion of inherent wiſdom and fortitude, will bear up the poſſeſſor, like the hand of an angel, and encourage him to things which are wild, ſtrange, and amazing to ſlaves and flatterers, and all the inferior claſſes of wretched human kind. D. S. p. 320, 1, 2.

having been printed in England, and three in Ireland. [D. S. p. 335.] The Tory members in both houſes who ſpoke, drew all their arguments from it; and the reſolutions which were printed in the votes, and which would never have paſſed but for *The conduct of the allies*, were little more than quotations from it *. [D. S. p. 337. Let. to S.]

From

* The Whigs, encouraged, ſupported, and abetted by the Dutch, the Emperor, and all the princes in the grand alliance, were furious againſt a peace. In Summer 1711, they had been extremely active in muſtering up their forces, and collecting their whole ſtrength againſt the next meeting of Parliament; and with ſuch dexterity their affairs were managed, that actually they had got the Queen herſelf to be ſecretly on their ſide, as appeared to a demonſtration from her behaviour to the Duke of Shrewſbury, Dec. 7. 1711. For "when the Queen was going from the Houſe of Lords, where "ſhe ſat to hear the debate, Shrewſbury, Lord Chamberlain, "aſked her Majeſty, whether he, or the Great Chamberlain "Lindſay, ought to lead her out? She anſwered ſhort, Neither "of you; and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerſet, who "was louder than any in the Houſe againſt the peace." [Let. to S. Dec. 8. 1711.] And "Dr Swift having aſked Lord Ox"ford, whether ſome particular Lords would have voted againſt "the Court, if the Duke of Somerſet had not aſſured them it "would pleaſe the Queen? Lord Oxford plainly told him, his "conjectures were true, and that my Lord Duke of Somerſet "had ſo aſſured them." [Ib. Dec. 11.] And this behaviour of the Queen was in fact the original cauſe of her making twelve Peers at once, "after ſhe had at laſt been perſuaded to "her own intereſt and ſecurity. Yet after all," adds Swift, "it is a ſtrange unhappy neceſſity of making ſo many Peers "together; but the Queen has drawn it upon herſelf, by her "trimming and moderation." [Ib. Dec. 29.] The Whigs thus

From this time till the year 1713, he continued to exert himſelf, with unwearied diligence, in the ſervice of the miniſtry. [D. S. p. 156.] And while he was at Windſor, juſt at the concluſion

thus elated with hope, and with a full aſſurance of ſucceſs in defeating the miniſtry, and quaſhing the preliminaries of a peace, ſtocks fell, and all difficulties ſeem to vaniſh before them. "We have no quiet" (ſaith the Doctor) "with the Whigs, "they are ſo violent againſt a peace; but I will cool them with "a vengeance, very ſoon." [Oct. 26. 1711.] "I have written a "paper" (ſaith he) "which the miniſters reckon will do abun-"dance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are "half bewitched againſt a peace. Few of this generation can "remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is "as it ſhould be; whereas it is certain, we are the moſt undone "people in Europe, as I am afraid I ſhall make appear beyond "all contradiction." [Oct. 30.]—After the publication of 'The conduct of the allies,' all London, both court and city, were alarmed. The Dutch envoy deſigned to complain of it, and refuſed dining with Dr D'Avenant, becauſe, among others, he was ſuſpected to be the author. The Whigs reſolved to bring it into the Houſe of Lords, to have it there examined; and the Lord Chief Juſtice ſent for Morphew the printer, threatened him, aſked him who was the author of "The con-"duct of the allies," and bound him over to appear the next term. The noiſe which it made was extraordinary. "It is fit" (ſaith the Doctor) "it ſhould anſwer the pains I have been at "about it. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr Secretary St "John; but I am always the firſt they lay every thing to." [Dec. 2.] However, within four days after it was publiſhed, there was a report in London, that ſeveral of the Whigs began to be content that a peace ſhould be treated.—The Parliament, however, met Dec. 7. "The Earl of Nottingham began and "ſpoke againſt a peace, and deſired, that in their addreſs they "might put in a clauſe to adviſe the Queen not to make a "peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the "Whigs

cluſion of the peace of Utrecht, he drew the firſt ſketch of *An hiſtory of the four laſt years of Queen Anne.* The work would have been publiſhed ſoon after, if his friends in the miniſtry had not diſagreed

" Whigs, by about ſix voices, in a committee of the whole " Houſe," [Dec. 7.] and the next day " the clauſe was carried " againſt the Court, in the Houſe of Lords, almoſt two to one." [Dec. 8.] The Doctor, who has written copiouſly on theſe proceedings, concludes his letter in theſe words: " This is a " long journal, and of a day that may produce great altera- " tions, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all " in triumph. They foretold how all this would be, but we " thought it boaſting. Nay, they ſaid the Parliament ſhould " be diſſolved before Chriſtmas, and perhaps it may. This is " all your D—— of S———t's doings. I warned them [the " miniſters] of it nine months ago, and a hundred times ſince. " The Secretary always dreaded it. I told Lord Treaſurer, I " ſhould have the advantage of him, for he would loſe his " head, and I ſhould only be hanged, and ſo carry my body " entire to the grave." [Dec. 8.]—And ſhortly after talking of theſe affairs, " Here are" (ſaith the Doctor) " the firſt " ſteps towards the ruin of an excellent miniſtry; for I look " upon them as certainly ruined. Some are of opinion, the " whole miniſtry will give up their places next week; others " imagine, when the ſeſſion is over. I do reſolve, if they give " up, or are turned out ſoon, to retire for ſome months, and " I have pitched upon the place already. I would be out of " the way upon the firſt of the ferment. For they lay all " things on me, even ſome I have never read." [Dec. 15.]— Nevertheleſs, while things continued in this doubtful ſituation, and many of the friends of the miniſtry had given all for gone, ſuch was the force of reaſoning, and ſuch were the merits of that pamphlet, " The conduct of the allies," " that the Tory " Lords and Commons in Parliament argued all from it; and " all agreed, that never any thing of that kind was of ſo great " conſequence, or made ſo many converts." [Dec. 18.] And

at

diſagreed about it; and after the Queen's death, he ſpent much time in improving and correcting it; but it has not yet appeared. [D. S. p. 340.]

During all this time, he received no gratuity or reward till the year 1713: And then he accepted the deanry of St Patrick's, Dublin.

It may perhaps be thought ſtrange, that his friends did not rather procure him a biſhoprick in England, and place him in the Houſe of Lords, where his political eloquence might have been employed with great advantage. But this was not in their power; and they might be willing to ſecure to him ſuch advantage as they could, knowing their own inſtability, and foreſeeing their fall *.

But

at laſt, ſuch were the effects that it produced almoſt univerſally in the minds of men, that "the Houſe of Commons" (ſaith the Doctor) "have this day made many ſevere votes about our "being abuſed by our allies. Thoſe who ſpoke, drew all their "arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ. "The Court had a majority of 150. All agree, that it was my "book that ſpirited them to theſe reſolutions." [Feb. 4.] And preſently after, he confirms what he had aſſerted beyond all poſſibility of miſtake. "The reſolutions" (ſaith he) "printed the other day in the votes, are almoſt quotations from it, "and would never have paſſed, if that book had not been "written." [Feb. 8.]——Such were the politics, and ſuch was the importance of Dr Swift, in thoſe furious times. D. S. p. 332,—337.

* I am much inclined to believe, that the temper of Swift might occaſion his Engliſh friends to wiſh him happily and properly promoted at a diſtance. His ſpirit, for I would give it the ſofteſt name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He aſſumed more the air of a patron,

But with whatever view, or from whatever cauſe, the deanry of St Patrick's was given him, he received it with leſs pleaſure than he would have done a ſettlement with much leſs power and profit in England.

 He

tron, than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than adviſe. He was elated with the appearance of enjoying miniſterial confidence. He enjoyed the ſhadow; the ſubſtance was detained from him. He was employed, not truſted; and at the ſame time that he imagined himſelf a ſubtle diver, who dexterouſly ſhot down into the profoundeſt regions of politics, he was ſuffered only to ſound the ſhallows neareſt the ſhore, and was ſcarce admitted to deſcend below the froth at the top. Perhaps the deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inſpection. O. let. 4.

But what reward, what recompence, or what dignities were conferred upon this heroic champion of the miniſtry, this Herculean defender of the conſtitution, for all his labours? Why, to be ſure, he was invited to be of the Cabinet-council, he had ſome part in the adminiſtration of affairs committed to his care, he was raiſed in the church even to the higheſt pinnacle of honour that he could poſſibly arrive at, without having others knocked on the head to make room for his preferment? Quite the contrary: That very miniſtry, whoſe battles he had fought with ſo much vigour and ſucceſs, never once exerted their intereſt to get him any ſort of promotion, either in church or ſtate. Perhaps, dreading thoſe amazing abilities which had been their chief ſupport, they were not deſirous that he ſhould be raiſed to an Engliſh biſhoprick, which would have entitled him to a ſeat in the Houſe of Lords, where it is not impoſſible that his talents might have ſhone forth in a blaze of politics, that would have rendered him as much the idol of the public as the wonder of all his contemporaries: and therefore, in the abundance of their ſagacity, they baniſhed him into Ireland, and gave him the deanry of St Patrick, Dublin, which, as he himſelf expreſſeth it, was the only ſmall favour that he had

ever

He immediately croſſed the channel, to take poſſeſſion of his new dignity; but did not ſtay in Ireland more than a fortnight, being urged by an hundred letters to haſten back, and reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke; the conſequences of whoſe miſunderſtanding were juſtly dreaded by their friends *.

When

ever received at their hands. I know it hath been ſaid, and thought by many, that the Earl of Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke were his patrons. But, if I know the meaning of the word 'patron,' as I think I do, I cannot but aſſert, as a truth, beyond all queſtion, that Dr Swift never had any patrons at all; or at leaſt, if he had, that his obligations to them were inviſible. Nay, I have heard the Doctor affirm, that he never was obliged to any man in his whole life; meaning, undoubtedly, that he never had got any preferment in the church by the intereſt of his friends, which his own particular merit had not paid for over and over. Nevertheleſs, if the word 'patron' muſt be uſed upon theſe occaſions, as I think it may, I will ſtake my reputation againſt the judgment of any critic in Europe, or, in other words, I will hold fifty guineas to one, that Dr Swift was more a patron to the miniſtry, than any of the miniſtry were patrons to Dr Swift: which is a point ſo manifeſt to all that are acquainted with his political writings, that I think it would be needleſs to inſiſt upon any particular proofs of it. D. S. p. 155. 6, 7.

* In the beginning of the year 1714, Swift returned to England. He found his 'great' friends, who ſat in the ſeat of power, much diſunited among themſelves. He ſaw the Queen declining in her health, and diſtreſſed in her ſituation; while faction was exerting itſelf, and gathering new ſtrength every day. The part which he had to act upon this occaſion, was not ſo difficult, as it was diſagreeable. He exerted the utmoſt of his ſkill to reunite the miniſters, and to cement the apertures of the ſtate. I could deſcend into very minute particulars, were

When he returned, he found their quarrels and coldneſs increaſed; and having predicted their ruin from this very cauſe, he laboured to bring about a reconciliation, as that upon which the whole intereſt of their party depended.

With this view he contrived to bring them to Lord Maſham's at St James's; and Lord and Lady Maſham, being acquainted with his purpoſe, left him alone with them. He then expoſtulated with them both; but to little effect; being able only to engage them to go to Windſor the next day; ſtill hoping, that if he could keep them together, they would come to ſome agreement; well knowing, that in abſence the mind perpetually revolves the recent offences of a friend, and heightens them by every poſſible aggravation; but that, when the offended and offender meet, the dying ſparks of eſteem or kindneſs often brighten into a flame, the remembrance of paſt pleaſure and confidence returns, and mutually inclines them to ſecure, by an accommodation,

I to relate what I have heard him ſay upon this occaſion. But we are at preſent too near that æra, and have too many unexpected conſequences from it, either to judge impartially, or to write undauntedly, of thoſe tempeſtuous times. As ſoon as Swift found his pains fruitleſs, his arguments unavailing, and his endeavours, like the ſtone of Siſyphus, rolling back upon himſelf, he retired to a friend's houſe in Berkſhire, where he remained till the Queen died. So fatal a cataſtrophe put a final period to all his views in England, and made him return, as faſt as poſſible, to his deanry in Ireland, loaded with thoſe agonizing paſſions, grief and diſcontent. O. let. 5.

commodation, that which they feel they cannot loſe without regret.

Swift ſoon after followed them; but was told by Lord Bolingbroke, that his ſcheme had come to nothing; and he had the mortification to obſerve, that they grew more cold to each other every day. In the mean time, Lord Oxford's credit grew leſs and leſs, and the Queen's health viſibly declined.

Swift, however, contrived yet once more to meet them at Lord Maſham's, and was again left alone with them. This was the laſt time they ever met, and he ſpoke to them both with great freedom; but at length, deſpairing of his purpoſe, he told them he would retire, for that all was gone. Bolingbroke whiſpered him that he was right, but Oxford ſaid all would do well.

Swift ſtill adhered to his opinion; and therefore went in a day or two to Oxford by the coach, and thence to the houſe of a friend in Berkſhire, where he continued till the Queen's death, which happened in about ten weeks.

While he was at this place, his mind was ſtill buſy for his friends; and he wrote a diſcourſe, called *Free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of affairs*, which he thought might be uſeful at that juncture, and ſent it up to London; but ſome difference of opinion happening between him and Lord Bolingbroke concerning it, the publication was delayed till the Queen's death; and then he recalled his copy; which was afterwards de-

poſited with the late Alderman Barbar, and having been ſince publiſhed, will be found in vol. vi.

A few weeks after the death of the Queen, he went back to his ſtation in Ireland; all his connections with the court being broken, and all his expectations diſappointed.

But it would be an injury to Swift, not to ſtop a moment here; and, before we deſcend with him into the vale of private life, look back, as from an eminence, upon the country we have paſſed.

Few of thoſe who have been permitted to aſſociate with perſons greatly ſuperior in rank and fortune, who have climbed in the retinue of power, and been diſtinguiſhed by reflected greatneſs, have been able to ſuſtain the native dignity of their own character, without ſtooping as they aſcended the hill, or being blinded by the light that made them conſpicuous to others.

Let it therefore be recorded to the honour of Dr Swift, and to animate others by his example and reward, that, during his connection with thoſe who were in the higheſt rank, and who in every rank would have been great, he would never ſuffer himſelf to be treated but as an equal; and repulſed every attempt to hold him in dependance, or keep him at a diſtance, with the utmoſt reſentment and indignation.

It happened upon ſome occaſion, that Harley ſent him a bank-bill of 50 l. by his private ſecretary

tary Mr Lewis; which Swift inſtantly returned, with a letter of expoſtulation and complaint. Harley invited him to dine, but he refuſed. He wrote to Mr Lewis to mediate between them, deſiring to be reconciled; but Swift ſent word, that he expected farther ſatisfaction. Harley replied, if he would come and ſee him, he would make him eaſy: But Swift inſiſted, that he ſhould apologize by meſſage; and declared, that otherwiſe 'he would caſt him off*.' [D. S. p. 324, 5. let. to S.]

* Swift was a man of ſuch exalted ſpirit and fire, that if a benefit deſigned him were not accompanied with elegance and grace in the manner of propoſing it, he would ſcorn the intended favour, and reſent it as an affront. He quarrelled with his friend Harley, on a punctilio of this kind. "Mr Harley" (ſaith Dr Swift) "deſired me to dine with him again to-day, "but I refuſed him; for I fell out with him yeſterday, and "will not ſee him again till he makes me amends." [Let. to S. Feb. 6. 1710.] "I was, this morning early," (ſays he) "with Mr Lewis of the Secretary's office, and ſaw a letter Mr "Harley had ſent him, deſiring to be reconciled: but I was "deaf to all intreaties, and have deſired Lewis to go to him, "and let him know I expect further ſatisfaction. 'If we let "theſe great miniſters pretend too much, there will be no go-"verning them.' "He promiſes to make me eaſy, if I will "but come and ſee him; but I wont; and he ſhall do it by "meſſage," 'or I will caſt him off;' in that he did ſomething "which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite "otherwiſe, diſliking both the thing and the manner: and it "has heartily vexed me; and all I have ſaid is truth, though "it looks like jeſt; and I abſolutely refuſed to 'ſubmit' to his "intended favour, and expect further ſatisfaction." [Feb. 7. 1710.] But in a few days after, he ſays, "I have taken Mr "Harley into favour again." [Feb. 13.] D. S. p. 323, 4.

It is poſſible that this favour might have been rejected, as not worth his acceptance: But it is certain, that, if it had been of greater value, it would not have atoned for any indecorum in the offer, or have induced Swift to ſuffer an obligation from thoſe whom he did not eſteem; for he refuſed the place of hiſtoriographer with diſdain; becauſe it was in the diſpoſal of a perſon whom he regarded with diſguſt and contempt *.

He would not ſuffer even negative incivilities from thoſe, who, if by their ſtation they had not been his ſuperiors, would have been his equals by learning and parts. It happened, that having on a Sunday dined with Mr St John, who was then ſecretary of ſtate, and remarked that he appeared to be much out of temper; he took the firſt opportunity to ſee him alone, aſked him what the d—— ailed him on Sunday; told him he obſerved he was much out of temper; that he did not expect he would tell him the cauſe, but would be glad to ſee he was in better; and warned him never to behave to him with ſilent reſerve, for that he would not be treated like a ſchool-boy; and that he had felt too much of that in his life already. "I told him," ſays he, "that I expected, that every great miniſter "who honoured me with his acquaintance, if "he

* If Swift refuſed this place, he could not, as Lord Orrery ſuppoſes, be miſtaken in believing it intended for him; and that he did refuſe it, we have his own expreſs declaration in his letter to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1721.

" he heard or ſaw any thing to my diſadvantage, " would let me know it in plain words, and not " put me in pain to gueſs by the change or cold- " neſs of his countenance or behaviour; for it " was what I would hardly bear from a crowned " head, and I thought no ſubject's favour was " worth it. I told him, that I deſigned to let my " Lord Keeper and Mr Harley know the ſame " thing, that they may uſe me accordingly."

The ſecretary received the reproof, like a friend, as it was given, and apologized for his behaviour, by ſaying, that buſineſs had kept him up ſeveral whole nights, and drinking one more; and to make up matters, he preſſed the Doctor to ſtay to dinner; which, however, he declined, as well becauſe he would not encourage a ſecond offence by too eaſily paſſing over the firſt, as becauſe he was engaged with another friend *. [D. S. p. 326, 7. let to S. April 3. 1711.]

If

* At the hours that Swift was not engaged in political affairs, he laughed, he played, he amuſed himſelf, with every whim and vagary that floated on the ſurface of his imagination. " Secretary St John" (ſaith he) " would needs have me dine " with him to-day; and there I found three perſons I never " ſaw; two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not " care for: So I left them early, and came home; it being no " day to walk, but ſcurvy rain and wind. The ſecretary tells " me, he has put a cheat upon me; for Lord Peterborow ſent " him twelve dozen flaſks of Burgundy, on condition that I " ſhould have my ſhare; but he never was quiet till they were " all gone: ſo I reckon he owes me 36 l."—Let. to S. Feb. 18. 1710.

If in this repreſentation of his behaviour, as it is in many particulars taken from his letters to Stella, he ſhould be ſuſpected of having ſomewhat exaggerated to gratify his vanity, he may be abundantly juſtified by a letter ſtill extant, which he wrote to Lord Oxford after the connection between them was broken. "When I "was with you," ſays he, "I have ſaid more "than once, that I would never allow quality or "ſtation made any difference between men.—I "loved you juſt ſo much the worſe for your ſta-"tion.—In your public capacity you have often "angered me to the heart, but as a private man "man never once.—I was too proud to be vain "of the honour you did me.—I was never afraid "of offending you, nor am now in any pain for "the manner I write to you in."

Neither

1710.—But, in few days after, Swift, in a pleaſant manner took ample ſatisfaction of the ſecretary. For "I dined "to-day," (ſaith he) "with Mr Secretary St John, on condi-"tion I might chuſe my company; which were, Lord Ri-"vers, Lord Carteret, Sir Thomas Manſell, and Mr Lewis. "invited Maſham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Gran-"ville; but they were engaged: and I did it in revenge of hi "having ſuch bad company when I dined with him before "So we laughed," &c. [Feb. 25. 1710.] This puts me in mind of an accident which happened at Windſor. "The court "here," (ſaith the Doctor) "have got by the end a good "thing I ſaid to the Secretary ſome weeks ago. He ſhewed me "his bill of fare, to tempt me to dine with him. Poh, ſaid I "I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company "Lord Treaſurer was mightily pleaſed, and told it every body "as a notable thing." [Sept. 1. 1711.] D. S. p. 322. 3.

Neither was this conduct the effect of pride and ſelf-ſufficiency, but of true dignity of mind; for he exacted nothing which, in his turn, he did not pay, nor aſked more for himſelf than for others whoſe pretenſions or circumſtances were the ſame.

When he was deſired by Lord Oxford to introduce Dr Parnel to his acquaintance, he refuſed, upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character ſuperior to that of a Lord in a high ſtation. He therefore obliged his Lordſhip to walk with his treaſurer's ſtaff from room to room through his own levee, inquiring which was Dr Parnel, in order to introduce himſelf, and beg the honour of his acquaintance.

It was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty guineas to Mrs Dingley; but inſtead of doing this with the parade of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride, by making her feel her dependence, he always pretended, that he acted only as her agent, and that the money he paid her, was the produce of a certain ſum which ſhe had in the funds: And the better to ſave appearances, he always took her receipt; and ſometimes would pretend, with great ſeeming vexation, that ſhe drew upon him before he had received her money from London. [D. S. p. 346.]

As to his political principles, if his own account of them is to be believed, he abhored Whiggiſm only in thoſe who made it conſiſt in damning

damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed religion. He always declared himſelf againſt a popiſh ſucceſſor to the crown, whatever title he might have by proximity of blood; nor did he regard the right line, upon any other account, than as it was eſtabliſhed by law, and had much weight in the opinions of the people. He was of opinion, that when the grievances ſuffered under a preſent government became greater than thoſe which might probably be expected from changing it by violence, a revolution was juſtifiable; and this he believed to have been the caſe in that which was brought about by the Prince of Orange. He had a mortal antipathy againſt ſtanding armies in times of peace; and was of opinion, that our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, till the ancient law ſhould be revived, by which our parliaments were made annual. He abominated the political ſcheme of ſetting up a moneyed intereſt in oppoſition to the landed; and was an enemy to temporary ſuſpenſions of the Habeas Corpus act. If ſome aſperities that cannot be juſtified have eſcaped his pen, in papers which were haſtily written in the firſt ardor of his zeal, and often after great provocation from thoſe who wrote againſt him, ſurely they may, without the exertion of angelic benevolence, be forgiven.

That he was not at any time a bigot to party, and that he did not indiſcriminately transfer his reſentments

eſentments from principles to perſons, was ſo vident by his conduct, that it was a uſual ſubject of raillery towards him among the miniſters, that ne never came to them without a Whig in his ſleeve. And though he does not appear to have aſked any thing for himſelf, yet he often preſſed Lord Oxford in favour of Mr Addiſon, Mr Congreve, Mr Rowe, and Mr Steele; with whom, except Mr Steele, he frequently converſed during all Lord Oxford's miniſtry; chuſing his friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue; and in particular, his friendſhip with Mr Addiſon continued inviolable, and with as much kindneſs as when they uſed to meet at Lord Halifax's or Lord Sommers's, who were leaders of the oppoſite party.

Among other perſons with whom he was intimately acquainted during this gay part of his life, was Mrs Vanhomrigh. She was a lady of good family, the daughter of Mr Stone the commiſſioner, and niece to the accomptant-general of Ireland. She was alſo a lady of politeneſs and good breeding. [D. S. p. 258.]

She was the widow of Mr Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, firſt a merchant of Amſterdam, and afterwards of Dublin, who was appointed commiſſary of the ſtores by King William, upon his expedition into Ireland; a place which, during the war, was computed to be worth 6000l. per annum. After the affairs of Ireland were ſettled, he was appointed muſtermaſter-general, and

a commiſſioner of the revenue, and laid out about 12,000l. in the purchaſe of forfeited eſtates: But though he received the produce of this eſtate, and enjoyed his appointments thirteen years; yet when he died, in 1703, his expences had been ſo nearly equal to his revenue, that his whole fortune, the value of his eſtate included, amounted only to 16,000l. This ſum he directed, by his will, to be divided equally between his wife and four children, of which two were ſons and two were daughters. The ſons died ſoon after their father, and their ſhare of his fortune fell to the daughters. D. S. p. 260, &c. O. let. 9.

In 1709, the widow and the young ladies came to England, where they were viſited by perſons of the firſt quality; and Swift, lodging within a few doors of their houſe in Bury-ſtreet, St James's, uſed to be much there, coming and going without ceremony, as if he had been one of the family. D. S. p. 259. During this familiarity, he became inſenſibly a kind of preceptor to the young ladies, particularly the eldeſt, who was then about twenty years old, was much addicted to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. In a perſon of this diſpoſition, it was natural for ſuch a character as that of Swift to excite admiration, a paſſion which by frequent converſe was ſoftened into complacency, and complacency was at length improved into love. Love itſelf perhaps was in this caſe complicated with vanity, which would have been highly gratified by an

alliance with the firſt wit of the age; and thus what neither could have effected alone, was done by the joint effort of both, and ſhe ventured to make the Doctor a propoſal of marriage. It is probable, that his connections with Mrs Johnſon at this time were ſuch, that he could not with honour accept this propoſal, whatever pleaſure or advantage it might promiſe: However, it is certain, he declined, though without aſſigning any other engagement as the reaſon.

He appears firſt to have effected to believe her in jeſt, then to have rallied her on ſo whimſical a choice, and at laſt to have put her off without an abſolute refuſal; perhaps, partly, becauſe he was unwilling to give her pain, and partly, becauſe he could not refuſe her with a good grace, otherwiſe than by diſcovering ſome particulars which he was willing to conceal. While he was in this ſituation, he wrote the poem called Cadenus and Vaneſſa, vol. viii.; the principal view of which ſeems to have been at once to compliment, and to rally her; to apologize for his conduct, and ſoften a tacit denial, by leaving the event undetermined.

This poem appears to have been written about the year 1713, a ſhort time before he left Vaneſſa and the reſt of his friends in England, and returned to the place of his exile, which he always mentioned with regret.

In the year 1714, Mrs Vanhomrigh died; and, having lived at an expence much greater than

her fortune would bear, ſhe left ſome debts unpaid.

Her two daughters, whoſe fortunes ſhe had alſo leſſened, ſhe appointed joint executrixes of her will; an office which, however troubleſome, the ſituation of their affairs obliged them to accept. It appears too, that they had contracted ſome debts in their own right, which it was not in their power immediately to pay; and therefore to avoid an arreſt, they followed the Dean into Ireland *.

Upon his arrival to take poſſeſſion of his deanry in Ireland, and at his return after the Queen's death, he was received, according to the account of Lord Orrery, vol. viii. and Mr Deane Swift, with

* After the death of her huſband and ſons, with this increaſe of wealth, and with heads and hearts elated by affluence, and unreſtrained by foreſight or diſcretion, the widow Vanhomrigh and her two daughters quitted the luxurious ſoil of their native country, for the more elegant pleaſures of the Engliſh court. During their reſidence at London, they lived in a courſe of prodigality, that ſtretched itſelf far beyond the limits of their income, and reduced them to great diſtreſs; in the midſt of which the mother died, and the two daughters haſtened in all ſecrecy back to Ireland, beginning their journey on a Sunday, to avoid the interruption and importunities of a certain fierce kind of animals called bailiffs, who are not only ſworn foes to wit and gaiety, but whoſe tyranny, although it could not have reached the deified Vaneſſa, might have been very fatal to Eſther Vanhomrigh. Within two years after their arrival in Ireland, Mary, the youngeſt ſiſter, died, and the ſmall remains of the ſhipwrecked fortune centred in Vaneſſa. O. let. 9.——See Orrery's account of Vaneſſa's character, and of Swift's conduct with her, in vol. viii.

with every poſſible mark of contempt and indignation, eſpecially by the populace, who not only reviled and curſed him, but pelted him with ſtones and dirt as he paſſed along the ſtreets. D. S. p. 178. 183. The author of the Obſervations, on the contrary, affirms, that he was received by all ranks of men, not only with kindneſs, but honour; the Tories being then in full power, as well in Ireland as in England, and Swift's ſervice to the church, and credit at court, being well known. J. R. p. 87. This indeed was true when he went to take poſſeſſion: But when he returned to his deanry, the power of the Tories, and the Dean's credit at court, were at an end; circumſtances which might well cauſe the rabble at leaſt to forget his ſervices to the church. It is certain, that great clamour was then raiſed by the new men againſt the late miniſtry, with whom Swift had been cloſely connected: They were charged with a deſign to bring in the Pretender; and the ſame deſign was conſequently imputed to Swift, whom it was therefore conſidered by ſome as a qualification for preferment to revile and oppoſe: Which party the mob took, whoſe fault it has never been to coincide implicitly with a court, poſterity muſt judge for themſelves. But it ſeems probable, that theſe accounts, however contradictory, may both be true; and that Swift at this time might be the Sacheverel of Ireland, followed by the mob of one faction with

execrations, and by the other with ſhouts of applauſe *.

It is however agreed, that the Archbiſhop of Dublin, and ſome of his old friends in the chapter, ſet themſelves againſt his meaſures with all their force, and laboured to diſappoint him in the exerciſe of his power by every art of oppoſition and delay. But whatever prejudice they had conceived againſt him, was ſoon removed by the diſintereſted integrity of his conduct, which was ſo apparent and ſtriking, that they ſoon regarded him with reſpect and veneration, and almoſt implicitly acquieſced in whatever he propoſed.

This removal from England to Ireland, was the great event which determined the colour of his life, bounded his views, and ſhewed him at once what he might poſſeſs, and for what he might hope.

There

* We are now no longer to behold Dr Swift of any importance in England: his hopes there are cruſhed for ever; his miniſterial friends are degraded, baniſhed, or impriſoned. Indecent rage, ſanguinary zeal, and ill-tempered loyalty, revelled at large throughout the three kingdoms, eſpecially in Ireland, where duels were fought almoſt every week, and where the peſt was ſo univerſal, that the ladies were as violent as the gentlemen. Even children at ſchool, quarrelled for kings, inſtead of fighting for apples.——As Swift was known to have been attached to the Queen's laſt miniſtry, to have written againſt the Whigs, and "to have oiled many a ſpring which Harley moved," he met with frequent indignities from the populace, and, indeed, was equally abuſed by perſons of all ranks and denominations. Such a treatment ſoured his temper, confined his acquaintance, and added bitterneſs to his ſtyle. O. let. 6. See vol. viii.

There is a time when every man is ſtruck with a ſenſe of his mortality, and feels the force of a truth to which he has conſented merely from cuſtom, without conſidering its certainty or importance. This time ſeldom happens in the chearful ſimplicity of infancy, or in the firſt impatience of youth, when "the world is all "before us," when every object has the force of novelty, and every deſire of pleaſure receives auxiliar ſtrength from curioſity: But after the firſt heat of the race, when we ſtop to recover from our fatigue, we naturally conſider the ground before us, and then perceive, that at the end of the courſe are clouds and darkneſs; that the grave will ſoon intercept our purſuit of temporal felicity; and that, if we cannot ſtretch to the goal that is beyond it, we run in vain, and ſpend our ſtrength for nought. Great diſappointments, which change our general plan, and make it neceſſary to enter the world, as it were, a ſecond time, ſeldom fail to alarm us with the brevity of life, and repreſs our alacrity, by precluding our hopes.

The Dean, whether by the vigour and activity of his imagination, the multitude of his ideas, or the ardour of his purſuits, eſcaped the force of this thought, till his retreat to Ireland on the death of the Queen: And then indeed it came upon him with ſuch influence, that, after fifteen years, it conſtantly recurred when he firſt awaked in the morning, and was not diſmiſſed till he again began to ſleep.

As ſoon as he was ſettled at Dublin, Mrs Johnſon removed from the country to be near him; but they ſtill lived in ſeparate houſes: His reſidence was at the deanry, and her's in lodgings on the other ſide of the river Liffey.

The Dean kept two public days every week; and though the circle of his viſitors is ſaid at firſt to have been ſmall, yet it ſoon increaſed, and always conſiſted of the beſt company. D. S. p. 91, 180. Thoſe who were more particularly the companions of his choice, were ſuch as would have done honour to any character. They were the Grattons, ſeven brothers, the ſons of Dr Gratton, a venerable and hoſpitable clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education. The eldeſt was a juſtice of peace, and lived reputably on his patrimony in the country; another was a phyſician, and another a merchant, both eminent in their profeſſions; three others were clergymen, who had a competent proviſion in the church; and the youngeſt was fellow of Dublin-college, and maſter of the great free ſchool at Enniſkilling. They were all perſons of great merit, as generally acquainted, and as much beloved, as any in the kingdom. The Jackſons, a family of which both men and women were genteel, agreeable, and well bred, ſuch companions as no wife man ever wanted, if they could be had; George Rochford, and Peter Ludlow, men of fortune, learning, wit, humour, and virtue; and Mr Matthew Lord, deemed the beſt lay ſcholar of his

his time: Theſe, with the fellows of the college, Dr Walmeſley, Dr Helſham, Dr Delany, Dr Stopford, now Biſhop of Cloyne, and Dr Sheridan; Lady Euſtace, Mrs Moore, Lady Betty Rochford, and Mrs Ludlow, with Mrs Johnſon, and her friends, were the perſons with whom Swift ſpent his leiſure hours, from the year 1714, to the year 1720, J. R. p. 90, &c. a period in which it has been injuriouſly ſaid, that his choice of companions ſhewed him of a depraved taſte *. There was indeed among his companions one perſon, who could derive no honour from his lineage, a foundling, whom Swift therefore uſed to call Melchiſedek, becauſe Melchiſedek is ſaid to have neither father nor mother. This gentleman's name was Worral; he was a clergyman, a maſter of arts, a reader, and a vicar of his cathedral, and maſter of the ſong. He was nearly of the Dean's own ſtanding in the college, had good ſenſe, and much humour. He was married to a woman of great ſpritelineſs, good-nature, and generoſity; remarkably cleanly and elegant in her perſon, in her houſe, and at her table. But there is another particular in Mr Worral's character, which generally contributed to his intimacy with the Dean: He was a good walker. The Dean

* It is matter of aſtoniſhment, to find the ſame perſon, who had enjoyed the higheſt and the beſt converſation, equally delighted with the loweſt and the worſt: and yet it is certain, that from Swift's ſettlement in Dublin, as dean of St Patrick's, his choice of companions in general, ſhewed him of a very depraved taſte. O. let. 6.

Dean uſed this exerciſe in an immoderate degree, under the notion of its being abſolutely neceſſary, not to health only, but to cleanlineſs, by keeping the pores of the ſkin clear, and throwing off impurities by perſpiration. Mr Worral's ſituation in the church, naturally engaged his frequent attendance upon the Dean. This attendance commonly ended in a walk; and the walk in their dining together, either at Mr Worral's, or at the deanry. The Dean, being a ſingle man, was oftener a gueſt to Mr Worral, than Mr Worral was a gueſt to him. And this brought on an agreement, that the Dean ſhould dine with him whenever he would at a certain rate, and invite as many friends as he pleaſed upon the ſame terms. This gentleman is lately dead, and left a large ſum of money to be diſpoſed of to public charities, at the diſcretion of his executors; 500 l. of which was appropriated to the Dean's hoſpital.

The Dean, when he firſt ſettled at Dublin, was in debt; a ſituation which ill ſuited his ſpirit, and determined him to a ſevere œconomy, with which this agreement with Worral well ſuited. J. R. p. 92. On his public days, however, the dignity of his ſtation was ſuſtained with the utmoſt elegance and decorum, under the direction of Mrs Johnſon, who yet appeared in the circle without any character diſtinct from the reſt of the company. She was however frequently invited with the Dean, whether to entertainments, or parties of pleaſure, though not ſo generally as if ſhe had been

been his wife. She viſited, and received viſits, as far as the practice is a mere ritual of good breeding. Her friendſhips ſeem to have been ſtill among the men, but ſhe was treated with great politeneſs by the ladies. D. S. p. 92.

The Dean's mind had been now ſo filled with politics, that he found it impracticable to excell as a preacher, his firſt and moſt laudable ambition; and frequently declared, that tho' he ſome times attempted to exert himſelf in the pulpit, yet he could never riſe higher than preaching pamphlets. [J. R. p. 42.] He was however ſtill a good Dean, and a good prieſt: He applied himſelf to the care of his deanry, his cathedral, its regulations, its income and œconomy, with great diligence: He renewed the primitive practice of celebrating the holy communion every Sunday; and at this ſacrament he was not only conſtantly preſent, but he conſecrated and adminiſtred it with his own hands, in a manner equally graceful and devout: He attended at church every morning, and generally preached in his turn; he alſo conſtantly attended the performance of the anthem on a Sunday night, tho' he did not underſtand muſic, to ſee that the choir did not neglect their duty. D. S. p. 370, 1.

As to his employment at home, he ſeems to have had no heart to apply himſelf to ſtudy of any kind, but to have reſigned himſelf wholly to ſuch amuſements as offered, that he might not think of his ſituation, the misfortune of his friends,

friends, and the diſappointment of his hopes. Such at leaſt is the account that he gives to Mr Gay, in his letter dated January 8. 1722-3. "I "was three years," ſays he, "reconciling my-"ſelf to the ſcene and buſineſs to which fortune "hath condemned me; and ſtupidity was what "I had recourſe to *."

It has been ſuggeſted, that the acquaintance he fell into with men of learning, made it neceſſary for him about this time to review his Greek and Latin, and obtain ſome acquaintance with church-hiſtory. J. R. p. 101. But ſurely he who had ſtudied eight hours a day for ſeven years, or, according to Mr Deane Swift, D. S. p. 271, 272, 276, ten hours a-day for nine years; he who had read and extracted the fathers more than ſixteen years before, had little occaſion to review his Latin and Greek, or acquaint himſelf with church hiſtory, leſt he ſhould not ſuſtain his character

† From 1714, till he appeared, in 1720, a champion for Ireland againſt Wood's halfpence, his ſpirit of politics, and of patriotiſm, was kept almoſt cloſely confined within his own breaſt. Idleneſs and trifles ingroſſed too many of his hours; fools and ſycophants, too much of his converſation. However, it may be obſerved, that the treatment which he received after the death of Queen Anne, was almoſt a ſufficient reaſon to juſtify a contempt, if not an abhorrence, of the human race. He had bravely withſtood all hoſtile indignities, during the lifetime of that princeſs; but when the whole army of his friends were not only routed, but taken priſoners, he dropt his ſword, and retired into his fortification at Dublin, from whence he ſeldom ſtirred beyond the limits of his own garden, unleſs in great indulgence to ſome particular favourites. O. let. 6.

character among learned men: For except it be pretended that others were able to acquire more knowledge in leſs time and with leſs labour, it muſt be allowed that Swift was likely to be always the moſt knowing of his company. Lord Orrery ſays, that he was little acquainted with the mathematics, and never conſidered the ſcience except as an object of ridicule *: But the author of the Obſervations affirms, on the contrary, that he had acquired conſiderable mathematical knowledge; and that he had ſeen him more than once undertake to ſolve an algebraic problem by arithmetic. J. R. p. 101.

The firſt remarkable event of his life that occurred after his ſettlement at the deanry, was his marriage to Mrs Johnſon, after a moſt intimate friendſhip of more than ſixteen years. This was in the year 1716; and the ceremony was performed by Dr Aſhe, then Biſhop of Clogher, to whom the Dean had been a pupil in Trinity college, Dublin †. But whatever were the motives of this marriage, the Dean and the lady continued to live afterwards juſt in the ſame manner as

* See the notes above, p. 50.

† Though it is admitted, that Dr Swift was married to Mrs Johnſon in 1716, yet it may be aſſerted with great truth, that he never had any ſerious thoughts of marriage after he was one and twenty. Some time, indeed, before, while he was a ſtripling in the univerſity of Dublin, he had a paſſion for Miſs Warren, the ſiſter of his chamber-fellow. But whatever attachments he had to that lady, upon his going to live in England, where he applied himſelf cloſe to politics and learning at Sir William

as they had lived before *. Mrs Dingley was ſtill the inſeparable companion of Stella where-ever ſhe went; and ſhe never reſided at the deanry, except when the Dean was ſeized with violent fits of giddineſs, which ſome times laſted near a month.

Till this time he had continued his viſits to Vaneſſa; who, though ſhe had ſuffered very great pecuniary loſſes, had yet preſerved her reputation,

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William Temple's, his paſſions quickly ſubſided, and he forgot his amour. Neither do I believe, further than common forms, that he ever paid his court, throughout his whole life, to any woman beſides, in the character of a profeſſed lover. D. S. p. 93, 94.

* Mrs Johnſon, with regard to her manners, her virtues, her mind, and her perſon, was not undeſerving to have been married to the greateſt prince in Europe: but her deſcent was from a ſervant of Sir William Temple; and therefore, ſhe was by no means worthy to have been the acknowledged wife of Dr Swift. —If Dr Swift had acknowledged his marriage, even with this improved, this adorable creature, he would, in ſpite of his genius, and all the reputation he had acquired in the days of K. William and Q. Anne, have immediately ſunk in the eſteem of the world. For, among the reſt of his enemies, (and theſe were not few) there were ſome that were not unacquainted with the ſtory of Mrs Johnſon's birth and education, who, on account of ſome particular diſobligations they had received from the Doctor, would have been glad of an opportunity of expoſing him to contempt and ridicule for the meanneſs of his ſpirit; and, as in that caſe, they would have had it full in their power, as well as ſtrong in their inclination, they would have publiſhed and confirmed the obſcurity of Mrs Johnſon's birth and education among all their acquaintance. They would have declared, among other particulars, that Mrs Johnſon, when ſhe was about ten or eleven years old, was appointed to wait upon the Doctor's ſiſter, in the character of her little ſervant, during the

and her friends: For ſhe was viſited by many perſons of rank, character and fortune, of both ſexes; particularly Mrs Conolly, a lady of very high reputation; Dr Berkeley, the late moſt excellent Biſhop of Cloyne; the late Judge Lindſay, and the Lord Chief Juſtice Marley. D. S. p. 262. The Dean appears ſtill to have preſerved the character of her preceptor, to have directed her progreſs in literature, and explained and illuſtrated the authors ſhe had read. But ſoon after his marriage, he viſited her on another account; he went as an advocate for Mr Dean Winter, whom he took with him, a Gentleman who was a profeſſed admirer of Vaneſſa, and had made

the ſummer that ſhe ſpent at Moorpark in 1692. Neither can we ſuppoſe, that even the Doctor's ſiſter, with whom he had quarrelled to ſuch a degree, as never to ſee her face, on account of a match he thought greatly beneath her acceptance, [above, p. 44, 45.] would have ſtifled her indignation, or with any patience, have forborn to retaliate the ſeverities of her brother upon his own back, when he himſelf had married and acknowledged a wife ſo very meanly extracted, and particularly that individual perſon whom ſhe deſpiſed, and hated beyond all the inhabitants on earth. In one word, if Dr Swift, whoſe ambition was not to be gratified without ſome uncommon degree of admiration, had acknowledged Mrs Johnſon for a wife, he would, on all ſides, have been ſo perſecuted with contempt and deriſion, (as half mankind were, in 1716, his profeſſed enemies) that, unable to ſupport himſelf under the burthen of his affliction, he would have loſt his ſpirits, broken his heart, and died in a twelvemonth. And accordingly, we find, he had more wiſdom than to acknowledge this beautiful, this accompliſhed woman, for his wife. D. S. p. 80, 83, 84, 85.

made her ſome overtures of marriage: But tho' he had an eſtate of near 800l. a-year, beſides 300l. a-year preferment in the church; yet Vaneſſa rejected the propoſal, in ſuch terms as that it was never repeated. She was alſo addreſſed by Dr Price, who was afterwards Archbiſhop of Caſhel, but without ſucceſs. [D. S. p. 263. 265.] From this time the Dean's viſits were much leſs frequent. In the year 1717, her ſiſter died; and the whole remains of the family-fortune being then centred in Vaneſſa, ſhe retired to Selbridge, a ſmall houſe and eſtate, about twelve miles diſtance from Dublin, which had been purchaſed by her father.

From this place ſhe wrote frequently to the Dean, and he anſwered her letters. In theſe letters ſhe ſtill preſſed him to marry her; and in his letters he ſtill rallied, and ſtill avoided a poſitive denial. At length, however, ſhe inſiſted with great ardour, and great tenderneſs, upon his poſitive or immediate acceptance or refuſal of her as a wife. The Dean wrote an anſwer, and delivered it with his own hand.

As this letter of Vaneſſa's, which was written in 1723, is a demonſtration that ſhe was then utterly ignorant of the Dean's marriage with Stella, and as ſhe appears to have known it almoſt immediately afterwards, it is probable that the Dean's anſwer communicated the fatal ſecret, which at once precluded all her hopes, and accounted for his former conduct: It is probable too,

too, that the reſentment which he felt at having it thus extorted from him, was the cauſe of the manner in which he delivered the letter; for having thrown it down upon her table, he haſted back to his horſe, and returned immediately to Dublin. [D. S. p. 264. O. let. 9.]

This letter the unhappy lady did not ſurvive many weeks. However ſhe was ſufficiently compoſed to cancel a will that ſhe had made in the Dean's favour; and to make another, in which ſhe left her fortune, which long retirement and frugality had in a great meaſure reſtored, to her two executors, Dr Berkeley the Biſhop of Cloyne, and Mr Marſhall one of the King's ſerjeants at law, gentlemen whoſe characters are excellent in the higheſt degree*.

Such was the fate of Vaneſſa. And, ſurely, thoſe whom pity could not reſtrain from being diligent to load her memory with reproach, to conſtrue appearances in the worſt ſenſe, to aggravate folly into vice, and diſtreſs into infamy, have not much exalted their own character, or ſtrengthened their claim to the candour of others. If Vaneſſa, by her fondneſs for the gaieties of life, encouraged by the example, and perhaps influenced by the authority of a mother, leſſened her fortune at an age when few have been diſcreet; it cannot be denied, that ſhe retrieved it by prudence and œconomy, at an age when many have continued diſſolute; and was frugal, after

* See vol. viii.

the habit of expence had made frugality difficult. If ſhe could not ſubdue a paſſion which has tyrannized over the ſtrongeſt and pureſt minds, ſhe does not appear to have known that it was criminal, or to have deſired that it might be unlawfully gratified. She preſſed a perſon whom ſhe believed ſingle, to marry her; but it does not therefore follow, that ſhe was his concubine; much leſs that ſhe deſired to be reputed ſo, and was then ſolicitous to incur the infamy which has been ſince thrown upon her. It cannot ſurely be believed, that the ſhameleſs and reputed concubine, even of Swift, would have been viſited by ladies of credit and faſhion, or ſolicited in marriage by two clergymen of eminence and fortune, to whom her ſtory and character muſt have been well known. Beſides, Dr Berkeley, after having carefully peruſed all the letters that paſſed between them, which Vaneſſa directed to be publiſhed with the poem, found, that they contained nothing that could bring the leaſt diſgrace upon the Dean. Her's, indeed, were full of paſſionate declarations of her love; his contained only compliments, excuſes, apologies, and thanks for trifling preſents. There was not in either the leaſt trace of a criminal commerce; which, if there had been any ſuch, it would, in ſo long an intercourſe, have been extremely difficult to avoid: And if ſhe deſired to be reputed his concubine*, it cannot be ſuppoſed that ſhe conceal-

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* See vol. viii.

ed any letter which would have proved that ſhe was ſo, eſpecially as it would have gratified her reſentment againſt him, for refuſing to make her his wife. [J. R. p. 121. 122. 123.]

If it appears, therefore, that there was no criminal commerce between them, and that ſhe did not deſire the world ſhould believe there had been any; it follows, from her directing the publication of the poem, of which perhaps ſhe poſſeſſed the only copy, that, in her ſenſe of the verſes, none of them implied a fact which would diſhonour her memory. And this appears alſo to have been the opinion of her executors, who, though they ſuppreſſed the letters, becauſe they contained nothing that could do her honour, yet publiſhed the poem; by which it muſt therefore be ſuppoſed, they did not think ſhe would be diſgraced. [J. R. p. 123.]

It has indeed been ſaid, that Vaneſſa, from the time ſhe was deſerted, "devoted herſelf, "like Ariadne, to Bacchus;" and perhaps it is true, that in the anguiſh of diſappointed deſire, ſhe had recourſe to that dreadful opiate, which never fails to complicate diſeaſe with trouble, to leave the ſufferer more wretched when its operation is at an end; to divide life into frenzy and deſpair, and at once to haſten the approach, and increaſe the terrors of death. But it cannot be thought, that when ſhe made her will, ſhe was either intoxicated or delirious, becauſe the perfect exerciſe of reaſon is eſſential to the validity

of the act. No particular of her diſtreſs, therefore, can weaken the arguments drawn from the direction in her will to publiſh the poem and the letters, of which the gratification of her vanity was ſo evidently the motive, that it is difficult to conceive how it could be overlooked.

From 1716 to 1720, is a chaſm in the Dean's life, which it has been found difficult to fill up. That he had no need to repeat his college-exerciſes, has been ſhewn already; and that, in this interval, he went through a voluminous courſe of eccleſiaſtical hiſtory [J. R. p. 101.], ſeems farther improbable, by a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, dated April 5. 1729; in which it appears, that he was then reading Baronius, and Baronius was the only piece of church-hiſtory that was found in his library. Lord Orrery thinks, with great reaſon, that he empolyed this time, upon *Gulliver's Travels*. O. let. 16.

The author of the *Obſervations* indeed ſuppoſes the Dean's genius to be verging towards a decline in the year 1723, and that *Gulliver's Travels* were written after that time: But in both theſe ſuppoſitions he is probably miſtaken; though in the former, he ſeems to be favoured by a paſſage in a letter written by the Dean himſelf to Mr Pope, dated Sept. 20, 1723.

That his genius was not declining in 1723, appears by the *Drapier's Letters*, which were not written till 1724; and of theſe the *Obſervator* himſelf, ſays "his genius never ſhone out in "greater

"greater ſtrength, than on that and the ſubſequent occaſions;" a truth which is univerſally acknowledged. That *Gulliver's Travels* were written before that time, is equally evident: For Swift went into the north of Ireland early in the ſpring of 1725; and, in a letter to Dr Sheridan, during his reſidence there, he puts him in mind of his deſcription of the Yahoos. So that Sheridan muſt have ſeen the *Travels* in manuſcript, at leaſt in the year 1724. The Dean alſo, in a letter to Mr Pope, dated Sept. 29. 1725, ſays, "Oh! if the world had but a dozen of Arbuth-"notts in it, I would burn my *Travels*." It may reaſonably be concluded, therefore, that his *Travels* were then all written, and that at this time he was reviewing and retouching them for the preſs; eſpecially as they were publiſhed in 1726; and as he was otherwiſe employed in 1724, they muſt have been written at leaſt before 1723.

Upon the whole, perhaps, it is not an extravagant conjecture, that having, according to his own account, wholly neglected his ſtudies for the firſt three years of his reſidence at the deanry, and indulged the reſentment which his diſappointments had produced, till it could be contained no longer, he conceived the firſt notion of expreſſing it, in ſuch a manner as might correct the enormities which he expoſed; and with this view immediately began his *Travels*, of which the firſt copy was probably finiſhed before the year 1720.

About this time, the Dean, who had already acquired the character of a humouriſt and a wit,

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was firſt regarded with general kindneſs, as the patriot of Ireland. He wrote a propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures [vol. iii.]; a tract which as it was apparently calculated for the ſervice of Ireland, and zealouſly condemned a ſacrifice of intereſt to England, made him very popular *. But this ſervice would not perhaps have been ſo long and ſo zealouſly remembered, if a proſecution had not been commenced againſt the

* In the year 1720, Swift began to re-aſſume, in ſome degree, the character of a political writer. A ſmall pamphlet in defence of the Iriſh manufactures, was, I believe, his firſt eſſay in Ireland, in that kind of writing; and to that pamphlet he owed the turn of the popular tide in his favour. His ſayings of wit and humour had been handed about, and repeated from time to time among the people. They had the effect of an artful preface, and had pre-engaged all readers in his favour. They were adapted to the underſtanding, and pleaſed the imagination of the vulgar; and he was now looked upon in a new light, and diſtinguiſhed by the title of THE DEAN.—The flux and reflux of popular love and hatred are equally violent. They are often owing to accidents, but ſometimes to the return of reaſon, which, unaſſiſted by education, may not be able to guide the lower claſs of people into the right tract at the beginning, but will be ſufficient to keep them in it, when experience has pointed out the road. The pamphlet propoſing the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures within the kingdom, had captivated all hearts. Some little pieces of poetry to the ſame purpoſe, were no leſs acceptable and engaging. The attachment which the Dean bore to the true intereſt of Ireland, was no longer doubted. His patriotiſm was as manifeſt as his wit. He was looked upon with pleaſure and reſpect, as he paſſed through the ſtreets: And he had attained ſo high a degree of popularity, as to become an arbitrator in the diſputes of property among his neighbours; nor did any man dare to appeal from his opinion, or to murmur at his decrees. O. let. 6.

the printer. As ſoon as this meaſure was taken, the importance of the work was eſtimated by the diligence of the government to ſuppreſs it; and the zeal and integrity of the writer, were meaſured by the danger he had incurred. No public notice, however, was taken of the Dean on this occaſion; and Waters, the printer, after having been long haraſſed and impriſoned, at length obtained a *Noli proſequi*.

The Dean did not again appear in his political character till the year 1724. A patent having been iniquitouſly obtained by one Wood, to coin 180,000 l. in copper for the uſe of Ireland, by which he would have acquired exorbitant gain, and proportionably impoveriſhed the nation, the Dean, in the character of a *Drapier*, wrote a ſeries of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this copper money. Theſe letters united the whole nation in his praiſe, filled every ſtreet with his effigies, and every voice with acclamations; and Wood, though he was long ſupported by thoſe who proſtituted the higheſt delegated authority to the vileſt purpoſes, was at length compelled to withdraw his patent, and his money was totally ſuppreſſed *.

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* The popular affection which the Dean had hitherto acquired, may be ſaid to have been univerſal, till the publication of the Drapier's letters, which made all ranks, and all profeſſions, unanimous in his applauſe. The occaſion of thoſe letters was a ſcarcity of copper coin in Ireland, to ſo great a degree, that for ſor ſome time paſt, the chief manufacturers throughout the kingdom,

Upon the arrival of Lord Carteret, ſoon after the publication of the fourth letter, ſeveral paſſages were ſelected as ſufficient ground for a proſecution; and his Excellency and council publiſhed a proclamation, offering 300 l. reward for a diſcovery of the author. This proclamation gave the Dean a remarkable opportunity to illuſtrate his character. It happened, that his butler, whom he had employed as his amanuenſis, and who alone was truſted with the ſecret, went out in

kingdom, were obliged to pay their workmen in pieces of tin, or in other tokens of ſuppoſitious value. Such a method was very diſadvantageous to the lower parts of traffick, and was in general an impediment to the commerce of the ſtate. To remedy this evil, the late King granted a patent to William Wood, to coin, during the term of fourteen years, farthings and halfpence in England, for the uſe of Ireland, to the value of a certain ſum ſpecified. Theſe halfpence and farthings, were to be received by thoſe perſons who would voluntarily accept them. But the patent was thought of ſuch dangerous conſequence to the public, and of ſuch exorbitant advantage to the patentee, that the Dean, under the character of *M. B. Drapier*, wrote a letter to the people, warning them not to accept of Wood's halfpence and farthings as current coin. This firſt letter was ſucceeded by ſeveral others to the ſame purpoſe; all which are inſerted in his works.—At the ſound of the Drapier's trumpet, *&c.* [ſee vol. iii. in the notes.]—This is the moſt ſuccinct account that can be given of an affair, which alarmed the whole Iriſh nation to a degree, that in a leſs loyal kingdom, muſt have fomented a rebellion: But the ſtedfaſt loyalty of the Iriſh, and their true devotion to the preſent royal family, is immoveable; and although this unfortunate nation may not hitherto have found many diſtinguiſhing marks of favour and indulgence from the throne, yet it is to be hoped, in time, they may meet with their reward. O. let. 6.

in the afternoon of the day of the proclamation, without leave, and ſtaid abroad the whole night, and part of the next day. There was great reaſon to ſuſpect, that he had made an information; and having received his reward, would never return. The man however came home in the evening! and the Dean was adviſed by his friends to take no notice of his fault, leſt he ſhould be provoked to a breach of truſt, from the dread of which his return had juſt delivered them. But the Dean rejected this counſel with the utmoſt diſdain, and commanding the man into his preſence, ordered him immediately to ſtrip off his livery, and leave the houſe. "You villain," ſaid he, "I "know I am in your power; and for that reaſon "I will the leſs bear your inſolence or neglect. "I ſuppoſe by this time you are rewarded, or at "leaſt in a fair way of being rewarded for your "treachery."

The man, in very ſubmiſſive terms, confeſſed that he had been drinking all night, and intreated to be forgiven; but Swift was inexorable. He then begged that he might be confined in ſome part of the houſe ſo long as the proclamation could entitle him to any reward; leſt, when he was driven from his ſervice, and deſtitute of another, the temptation might be too ſtrong for his virtue, and his diſtreſs might involve him in a crime which he moſt abhorred. Swift however was ſtill inexorable; and the man was diſmiſſed. During all the time of danger, Swift obſtinately refuſed

refuſed to contribute one farthing towards his ſup
port, nor could he be perſuaded to ſee his face
but when the time limited in the proclamation w
expired, he was permitted to return to his ſe
vice. Soon afterwards he was called haſtily u
by the Dean; who without any preface, agai
ordered him to ſtrip off his livery, put on his ow
cloaths, and then come to him again. The bu
ler ſtared with ſurpriſe, wondering for what crim
he had deſerved to be turned out of his plac
His maſter obſerving this, aſked him if he had r
cloaths of his own to put on? he told him I
had. Then go your ways, ſaid the Doctor, an
as ſoon as you have thrown off your livery, an
dreſſed yourſelf, come back to me again. Th
poor fellow, though he was greatly aſtoniſhed
this proceeding, knew Swift too well to expoſt
late; and therefore, with whatever reluctanc
did as he had been commanded. When he r
turned, the Dean ordered the other ſervants
be called up; who immediately attended, expec
ing that the butler was to be diſmiſſed *in terrorem*
and that they ſhould be warned in very ſeve
terms of his offence. Swift, as ſoon as they ha
ranged themſelves before him, ordered them
take notice, that Robert was no longer his ſe
vant: He is now, ſaid the Dean, Mr Blakely, th
verger of St Patrick's cathedral, a place which
give him as a reward for his fidelity. The valu
of this place is between thirty and forty poun
a-year. However, Robert would not quit his m

ſte

ſter, but continued to be his butler ſome years afterwards. [D. S. p. 190, 1.] In this inſtance the Dean exerciſed his pride, his fortitude, and his equity, in a manner peculiar to himſelf; and though there are many who would equally have rewarded ſuch fidelity, there are few who would have ventured to wait the iſſue of ſo ſevere and dangerous a probation.

From this time the Dean's influence in Ireland was almoſt without bounds. He was conſulted in whatever related to domeſtic policy, and, in particular, to trade. The weavers always conſidered him as their patron and legiſlator, after his propoſal for the uſe of Iriſh manufactures, and came frequently in a body to receive his advice in ſettling the rates of their ſtuffs, and the wages of their journeymen; and when elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refuſed to declare themſelves, till they knew his ſentiments and inclinations. Over the populace he was the moſt abſolute monarch that ever governed men; and he was regarded by perſons of every rank, with veneration and eſteem *.

It

* The name of *Auguſtus* was not beſtowed upon Octavius Cæſar with more univerſal approbation, than the name of the *Drapier* was beſtowed upon the Dean. He had no ſooner aſſumed his new *cognomen*, than he became the idol of the people of Ireland, to a degree of devotion, that in the moſt ſuperſtitious country ſcarce any idol ever obtained. Libations to his health, or, in plain Engliſh, bumpers, were poured forth to the Drapier, as large and as frequent as to the glorious and immor-

It appears by many of his writings, that lived in great friendſhip and familiarity with L Carteret during his lieutenancy, notwithſtanc his Lordſhip had ſigned the proclamation to cover him as the writer of the *Drapier's let.* Swift indeed remonſtrated againſt this proc ing; and once aſked his Lordſhip, how he c concur in the proſecution of a poor honeſt fel who had been guilty of no other crime than of writing three or four letters for the inſtruc of his neighbours, and the good of his coun To this queſtion his Excellency elegantly rep in the words of Virgil,

——*Regni novitas me talia cogit*
Moliri.——————[D. S. p. 270.

tal memory of K. William III. His effigies were painted i ry ſtreet in Dublin. Acclamations, and vows for his proſp attended his footſteps where-ever he paſſed. He was con in all points relating to domeſtic policy in general, and t trade of Ireland in particular: But he was more immed looked upon as the legiſlator of the weavers, who freq came in a body, conſiſting of fifty or ſixty chieftains of trade, to receive his advice, in ſettling the rates of their r factures, and the wages of their journeymen. He received addreſſes with leſs majeſty than ſterneſs, and, ranging hi jects in a circle round his parlour, ſpoke as copiouſly, and as little difficulty and heſitation, to the ſeveral points in they ſupplicated his aſſiſtance, as if trade had been the ſtudy and employment of his life. When elections wer pending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refu declare themſelves, till they had conſulted his ſentiment inclinations, which were punctually followed with equal fulneſs and ſubmiſſion. In this ſtate of power, and popula and admiration, he remained till he loſt his ſenſes. O. le

He was equally diligent to recommend his friends to Lord Carteret, as he had been to recommend them to Lord Oxford; and he did it with the ſame dignity and freedom. "Pray, my Lord," ſaid he one day, "have you the honour to be "acquainted with the Grattons?" My Lord anſwered, he had not. "Why then, pray, my "Lord," ſaid Swift, "take care to obtain it; "it is of great conſequence: The Grattons, my "Lord, can raiſe ten thouſand men." [J. R. p. 95.] He obtained a living for his friend Dr Sheridan; and he recommended ſeveral others, of whom he knew nothing, but that they were good men.

He uſed alſo to remonſtrate, with great freedom, againſt ſuch meaſures as he diſapproved; and Lord Carteret having gained the advantage of him in ſome diſpute concerning the diſtreſſes of Ireland, he cried out in a violent paſſion, "What "the vengeance brought you among us? Get "you gone, get you gone; pray God Almighty "ſend us our boobies back again;" [J. R. p. 25.]; a reply which ſhewed at once the turn, the ſtrength, and the virtue of his mind; as it was a fine compliment to the force of reaſon, by which he had been juſt foiled, and was expreſſed with all the vehemence of his temper, and all the peculiarity of his wit.

He was ſeveral times in England, on a viſit to Mr Pope, after his ſettlement at the deanry, particularly in the years 1726 and 1727.

There is a paſſage in one of his letters to Dr Sheridan, during his viſit in 1726, by which it appears, that he then had ſuch an offer of a ſettlement, in the midſt of his friends, within twelve miles of London, as, if he had been ten years younger, he would gladly have accepted: "But "I am now," ſays he, "too old for new ſchemes, "and eſpecially ſuch as would bridle me in my "freedoms and liberalities." He had alſo an invitation from Lord Bolingbroke, to ſpend a winter with him at his houſe on the banks of the Loire in France; and this he would have accepted, but that he received an account from Ireland, that Mrs Johnſon was dangerouſly ill.

Mrs Johnſon's conſtitution was tender and delicate; and, as the Dean himſelf ſays, ſhe had not the *ſtamina vitæ*. In the year 1724, ſhe began viſibly to decay; and in the year 1726, was thought to be dying. The Dean received the news with agonies not to be felt, but by the tendereſt and moſt ardent friendſhip, nor conceived but by the moſt lively imagination; and immediately haſted back into Ireland.

It happened, however, that Mrs Johnſon, contrary to the opinion of her phyſician, recovered a moderate ſhare of health; and the Dean, probably to complete ſome deſign, which in his haſte he had left unfiniſhed, returned again to England in 1727.

From England he was once more about to ſet out for France, upon Lord Bolingbroke's invitation, when news arrived of the King's death.

He

He had attended the late Queen, while ſhe was Princeſs, in his former excurſions to England; and he had ſeen her twice in one week by her Royal Highneſs's command in this. She had always treated the Dean with great civility, and the Dean had treated her with his uſual and peculiar frankneſs. The third day after the news of the late King's death, he attended at court, and kiſſed the King and the Queen's hand upon their acceſſion, and was blamed by his friends for deferring it ſo long.

What proſpect he had of a change in public affairs on this event, or of any advantage which ſuch a change might produce to himſelf or his friends, does not appear; but he was earneſtly intreated to delay his journey. And when he had again determined to ſet out, he was, upon ſome new incidents, again prevailed upon not to go, by the vehement perſuaſion of ſome perſons, whom, he ſays, he could not diſobey. Many ſchemes were propoſed, in which he was eagerly ſolicited to engage; but he received them coldly; not, as it appears, becauſe he was determined no more to enter into public life, but becauſe the ſchemes themſelves were ſuch as he did not approve. However, in the ſame letter in which he ſays, that if the King had lived ten days longer, he ſhould not have dated it from London, but Paris, he ſays, that his ſhare in the hurry of the time would not be long, and that he ſhould ſoon return.

He was ſoon after ſeized with one of his fits of giddineſs and deafneſs; a calamity which was greatly aggravated by the news, that Mrs Johnſon was again ſo ill that the phyſicians deſpaired of her life. Upon this occaſion he relapſed into the agonies of mind which he had felt the year before. He expected by the next poſt to hear that ſhe was dead; and intreated that he might be told no particulars, but the event in general; for that, his age being then within three months of ſixty, his weakneſs and his friendſhip would bear no more. As he deſpaired of ſeeing her alive, he determined not to return to Ireland ſo ſoon as he had intended, but to paſs the winter either near Saliſbury-plain, or in France. That he might not be interrupted by company, and condemned to the torment of ſuppreſſing his ſorrow, to preſerve the rules of good-breeding, he quitted the houſe of Mr Pope at Twickenham, and retired to a village near London, with a female relation for his nurſe. The next letter that he received, he kept an hour in his pocket, before he could ſufficiently fortify himſelf againſt the ſhock which he expected when he ſhould open it. However, as Stella's life ebbed by ſlow degrees, and ſometimes ſeemed at a ſtand, if not to flow, his hope of a parting interview revived, and he ſet out for Ireland as ſoon as he was able to travel.

He found her alive; but, after having languiſhed about two months longer, ſhe expired on the 28th of January 1727-8, in the 44th year of her age,

age, regretted by the Dean with ſuch exceſs of affection and eſteem, as the keeneſt ſenſibility only could feel, and the moſt excellent character excite.

Beauty, which alone has been the object of univerſal admiration and deſire, which alone has elevated the poſſeſſor from the loweſt to the higheſt ſtation, has given dominion to folly, and armed caprice with the power of life and death, was in Stella only the ornament of intellectual greatneſs; and wit, which has rendered deformity lovely, and conferred honour upon vice, was in her only the decoration of ſuch virtue, as, without either wit or beauty, would have compelled affection, eſteem, and reverence.

Her ſtature was tall, her hair and eyes black, her complexion fair and delicate, her features regular, ſoft, and animated, her ſhape eaſy and elegant, and her manner feminine, polite, and graceful; there was a natural muſic in her voice, and a pleaſing complacency in her aſpect when ſhe ſpoke.

As to her wit, it was confeſſed by all her acquaintance, and particularly by the Dean, that ſhe never failed to ſay the beſt thing that was ſaid whenever ſhe was in company, though her companions were uſually perſons of the beſt underſtanding in the kingdom.

But this dangerous power was under the direction of ſuch ſweetneſs of temper, ſuch general kindneſs, and reluctance to give pain, that ſhe never indulged it at the expence of another.

Neither

Neither was her wit merely of the coloquial kind. She had great force of poetical fancy, could range her thoughts in a regular compoſition, and expreſs them in correct and harmonious verſe. Of her wit in converſation ſome inſtances will be found under the names of *Bons mots*; and two ſpecimens of her poetry are to be found. Her virtue was founded upon humanity, and her religion upon reaſon. Her morals were uniform, but not rigid; and her devotion was habitual, but not oſtentatious.

Why the Dean did not ſooner marry this moſt excellent perſon; why he married her at all; why his marriage was ſo cautiouſly concealed; and why he was never known to meet her but in the preſence of a third perſon, are inquiries which no man can anſwer, or has attempted to anſwer, without abſurdity, and are therefore unprofitable objects of ſpeculation *.

His

* If any one ſhould aſk, why this renunciation of marriage-rites? I ſhall anſwer that queſtion by aſking another, Why did not Swift marry this adorable creature in or about the year 1702? Was he not exactly at that æra thirty-five, juſt riſing into the meridian of his abilities; and Mrs Johnſon nineteen, in the full ſplendor of the moſt attractive beauty, ſurrounded with every grace, and bleſſed with every virtue, that could allure the affections and captivate the ſoul of the moſt ſtubborn philoſopher? And, without diſpute, if the meanneſs of her birth, like an evil genius, had not ſtood in the way to oppoſe her felicity, not all the Dr Swifts upon earth could have reſiſted the force of her inchantments.——As the prime intention of Mrs Johnſon's going over to Ireland, was to captivate the affections of Dr Swift,

His peculiar connection with Mrs Johnſon does indeed appear to have been ſuſpected, if not known, by his particular acquaintance; one of whom had the courage indirectly to blame his conduct ſeveral times, by ſetting before him the example of a clergyman of diſtinguiſhed merit, who married nearly in the ſame circumſtances; but, inſtead of concealing his marriage, retired into thrifty lodgings till he had made a proviſion for his wife, and then returned to the world, and became eminent for his hoſpitality and charity. [J. R. p. 63.]

The Dean, whether moved by theſe repreſentations, or whether by any other motive, did at length earneſtly deſire, that ſhe might be publicly

Swift, in all probability, ſhe ſecretly hoped, from time to time, to complete her conqueſt. But finding, upon the Queen's demiſe, when all the Doctor's hopes to gratify his ambition were totally at an end, that although her Platonic lover had quitted the noiſe and tumult of a political world, and had retired, like a ſober honeſt clergyman, within the precincts of his deanry, he thought no more upon the ſubject of wedlock, than he had done for the preceeding fourteen years; her ſpirits might have become dejected, by her frequent revolving in her mind the oddneſs of her ſituation. If we ſuppoſe this to have been the caſe, it is not unreaſonable to imagine, that Swift, thoroughly and ſincerely her friend, and almoſt her lover, was unable to endure the leaſt abatement in her chearfulneſs and vivacity: and therefore, to raiſe her ſpirits, and to ſecure the fame of her innocence from all poſſibility of reproach, reſolved to gratify her with the conſciouſneſs of being his legal wife. And this indeed, or ſomewhat very like it, how ſtrange ſoever and chimerical it may ſound in the ears of the world, was certainly the reaſon that he ever married her at all. D. S. p. 93, 94, 95.

ly owned as his wife; but as her health was then declining, and his œconomy become more ſevere, ſhe ſaid it was *too late*; and inſiſted, that they ſhould continue to live as they had lived before. To this the Dean, in his turn, conſented; and ſuffered her to diſpoſe entirely of her own fortune, by her own name, to a public charity when ſhe died. [J. R. p. 56, 288.]

It appears, by ſeveral little incidents, that Stella regretted and diſapproved the Dean's conduct, and that ſhe ſometimes reproached him with unkindneſs; for to ſuch regret and reproach he certainly alludes, in the following verſes on her birth-day, in 1726.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills *affect your mind*,
To fancy they can be *unkind*.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuff'rings ſhare. [See vol. viii.

It ſeems, indeed, to be generally agreed, that Stella was deſtroyed by the peculiarity of her circumſtances; and that the fabric, however weak, by the delicacy of its compoſition, would not have fallen ſo ſoon, if the foundation had not been injured by the ſlow minings of regret and vexation.

But it is alſo generally allowed, that, in this inſtance, as in every other, the Dean's intention was upright, though his judgment might be erroneous; and, whatever cenſure his behaviour to Stella may draw upon him, it muſt inſure him ſome

ſome praiſe, and ſecure him againſt ſome calumny: For it is a demonſtration, that he was the abſolute maſter of thoſe paſſions by which the greateſt have been inſlaved, and the beſt ſometimes corrupted; and if he could abſtain from gratifying theſe paſſions with a lady whom he moſt admired, after the gratification was become lawful, he cannot, with any appearance of reaſon, be ſuppoſed to have indulged the ſame paſſion where there was leſs beauty to attract, and leſs affection to urge, where it would have been attended with guilt and infamy, where the motives were leſs, and the obſtacles more. [above, p. 116.]

From the death of Stella, his life became much more retired, and the auſterity of his temper naturally increaſed. He could not join in the ſocial chearfulneſs of his public days, or bear ſuch an intruſion upon his own melancholy as the chearfulneſs of others. Theſe entertainments therefore were diſcontinued; and he ſometimes avoided the company of his moſt intimate friends *. But when

* Dr Swift generally ſpent his time, from noon till he went to bed, which was uſually about eleven o'clock, in the pleaſures of converſation, among a ſet of companions, either ſelect or mixed: a courſe of life in which he continued for about thirteen years after the change of times, until the deceaſe of Mrs Johnſon in 1727-8. But when he loſt that companion, whoſe genius he himſelf had been improving and cultivating, for at leaſt five and twenty years, he could no longer endure thoſe pleaſures and amuſements, which, on his public days, were conducted under the eyes and direction of his beloved Stella, with the greateſt elegance and decorum. And accordingly, having

when the lenient hand of time had allayed the anguiſh of his mind, he ſeems to have regretted the effects of its firſt violence, and to wiſh for the return of thoſe whom his impatience had baniſhed. In the year 1732, he complains, in a letter to Mr Gay, that he had a large houſe, and ſhould hardly find one viſitor, if he was not able to hire them with a bottle of wine. "I generally," ſays he, "dine alone; and am thankful if a friend will "paſs the evening with me." He complains alſo about the ſame time, in a letter to Mr Pope, that he was in danger of dying poor and *friendleſs*, even his female friends having forſaken him; which, as he ſays, was what vexed him moſt. Theſe complaints were afterwards repeated in a ſtrain of yet greater ſenſibility and ſelf-pity. "All my friends," ſays he, "have forſaken me."

Vertiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis.
Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, *left alone*,
To *all my friends a burden grown.* [See vol. ix.]

Yet he confeſſes, that, though he was leſs patient in ſolitude, he was harder to be pleaſed with company; ſo that even now perhaps his behaviour did not much invite thoſe whom before it had driven away *.

having ſacrificed to her manes, theſe polite and rational entertainments, he renounced his public days, and lived during the whole remainder of his life abundantly more retired. D. S. p. 181.

* Theſe ſeveral cauſes, added to the death of ſome, the diſperſion of others, and the ingratitude of thoſe who forſook the Doctor's

His complaint of being forſaken by his female friends, ſhews, that at this time his houſe was not a conſtant ſeraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, as my Lord Orrery has aſſerted [vol. viii.]; and it ſeems to imply, that the *Obſervator* is alſo miſtaken, when he ſays, that females were *rarely admitted* into his houſe, and *never* came but upon very *particular invitations.* The abſence of perſons whom he kept at ſuch a diſtance, and ſo rarely admitted, could ſcarce be ſuppoſed to *vex him moſt:* Nor is it eaſy to conceive, in what ſenſe they could be ſaid to forſake him, who never came but upon particular invitation. However, as to the ſeraglio, the *Obſervator* affirms, in the moſt ſolemn manner, and from frequent intercourſe with the Dean, and long intimacy with his moſt intimate friends, that Lord Orrery was groſsly miſinformed, and that no ſuch ever ſubſiſted; Mrs Whiteway, a near relation, who came to live with him ſome time after Stella's death, being the only female in his family, except ſervants.

As he lived much in ſolitude, he frequently amuſed himſelf with writing; as appears by the dates

Doctor's acquaintance, after they had made their fortunes under the ſhelter of his patronage, gave occaſion to thoſe melancholy, thoſe tender complaints, of that once great and admired perſon; whoſe converſation, even in his latter days, after the vigour and ſpritelineſs of his genius had greatly ſubſided, had ſomewhat in it ſtrangely uncommon, which was not to be remarked in the reſt of human-kind. D. S. p. 309.

dates of many of his pieces, which are ſubſequent to this time. And it is very remarkable, that although his mind was certainly greatly depreſſed, and his principal enjoyment at an end, when Mrs Johnſon died; yet there is an air of trifling and levity in ſome of the pieces which he wrote afterwards, that is not to be found in any other. Such, in particular, are his directions to ſervants, [vol. x.] and ſeveral of his letters to Dr Sheridan.

As he was undoubtedly much more tenderly and ſtrictly connected with Stella than with any other woman, ſo his friendſhip ſeems to have been more intimate and unreſerved with Dr Sheridan than with any other man; his letters to him are evidently the ſpontaneous effuſions of his heart whether he was chearful or ſad, and ſeem to imply a perfect acquaintance with every peculiarity of his circumſtances *.

Dr Sheridan was a clergyman of conſiderable parts, and great learning. He had in particular an extenſive and critical knowledge of the language and hiſtory of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which he taught with great ſucceſs in a grammar-ſchool of which he was maſter; and it was remarked, that his ſcholars brought to the univerſity, not only much learning, but good morals. This gentleman was by nature ſuited to Swift as a companion in the higheſt degree. He had

* See his letters on Stella's ſickneſs, and from Sir Arthur Acheſon's.

had a vein of humour that was a conſtant occaſion of merriment; he had an abſence of mind, which rendered him a perpetual object of raillery, and an indolent good nature, which made him unapt to take offence; he was always diſpoſed to be chearful, and therefore readily concurred in the entertainment of Swift's hours of pleaſantry; and could, without much pain or diſpleaſure, give way to his petulance or his coldneſs, in his paroxiſms of fretfulneſs and reſerve: He alſo greatly contributed to Swift's amuſement, by little ſpritely pieces of the inferior kind of poetry, which he was always writing; and yet more to his employment, by hints and materials which he was every moment throwing out.

With this eaſy, negligent, contented creature, Swift paſſed much of his time, as well during Mrs Johnſon's life, as afterwards. And though there is in general an air of ſuperiority in his letters, and might be ſometimes, in his behaviour, a want of that complacency which no familiarity ſhould exclude; yet it appears, that the Dean did not hold Sheridan cheap. Sheridan he loved for his own merit, and was content to have deſerved his love by the intereſt of another. "Stella, "ſays he, loved you well; and a great ſhare of "the little merit I have with you, is owing to "her ſolicitations."

In the year 1733, when an attempt was made to repeal the teſt-act in Ireland, the diſſenters often affected to call themſelves brother Proteſtants,

ſtants, and fellow Chriſtians, with the members of the eſtabliſhed church. Upon this occaſion the Dean wrote a ſhort copy of verſes, [See vol. ix.] in which there is a paſſage that ſo provoked one Betteſworth, a lawyer, and member of the Iriſh parliament, that he ſwore, in the hearing of many perſons, to revenge himſelf either by murdering or maiming the author: And, for this purpoſe, he engaged his footman with two ruffians, to ſecure the Dean wherever he could be found. As ſoon as this oath and attempt of Betteſworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of the liberty of St Patrick's waited upon the Dean in form, and preſented a paper, ſubſcribed with their names, in which they ſolemnly engaged, in behalf of themſelves and the reſt of the liberty, to defend his perſon and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

Such was the reverence and affection with which Swift was treated in his old age; not by domeſtics or dependents, whom the hope of ſome future advantage might induce to diſſemble; but by perſons of rank and fortune, with whom he had no connection, but as a benefactor to the public, and who, as they had nothing future to hope, could be prompted only by gratitude for the paſt; ſuch gratitude as was never yet excited but by characters very different from actual miſanthropy, or ſordid ſelfiſhneſs.

When this paper was delivered, Swift was in bed, giddy and deaf, having been ſome time before

fore ſeized with one of his fits; but he dictated an anſwer, in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the reſignation of humble piety. Though he acknowledged the kindneſs of his friends, yet he declared his truſt to be in God. He bewailed his incapacity to receive and thank them, as in juſtice and gratitude he ought; and concluded with a ſhort, but pathetic prayer, for their temporal and eternal happineſs.

Theſe fits of giddineſs and deafneſs, which were the effects of his ſurfeit before he was twenty years old, became more frequent and more violent in proportion as he grew into years. And in 1736, while he was writing a ſatire on the Iriſh parliament, which he called *The Legion-club*, [See vol. ix.] he was ſeized with one of theſe fits; the effect of which was ſo dreadful, that he left the poem unfiniſhed, and never afterwards attempted a compoſition, either in verſe or proſe, that required a courſe of thinking, or perhaps more than one ſitting to finiſh.

From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his paſſions to pervert his underſtanding; a calamity to which many particulars ſeem to have concurred.

His ſolitude, which has been already accounted for, prevented the diverſion of his mind, by converſation, from brooding over his diſappointments, and aggravating every injury that he had ſuffered, by all the circumſtances which ingenious re-

ſentment, if it does not find, is apt to create; a reſolution which he had taken, and to which he obſtinately adhered, not to wear ſpectacles, precluded the entertainment which he might otherwiſe have found in books; and his giddineſs, though it was a mere corporal diſorder, prevented the employment of his mind in compoſition. In this ſituation, his thoughts ſeem to have been confined to the contemplation of his own miſery, which he felt to be great, and which in this world he knew to be hopeleſs. The ſenſe of his preſent condition was neceſſarily complicated with regret of the paſt, and with reſentment both againſt thoſe by whom he had been baniſhed, and thoſe who had deſerted him in his exile. A fixed attention to one object, long continued, is known to deſtroy the balance of the mind; and it is not therefore ſtrange, that Swift ſhould by degrees become the victim of outrageous madneſs.

That he was weary of life, appears by many paſſages in his letters, and expreſſions to his friends *. In 1739, three years after his memory firſt declined, he had been ſtanding with a clergyman under a very large heavy pier glaſs, which,

* It was, for many years before the Doctor had loſt his memory, a common ſaying of his, at the time of his parting in the evening with an intimate friend, that uſed to viſit him twice or thrice a-week, "Well; God bleſs you; good night to you; but I hope I ſhall never ſee you again." In this manner, he would frequently expreſs the deſire he had to get rid of the world, after a day ſpent in chearfulneſs, without any provocation from anger, melancholy, or diſappointment. D. S. p. 217.

which, juſt as they moved to another part of the room, fell down, and broke to pieces. The clergyman, ſtruck with a ſenſe of the danger from which they had eſcaped, turned to Swift, and cried out, "What a mercy it is that we moved "the moment we did! for if we had not, we "ſhould certainly have been killed." The Dean replied, that, as to himſelf, he was ſorry he had changed ground, and wiſhed the glaſs had fallen upon him. D. S. p. 217.

Till about the time of this accident, though his memory was become very defective, and his paſſions more violent, yet his converſation was ſtill ſpritely and ſenſible, but mingled with more ſatire, and that ſatire was more bitter. He alſo continued to correſpond by letter with his friends in England; particularly Mr Pope, with whom he had contracted an early friendſhip, which continued till his death. It has been ſaid, that towards the end of their lives it grew cold: But the Dean, in a letter to Lord Orrery, which he wrote a ſhort time before his incapacity, ſays, "When you ſee my dear friend Pope, tell him, "I will anſwer his letter ſoon; *I love him above* "*all the reſt of mankind.*" He has alſo called Mr Pope his *deareſt* friend in his will; and Mr Pope, in a letter which was written about the ſame time, makes this requeſt, "Aſſure him "(the Dean), the world has nothing in it I *admire* "ſo much, nothing the loſs of which I ſhould "*regret* ſo much, as his GENIUS, and his VIR-"TUES."

In

In the beginning of the year 1741, his underſtanding was ſo much impaired, and his paſſions ſo much increaſed, that he was utterly incapable of converſation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it neceſſary to have guardians appointed of his perſon and eſtate. Early in the year 1742, his reaſon was wholly ſubverted, and his rage became abſolute madneſs. The laſt perſon whom he knew was Mrs Whiteway; and the ſight of her, when he knew her no more, threw him into fits of rage ſo violent and dreadful, that ſhe was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindneſs that remained in her power, was to call once or twice a-week at the deanry, inquire after his health, and ſee that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes ſhe would ſteal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his ſight. He would neither eat nor drink while the ſervant who brought him his proviſions ſtaid in the room: His meat, which was ſerved up ready cut, he would ſometimes ſuffer to ſtand an hour on the table before he would touch it, and at laſt he would eat it walking; for, during this deplorable ſtate of his mind, it was his conſtant cuſtom to walk ten hours a-day.

In October 1742, after this frenzy had continued ſeveral months, his left eye ſwelled to the ſize of an egg; and the lid appeared to be ſo much inflamed and diſcoloured, that the ſurgeon expected

expected it to mortify; ſeveral large boils alſo broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month; and, during one week, it was with difficulty that five perſons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his own eyes.

It has been obſerved, that corporal pain, whether by forcing the mind from that object which has ingroſſed it, or by whatever means, has reſtored lunatics to the uſe of reaſon; and this effect, in a great degree, it produced upon the Dean: For juſt before the tumour perfectly ſubſided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs Whiteway, took her by the hand, and ſpoke to her with his former kindneſs. That day, and the following, he knew his phyſician and ſurgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have ſo far recovered his underſtanding and temper, that the ſurgeon was not without hopes that he might once more enjoy ſociety, and be amuſed by the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of ſhort duration; for a few days afterwards, he ſunk into a ſtate of total inſenſibility, ſlept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed to walk croſs the room. This was the effect of another bodily diſeaſe, his brain being loaded with water. Mr Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of Dublin, pronounced this to be the caſe during his illneſs; and, upon opening his body, it appeared that he was not miſtaken: But tho' he often intreated the Dean's friends and phyſi-

cians

cians that his head might be trepanned, and the water diſcharged, no regard was paid to his opinion, or his intreaty. J. R. p. 149.

After the Dean had continued ſilent a whole year in this ſtate of helpleſs idiocy, his houſekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November, in the morning, and told him that it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as uſual. To this he immediately replied, It is all folly, they had better let it alone.

Some other inſtances of ſhort intervals of ſenſibility and reaſon, after his madneſs had ended in ſtupor, ſeem to prove that his diſorder, whatever it was, had not deſtroyed, but only ſuſpended the powers of his mind.

He was ſometimes viſited by Mr Deane Swift, a relation; and about Chriſtmas 1743, he ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak to him. Mr Swift then told him, he came to dine with him; and Mrs Ridgeway, the houſekeeper, immediately ſaid, *Wont you give Mr Swift a glaſs of wine, Sir?* To this he made no anſwer, but ſhewed that he underſtood the queſtion, by ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, as he had been uſed to do, when he had a mind a friend ſhould ſpend the evening with him; and which was as much as to ſay, *You will ruin me in wine.* Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words: But at laſt, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep ſigh, and was afterwards ſilent.

ſilent. A few months afterwards, upon his houſekeeper's removing a knife as he was going catch at it, he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and ſaid, "I am what I am, I am what I am;" and in about ſix minutes, repeated the ſame words two or three times.

In the year 1744, he now and then called his ſervant by his name; and once attempting to ſpeak to him, but not being able to expreſs his meaning, he ſhewed ſigns of much uneaſineſs, and at laſt ſaid, "I am a fool." Once afterwards, as his ſervant was taking away his watch, he ſaid, *Bring it here;* and when the ſame ſervant was breaking a large hard coal, he ſaid, "That is a ſtone, you blockhead."

From this time he was perfectly ſilent till the latter end of October 1745; and then died, without the leaſt pang or convulſion, in the 78th year of his age.

By his will, which is dated in May 1740, juſt before he ceaſed to be a reaſonable being, he left about 1200l. in ſpecific legacies; and the reſt of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000l. to erect and endow an hoſpital for idiots and lunatics.

He was buried in the great Iſle of St Patrick's cathedral, under a ſtone of black marble, inſcribed with an epitaph in Latin, written by himſelf.

From this narrative of his life, and from his works, to which it is prefixed, the ſtriking peculiarities,

liarities of his character may eaſily be collected; but there are ſome incidents which relate to his converſation, and ſome which reſpect his perſon and private œconomy, which ſhould by no means be omitted.

In company he neither wrapped himſelf up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his knowledge, or exert his wit; nor did he ingroſs the converſation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His rule was, never to to ſpeak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at leaſt as long for others to take up the converſation; after which he had a right to ſpeak again. His colloquial ſtyle, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and conciſe. [D. S. p. 366. J. R. p. 203.] He greatly excelled in punning; a talent which, he ſaid, no man affected to deſpiſe, but thoſe that were without it; and his converſation would have furniſhed a more excellent compendium of this ſpecies of wit, than was ever yet compiled, or perhaps ever will. Some of theſe ſallies of his imagination are ſtill remembered; and among others the following, which may ſerve for examples.

He happened to be at the caſtle, in the lieutenancy of the Earl of Pembroke, when a learned phyſician was haranguing his Excellency upon the nature and qualities of the bees, which he was perpetually calling a nation and commonwealth: "Yes, my Lord," ſays Swift, "they "are a nation, and of great antiquity; you "know,

"know, my Lord, Moſes takes notice of them; "he numbers the Hivites among the nations "which Joſhua was appointed to conquer."

He was another time in company with a lady, whoſe long train happened to ſweep down a fine fiddle, and break it; upon which he immediately cried out,

Mantua væ miſeræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.

But his converſation abounded with turns of wit of a higher kind. Being one day at a ſheriff's feaſt, who, after ſeveral other toaſts had been drunk, called out to him, "Mr Dean, *The trade "of Ireland:*" the Dean turned about, and immediately anſwered, "Sir, I *drink no memories* *." [J. R. p. 214.]

He greatly admired the talents of the late Duke of Wharton; and hearing him, one day, recount many of his frolics, "Ay, my Lord," ſaid he, "you have had many frolics: But let me recom- "mend one more to you, *Take a frolic to be vir- "tuous.* I aſſure you it will do you more ho- "nour than all the reſt." [J. R. p. 216.]

The Dean alſo greatly excelled in telling a ſtory: And though in the latter part of his life he was very apt to tell his ſtories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always ſuperior to the wretched expedients of thoſe deſpicable

* Dr Brown, Biſhop of Cork, had juſt then printed two pamphlets, and preached ſeveral ſermons, in which drinking to memories was zealouſly condemned. *Hawkſ.*

babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off double entendre and profaneneſs for humour and wit. His converſation was in the higheſt degree chaſte, and wholly free from the leaſt tincture of irreligion. [J. R. p. 218.]

As he was zealous to preſerve all the delicacies of converſation, he was always beſt pleaſed when ſome of the company were ladies. And in a letter to Lord Oxford, he ſays, "Since women "have been left out of all meetings, except "parties at play, or where worſe deſigns are car- "ried on, our converſation has very much de- "generated *." And in this inſtance, his example is a reproof to thoſe pedants, who ſuppoſe that women are never in their proper ſphere, but in the dreſſing-room or the nurſery.

If the converſation turned upon ſerious ſubjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the iſſue. He would liſten with great attention to the arguments of others; and whether he was, or was not engaged as a diſputant himſelf, he would recapitulate what had been ſaid, ſtate the queſtion with great clearneſs and preciſion, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of ſome neutral perſon, or of the majority. [D. S. p. 368.]

It is, however, true, that he kept his friends in ſome degree of awe; and yet he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it was offered without arrogance, and by perſons of whoſe ability

* Propoſal for correcting the Engliſh tongue, in vol. vi.

ability and honeſty he had no doubt. [J. R. p. 19.] In his poem of Baucis and Philemon [vol. viii.], which does not conſiſt of quite two hundred verſes, Mr Addiſon made him blot out four-ſcore, add four-ſcore, and alter four-ſcore. It was cuſtomary with his friends to make him ſome little annual preſent on his birth-day; *ſomething*, according to his own definition of a preſent, which was of no great value, but which could not be bought: And Dr Delany, ſoon after he was admitted to ſome degree of intimacy, ſent him, with ſuch a memorial of his eſteem, ſome verſes, in which he upbraids him, though with great delicacy, for miſapplying his talents; and admoniſhes him to turn the force of ridicule, of which he was ſo great a maſter, upon thoſe who had laboured to employ it againſt the ſacred doctrines of *Chriſtianity*. The Dean, as he had ſuffered Addiſon's correction with approbation, received this admonition with kindneſs: He ſighed, and ſaid, with great appearances of regret, that it was *too late*; and from that day took all occaſions to diſtinguiſh Delany by the name of *friend*.

He had indeed no ſkill in muſic, and ſo was not able to entertain his company with a ſong, to which ſome men of great dignity, and great parts, have condeſcended; but his power of ridicule extended even to muſic, of which he gave an inſtance too ſingular to be forgotten.

Dr Pratt, who was then provoſt of Dublin college, had acquired much of the Italian taſte for

muſic in his travels; and Tom Roſſengrave, a celebrated performer, being juſt returned from Italy, played a voluntary at St Patrick's cathedral, where Dr Pratt heard him, and Swift was alſo preſent. The Doctor happened to dine at the deanry the ſame day, and was ſo extravagant in his encomiums on Roſſengrave's voluntary, that ſeveral of the company ſaid they wiſhed they had heard it. "Do you," ſaid Swift; "then "you ſhall hear it ſtill;" and immediately he ſung out ſo lively, and yet ſo ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over, except one old gentleman, who ſat with great compoſure; and though he liſtened, yet ſhewed neither curioſity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was aſked by ſome of the company, How it happened that he had been no more affected by the muſic? To which he anſwered with great gravity, That he had heard Mr Roſſengrave himſelf play it before. Such was Swift as a companion. As a maſter he was no leſs remarkable or meritorious.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his ſervants, when he hired them, by ſome teſt of their humility. Among other queſtions, he always aſked, whether they underſtood cleaning ſhoes; becauſe, ſaid he, my kitchen-wench has a ſcullion that does her drudgery,—and one part of the buſineſs of my groom and footman, is conſtantly to clean her ſhoes by turns. If they ſcrupled this, the

treaty

treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing.

His kitchen-wench, however, was his cook, a woman of a large ſize, robuſt conſtitution, and coarſe features, whoſe face was very much ſeamed with the ſmall-pox, and furrowed by age. This woman he always diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Sweetheart*. [See vol. viii.]

It happened one day, that Sweetheart greatly over-roaſted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he ſent for her up, and with great coolneſs and gravity, "Sweetheart," ſays he, "take this down into the kitchen, and do it "leſs." She replied, that was impoſſible. "Pray "then," ſaid he, "if you had roaſted it too "little, could you have done it more?" "Yes, "ſhe ſaid, ſhe could eaſily have done that." "Why then, Sweetheart," replied the Dean, "let me adviſe you, if you muſt commit a fault, "commit a fault that can be mended."

To the reſt of his ſervants, indeed, he appeared to be churliſh and auſtere; but in reality was one of the beſt maſters in the world. He allowed them board-wages at the higheſt rate then known; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary courſe of their ſervice, he always paid them to the full value of the work, as he would have paid another. With theſe emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected they ſhould find themſelves in victuals, and all other neceſſaries, except the liveries which he gave them. If, in this ſituation, their ex-

pences were greater than their income, it was judged a ſufficient reaſon to diſcharge them; but, on the contrary, as ſoon as they had ſaved a full year's wages, he conſtantly paid them legal intereſt for it, and took great pleaſure in ſeeing it accumulated to a ſum which might ſettle them in ſome employment if he ſhould die, or if they found it adviſeable to quit his ſervice, which ſeldom happened. And he with whom his ſervants live long, has indubitable witneſſes that he is a good maſter.

It is alſo certain, that, notwithſtanding the apparent auſterity of his temper, he did not conſider his ſervants as *poor ſlaves*, to whoſe ſervice he had a right, in conſideration merely of his money, and owed them no reciprocal obligation.

He had a ſervant whom he uſed to call *Saunders*, that lived long with him, and at length fell ſick and died. In his ſickneſs, which laſted many months, Swift took care that all poſſible relief and aſſiſtance ſhould be afforded him; and when he died, he buried him in the ſouth iſle of his cathedral, and erected a ſmall piece of ſtatuary to his memory, with this inſcription:

Here lieth the body of
Alexander Magee, *ſervant to Doctor Swift,*
Dean of St Patrick's.

His grateful *maſter cauſed this monument to be erected in memory of his diſcretion, fidelity, and diligence, in that humble ſtation.*

Ob. Mar. 24, 1721, *ætat.* 29.

In

In the original copy, which the author of the *Obſervations* ſaw in the Dean's own hand, the expreſſion was ſtill ſtronger, and more to the Dean's honour, thus:

His grateful friend *and maſter.*

But a perſon of the Dean's acquaintance, who is much more diſtinguiſhed for vanity than wiſdom, prevailed upon him to leave out *friend*, even in oppoſition to his own well-known maxim, That a faithful ſervant ſhould always be conſidered, not as a *poor ſlave*, but an *humble friend*. Of this perſon the name is not told; but to conceal it, is rather injuſtice than mercy; for he ought, on this occaſion, to inherit a diſgrace at leaſt proportionate to the honour which he found means to withhold from Swift.

As a member of civil ſociety, he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detector of fraud, and the ſcourge of oppreſſion. In his private capacity, he was not only charitable, but generous; and whatever miſanthropy may be found in his writings, there does not appear to have been any in his life.

His writings in defence of the poor infatuated people of Ireland, are well known; and that he might not be wanting himſelf while he pleaded their cauſe with others, he conſtantly lent out a large ſum of money in ſmall portions, to honeſt, diligent, and neceſſitous tradeſmen, who paid it, with a ſmall gratuity by way of intereſt, to the perſon

perſon who kept the account of the diſburſements and weekly payments; for he received back theſe loans by a certain ſum out of the weekly profit of the borrower's trade, in ſuch proportions that the whole ſhould be repaid in a year. [J. R. p. 203, 4.]

Beſides this, he frequently gave away 5 and 10 l. when proper objects offered, without any parade. He was indeed diligent to relieve the poor, and at the ſame time to encourage induſtry, even in the loweſt ſtation; and uſed regularly to viſit a great number of poor, chiefly women, as well in the public ſtreets, as in the by-alleys; and under the arches of Dublin. Some of theſe ſold plums, ſome hobnails, others tape, and others ginger-bread; ſome knitted, ſome darned ſtockings, and others cobbled ſhoes: Theſe women were moſt of them old, deformed, or crippled, and ſome were all three. He ſaluted them with great kindneſs, aſked how they throve, and what ſtock they had? If the ware of any of them was ſuch as he could poſſibly uſe, or pretend to uſe, he bought ſome, and paid for every halfpenny-worth ſixpence; if not, he always added ſomething to their ſtock, and ſtrictly charged them to be induſtrious and honeſt. [J. R. p. 132, 133.]

It muſt be confeſſed, that theſe acts of bounty did not appear to be the effects of compaſſion: For of the ſoft ſympathy with diſtreſs, that ſometimes ſparkles in the eye, and ſometimes glows upon the cheek, he ſhewed no ſign; and he may therefore

therefore be ſuppoſed to have wanted it. However, it is certain, that he was wholly free from ill-nature; for a man can have no complacence in that evil which he is continually buſy to remove.

His bounty had not indeed the indiſcriminating ardour of blind inſtinct; and, if it had, it would not have been the inſtrument of equal happineſs. To feed idleneſs, is to propagate miſery, and diſcourage virtue: But to inſure the reward of induſtry, is to beſtow a benefit at once upon the individual and the public; it is to preſerve from deſpair, thoſe who ſtruggle with difficulty and diſappointment; it is to ſupply food and reſt to that labour which alone can make food taſteful and reſt ſweet, and to invigorate the community, by the full uſe of thoſe members, which would otherwiſe become not only uſeleſs, but hurtful; as a limb in which the vital fluid ceaſes to circulate, will not only wither, but corrupt. In this view, then, the bounty of Swift was, like every other Chriſtian duty, a reaſonable ſervice. And that he felt no ſecret pleaſure in the calamities of others, may be fairly concluded, not only from this general practice, but from many particular facts, in which he appears to have been watchful and zealous to alleviate diſtreſs, by unſolicited and unexpected liberality.

It happened, that a young gentleman of his choir, being abroad with his gun, ſuffered irreparable hurt by its going off accidentally. When the

the Dean heard of it, he expreſſed great concern; and, having pauſed a little, "Well," ſaid he, "this will be a good time, at once to reward "merit, and alleviate diſtreſs; I will make him a "vicar:" which he did accordingly the ſame hour.

There are ſome infirmities to which the mind, as well as the body, naturally becomes ſubject in the decline of life. The deſire of accumulating wealth almoſt always increaſes in proportion as it becomes more abſurd; and thoſe are moſt tenacious of money, to whom money can be of leaſt uſe. It has been generally ſaid, that this weakneſs is the effect of long acquaintance with mankind, who are found to deſerve leſs confidence, and leſs kindneſs, as they are more known. And indeed, though this opinion ſhould not haſtily be admitted, it muſt yet be confeſſed, that the firſt article in which men leſſen their expences, is generally the money they have been uſed to give away; and that they gradually loſe the inclination to do good, as they acquire the power. But Swift, if he was not exempt from the infirmity, was yet clear of the vice. If his œconomy degenerated into avarice, it muſt be confeſſed that his avarice did not contract his bounty; and he ſuffers no degradation in his moral character, who, when the practice of any virtue is become more difficult, is yet able to exert it in the ſame degree.

Swift turned all the evil of exceſſive frugality upon himſelf. It induced him to walk when he had

had been uſed to ride; and he would then ſay he had earned a ſhilling or eighteen-pence, which he had a right to do what he pleaſed with, and which he conſtantly applied to his uſual charities; which by this expedient he could continue, and yet expend leſs upon the whole than before. But the diſtribution of this charity even was marked with the peculiarity of his character; for that he might proportion his bounty to the neceſſities and the merit of various objects, and yet give but one piece of money at a time, he conſtantly kept a pocket full of all ſorts of coin, from a ſilver three-pence to a crown-piece. [J. R. p. 13.]

But as his deſire of immediate gain was not gratified at the expence of the poor, to whoſe diſtreſs he was a witneſs; neither was it gratified at the expence of thoſe whom it was impoſſible he ſhould know, though he had many opportunities of doing it.

He once reſolved never to renew a certain leaſe belonging to the deanry, without raiſing the rent 30l. a year. The tenant had often ſolicited him. inſtead of raiſing the rent, to take a large fine: And this man, a very ſhort time before the Dean loſt his memory, urged him with a very large ſum, ſuppoſing, that as raiſing the rent could only enrich the Dean's ſucceſſor, and a large fine would come into his own coffer, he ſhould certainly ſucceed. The Dean however maintained his integrity, refuſed the offer with indignation, and fulfilled his purpoſe of raiſing the rent; though

though at this time his memory was ſo bad, th
the next day he did not remember what he h
done, and his love of money ſo predominant o
every thing but his virtue, that, though he co
plained of being deſerted, yet he baniſhed h
beſt friends, merely to ſave the expence of ente
taining them; and would ſometimes refuſe the
a ſingle bottle of wine. [J. R. p. 208, 145.]

As an eccleſiaſtic, he was ſcrupulouſly exact i
the exerciſe of his function, as well with regar
to ſpiritual as temporal things *. As to his cathe
dral, he expended more money to ſupport an
adorn

* Great coolneſs of temper, gentleneſs of deportment, and profound reſpect to his ſuperiors in the church, were the diſtin guiſhing characteriſtics of Dr Swift. The following ſtory ma not be improper here. Bp ***, who had been lately tranſlate from Bangor to the ſee of Meath, had not only the misfortun in the violent days of party, to reflect with ſome degree of a perity on the Reverend Mr ***, one of his own clergy; bu alſo to recommend unto his whole dioceſe the wearing numms, or ſcraps of linen to cover dirty ſhirts. This beh viour in the Biſhop, and eſpecially this recommendation numms, fired the indignation of Swift to the uttermoſt. H fell upon the Biſhop, when he got him into the ſynod, wit outrageous ſeverity; and after he had ſpoken in defence of M * * *, "What," ſaid he, "do you think you have gotte "among your Welch clergy? I would have you to know, ſaid he, ſtripping up his caſſock from his arms, and tearin open the breaſt of his waiſtcoat' "that you have gotten into dioceſe of gentlemen, who "abhor dirt, and filth, and naſ neſs." And thus he drove on, laſhing the Biſhop, and makin him feel his ſarcaſms. Two gentlemen lay concealed in th church of Trim, during the time of the ſynod, not without th connivance of Dr Swift, who had in a great meaſure invit them to the feaſt. D. S. p. 272, 3.

dorn it, than had been applied to the ſame uſe
any period ſince it was firſt built *. He was
xtremely exact and conſcientious, in promoting
ne members of his choir according to their me-
it; and never advanced any perſon to a vicarage,
ho was not qualified in all reſpects, and in the
igheſt degree, whatever their intereſt, or how-
ver recommended: And he once refuſed a vi-
arage to a perſon for whom the Lady Carteret
as very importunate; though he declared to
er Ladyſhip, that if it had been in his power to
ave made the gentleman a Dean or a Biſhop, he
ould have obliged her willingly; becauſe, he
id, deanries and biſhopricks were preferments
in

* In all buſineſs relating to his chapter, he purſued their pub-
c intereſt with firmneſs and conſtancy. He, beſides, took as
uch care to regulate his choir, as if he himſelf had really ſome
gard for muſic. But in this he was always guided by the opi-
ion of thoſe who were ſuppoſed to have been judges of harmo-
y. And that his choir might do their duty, particularly on
unday nights, when variety of the better ſort uſually came to
ear the anthem, he conſtantly went to the church himſelf.
his puts me in mind of an anecdote which happened in thoſe
mes. An idle, careleſs fellow, but an excellent ſinger, and
ne of the beſt performers belonging to his cathedral, having
boured for ſome time under the higheſt diſpleaſure of the
ean, was forced to abſent himſelf from the church, and keep
ntirely out of his ſight. But at laſt, one Sunday evening,
aving ventured into the ſinging loft, full in the view of the
ean, he began that particular anthem, *Whither ſhall I go,*
hither ſhall I go, whither ſhall I fly, from thy preſence? "To
jail, you dog you, to jail," ſaid the Doctor, in a voice loud
ough to be heard by many that were about him. But the
ext morning, he forgave the poor ſinner, on his promiſe of
mendment. D. S. p. 371.

in which merit had no concern, though the merit of a vicar would be brought to the teſt every day. Nor would he ſuffer one ſhilling of the cathedral-money to be alienated from its proper uſe, even for the purpoſe of charity. When any perſon ſolicited ſuch an alienation, he uſed to tell them that this money was appropriated; but, ſays he, as you declare the perſon to be relieved is an object of Chriſtian charity, I will give out of my private purſe any ſum proportioned to my revenue, if you will contribute a ſum in the ſame proportion to yours. My deanry is worth ſeven hundred pounds, your income is two: If you will give two ſhillings, I will give ſeven, or any larger ſum after the ſame rate. [J. R. p. 192.]

As to the poor in the liberty of his own cathedral, they were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their diſtrict: For theſe he built and furniſhed a little alms-houſe, being aſſiſted by ſome voluntary contributions; and preſerved among them uncommon cleanlineſs and decency, by conſtantly viſiting them in perſon. [J. R. p. 8.]

It has already been remarked, that though he did not himſelf underſtand muſic, yet he always attended at the performance of the anthem, that the choir might do their duty. But he had another practice yet more ſingular and more uſeful. As ſoon as the preacher mounted the pulpit,

pit, he pulled out a pencil and piece of paper, and carefully noted whatever was wrong, both in the expreſſions, and the manner in which they were delivered, whether they were too ſcholaſtic to be generally underſtood, or ſo coarſe and vulgar as to loſe their dignity; and he never failed to make theſe the ſubject of an admonition to the preacher, as ſoon as he came into the chapter-houſe. [See *Letter to a young Clergyman*, in vol. x. p. 1.]

He improved even his living of Laracor, tho' he continued there but a ſhort time, and left both the houſe and glebe a convenient and agreeable retreat to his ſucceſſor, at a conſiderable expence, for which he knew no return would be made to his executors; and he determined to aſſert his right of abſence againſt the Archbiſhop of Dublin, at the expence of ſeveral hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he ſhould ever more claim the privilege for himſelf, becauſe he would not endanger the liberty of his ſucceſſor by an injurious precedent.

There is no act of virtue which men have ſo often ſubſtituted for the peculiar poſitive duties of Chriſtians, as liberality to the poor, nor any by which they have ſo often hoped to atone for the breach of every other moral obligation.

But the Dean, though he abounded in charity, was not leſs diligent in the practice of other virtues, or leſs devout and conſtant in the ſolemnities of religion. He was remarkably temperate

both in eating and drinking; he was not only juſt, but punctual in his dealings, and he had an inviolable regard for truth. As he conſtantly attended divine worſhip when he was at home, ſo he uſed always to go early to church when he was in London; and never to ſleep, without aſſembling his family in his own chamber to prayers.

It has often been remarked, that virtue in exceſs becomes vitious; and not only precludes the reward of the poſſeſſor, but produces rather miſchief than good to others. An abhorrence of hypocriſy was a ſtriking particular in Swift's character: But it is difficult to determine whether it was more a virtue than a vice; for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocriſy, he dreaded the imputation of it, and therefore concealed his piety with as much diligence, as others conceal thoſe vices which cuſtom has not made reputable. His conſtant attendance at church, when he was at the deanry, he knew would be conſidered as the duty of his ſtation; but whatever had the appearance of voluntary devotion, he always took care to hide. When he went to church in London, it was early in the morning; ſo that, though he was conſtantly at prayers, and at the ſacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at home when others were at church. And when he went to prayers in his family, the ſervants aſſembled at the appointed hour as it were by ſtealth, without any

any notice from a bell, or any other call, except the ſtriking of the clock; ſo that Dr Delany was ſix months in his family, before he ſuſpected him of this unfaſhionable practice. The ſame principle upon which he thus ſtudiouſly avoided the appearances of good, made him frequently incur the appearances of evil, eſpecially when an opportunity offered of indulging his peculiar vein of humour, and gratifying his natural diſpoſition. One inſtance of this has already been given, in his ſolemn addreſs to his clerk from the deſk by the name of Roger, [above, p. 48.]; but there are others which are leſs excuſable. Soon after he was made Dean of St Patrick's, he dined one Sunday with Dr Raymond, vicar of Trim, a little town near Dublin. When the bell had rung, the people were aſſembled to evening prayers; and Dr Raymond was preparing to go to the church, which was not diſtant more than two hundred yards: "Raymond," ſaid the Dean, "I will lay you a crown that I begin prayers "before you this afternoon:" Dr Raymond accepted the wager; and immediately both ran as faſt as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was much nimbler than Swift, arrived firſt at the door: And when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading-deſk. Swift never ſlackened his pace, but, running up the iſle, left Dr Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and, ſtepping into the deſk, without putting on a ſurplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the

ſervice in an audible voice, and thus won his wager. [O. let. 16.]

It has been common among the pretenders to wit, to affect great contempt for every kind of regularity; to live, or pretend to live, in a ſtate of continual diſſipation, without regard to the return of thoſe ſeaſons which have been generally allotted to particular purpoſes, without ſleeping or waking, or eating or drinking, like the reſt of mankind. To recover theſe unhappy wretches from a condition ſo deplorable as to ſuppreſs indignation, and yet ſo contemptible as ſcarce to excite pity, it is here recorded, that the life of Swift was in the higheſt degree uniform and regular; his hours of walking and reading, of exerciſe and amuſement, never varied; and that he might keep the revolution of his employments with greater exactneſs, his watch was almoſt conſtantly either in his hand, or on the table before him.

As his abhorrence of hypocriſy exempted him from affectation, the natural equity of his mind ſecured him againſt envy. Envy ſeems to be a deſire of equality, gratified by degrading others; as emulation is a deſire of equality, gratified by advancing ourſelves. It does not appear that Swift, upon a ſuppoſition that he had no ſuperior, was without emulation; but by his ready aſſiſtance to advance the reputation and circumſtances of others, he appears to have been free from envy.

He

He cultivated genius wherever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and aſſiduity, and would carefully ſpend much time in correcting and improving any literary compoſition that had the leaſt appearance of ingenuity. Nor was this kindneſs confined to thoſe whoſe parts could never come in competition with his own. He ſtarted many hints to Mr Gay, which he purſued with great ſucceſs; and he recommended Congreve, Addiſon, Parnel, and many others, to thoſe whoſe favour was moſt likely to render them conſpicuous.

Among his ſingularities, were his reſolution never to wear ſpectacles; and his obſtinate perſeverance in the uſe of too much exerciſe. His want of ſpectacles made it difficult for him to read; and his immoderate exerciſe waſted his fleſh, and produced a poorneſs in his blood, as he was often told by his friends and phyſicians, Dr Helſham and Dr Gratton, and as afterwards appeared by experiment; for when he was reduced to a ſtate of idiotiſm, and ceaſed from walking, he recovered his fleſh in a ſhort time.

He was cleanly, even to ſuperſtition; his nails were always pared to the quick, to prevent the leaſt gathering of dirt under them; and he never dreſſed without a baſon of water by him, with which he carefully cleanſed his feet. In his perſon he was robuſt and maſculine, his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. His voice was ſharp and high-toned, eſpecially when he read

read prayers, but not effeminate; and there was a natural ſeverity in his aſpect, which even his ſmiles could ſcarce ſoften, nor his utmoſt gaiety relax. [O. let. 9.]

His manner was without ceremony, but not ruſtic; for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes and variations of politeneſs and complaiſance, which he practiſed in a manner peculiar to himſelf; and the reſpect that was due to him by theſe rules, he took care to exact without the leaſt abatement. [D. S. p. 360, 65.]

It will readily be admitted, that every man has ſome appetite, affection, or diſpoſition, which either in kind or degree is irregular, and which it is the province of reaſon to order and reſtrain. As it will always happen, that in ſome inſtances paſſion will predominate, and reaſon in others, it follows, that there muſt be ſome diſſimilitude in every character; from which Swift's could not therefore be exempt: But upon the whole, it will be found uncommonly ſteady and uniform; tho' ſome, to ſcreen their own ſcattered and inconſiſtent repreſentations of it from cenſure, have pretended, that it was capricious, various, and contradictory.

Swift appears to have been naturally temperate and chaſte; it was therefore eaſy for him to be frugal: But he was alſo naturally high-ſpirited; and therefore, as wealth is the pledge of independence, it is not ſtrange his frugality ſhould verge towards exceſs. However, as he acted upon principles,

ciples, not only of general virtue, but of the nobleſt moral ſyſtem of Chriſtianity, he did not deliver himſelf up to natural propenſities, when they were contrary to his duty; and therefore his love of money did not contract his charity to the poor, or defraud his ſucceſſors to enrich himſelf. The ſame ſpirit which ſecured his integrity, by diſdaining the meanneſs of a lie, produced that dread of hypocriſy which concealed his piety, and betrayed him into appearanees of evil: And the ſame want of natural tenderneſs, which made him appear obdurate and auſtere, transferred the diſtribution of his liberality from inſtinct to religion,—and made that, which in others is an exerciſe of ſelf-love, in him an act of obedience to God.

Such was Dr Jonathan Swift, whoſe writings either ſtimulate mankind to ſuſtain their dignity as rational and moral beings, by ſhewing how low they ſtand in mere animal nature; or fright them from indecency, by holding up its picture before them in its native deformity: And whoſe life, with all the advantages of genius and learning, was a ſcale of infelicity gradually aſcending, till pain and anguiſh deſtroyed the faculties by which they were felt: While he was viewed at a diſtance with envy, he became a burthen to himſelf; he was forſaken by his friends, and his memory has been loaded with unmerited reproach: His life therefore does not afford leſs inſtruction than his writings, ſince to the wiſe it may teach humility, and to the ſimple content.

Some

Some particulars in Dr SWIFT's CHARACTER, extracted from Lord ORRERY's Remarks, and Mr SWIFT's Eſſay.

From LORD ORRERY.

DR SWIFT was in the decline of life when I knew him. His friendſhip was an honour to me; and, to ſay the truth, I have even drawn advantage from his errors. I have beheld him in all humours and diſpoſitions; and I have formed various ſpeculations from the ſeveral weakneſſes to which I obſerved him liable. His capacity and ſtrength of mind were undoubtedly equal to any taſk whatever. His pride, his ſpirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you pleaſe, was boundleſs: But his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that diſappointment had a viſible effect upon all his actions. He was ſour and ſevere, but not abſolutely ill-natured. He was ſociable only to particular friends, and to them only at particular hours. He knew politeneſs more than he practiſed it. He was a mixture of avarice and generoſity: The former was frequently prevalent; the latter ſeldom appeared, unleſs excited by compaſſion. He was open to adulation; and could not, or would not, diſtinguiſh between low flattery and juſt applauſe. His abilities rendered him ſupe-

rior

rior to envy. He was undiſguiſed, and perfectly ſincere. I am induced to think, that he entered into orders, more from ſome private and fixed reſolution, than from abſolute choice. Be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers rather in a ſtrong nervous voice, than in a graceful manner: And although he has been often accuſed of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his converſation or behaviour. His caſt of mind induced him to think and ſpeak more of politics than of religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power; and his chief aim was to be removed into England: But when he found himſelf entirely diſappointed, he turned his thoughts to oppoſition, and became the patron of Ireland.

Few characters have afforded ſo great a variety of faults and beauties. Few men have been more known and admired, or more envied and cenſured, than Dr Swift. From the gifts of nature he had great powers, and from the imperfection of humanity he had many failings. I always conſidered him as *an abſtract and brief chronicle of the times*; no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the higheſt and in the loweſt ſcenes of life. His friends and correſpondents were the greateſt and moſt eminent men of the age. The ſages of antiquity were often the companions of his cloſet: And although he induſtriouſly avoided an oſtentation of learning,

and

and generally choſe to draw his materials his own ſtore; yet his knowledge in the a authors, evidently appears from the ſtreng his ſentiments, and the claſſic correctneſs ſtyle.

His attendance upon the public ſervice c church, was regular, and uninterrupted. A deed regularity was peculiar to him in all l tions, even in the greateſt trifles. His ho walking and reading, never varied. His m were guided by his watch, which was ſo cor ly held in his hand, or placed before him his table, that he ſeldom deviated many mi in the daily revolution of his exerciſes an ployments.

From Mr DEANE SWIFT.

THE character of Dr Swift is ſo excee ſtrange, various, and perplexed, that it can be drawn up with any degree of accura ſhall, however, remark ſome few partic without venturing to attempt the delineati a character, which hath entirely baffled a deavours hitherto made, either by frien enemies.

SWIFT's natural temper ſeems to have l miraculous compound of the placid and t vere. The placid frequently had the ſupe in his breaſt; and the ſevere, in its turn, excited by the follies and corruptions of h kind, as frequently the predominance.

He was by nature of a ſpirit wonderfully exalted. His pride, if pride it muſt be called, was of a turn peculiar to himſelf. His whole deportment was of a piece. He would not have ſtooped to converſe with the greateſt monarch in Europe, upon any terms lower than equality.

He knew to a point the reſpect that was due to him; which he took care to exact without any ſort of abatements. It will appear from the following inſtance, with what quickneſs he reſented any failure in good manners. An Engliſh clergyman, appointed a Biſhop in Ireland, ſent his ſervant one morning to the Dean, to beg the favour of him to order St Patrick's cathedral to be got ready againſt the next Sunday for his conſecration. The Doctor would by no means grant his requeſt; but ſaid, he would order the church to be in readineſs againſt the Sunday following. When the ſervant was gone, the Doctor told a friend, then with him, that he could as well have had the church ready againſt the next, as againſt the following Sunday: But, ſaid he, my reaſon for refuſing to grant that gentleman's requeſt, was, becauſe he ought to have come himſelf, and not ſent his ſervant to me upon ſuch a meſſage.

Neither could he endure to be treated with any ſort of familiarity, or that any man living (his three or four old acquaintances in England only excepted) ſhould rank himſelf in the number of his friends. A young perſon of quality,

upon ſome occaſion or other, once ventured to addreſs Dr Swift in the ſtyle of *Dear Swift*, and call himſelf the Doctor's *friend*. When the Dean opened his letter, which was deſigned as a compliment, his indignation took inſtant fire. *Dear Swift!* ſaid he; what monſtrous familiarity is here! But when he found the letter-writer had called himſelf his friend, he was out of all patience. "My friend! my friend!" ſaid he; "piſh, pſha; my friend! But—" (ſaid he, recollecting himſelf)—"he is a Lord, and ſo let it paſs."

Swift's ſpirit was formed with a ſtrong reluctance to ſubmiſſion of any kind; and particularly he paid no regard to the monitions of his friends and phyſicians, who had frequently admoniſhed him of his over-exerciſe. This was not owing to his being weary of life. It was from an old ſettled principle, confirmed and rivetted in his mind, when he was in the height of his glory, and the meridian of his life: A principle indeed, which he maintains, or at leaſt endeavours to maintain, with infinite wit and humour, in a letter to Mrs Johnſon, Nov. 3. 1711, who had adviſed him to take phyſic upon the fall of the leaf. "A fig," (ſaith he) "Madam, for "your phyſic. If I grow worſe, I will; other-"wiſe I will truſt to temperance and exerciſe. "Your fall of a leaf! What care I when the "leaves fall? I am ſorry to ſee them fall with all "my heart; but why ſhould I take phyſic be-

"cauſe

"cauſe leaves fall off from trees? That won't "hinder them from falling. If a man falls off "a horſe, muſt I take phyſic for that? This ar- "guing makes you mad; but it is true right "reaſon, not to be diſputed."

He was not only above all tincture of envy in his compoſition; but his talents were ſo great, that he was totally ſuperior to the emulation of all inferior wits. They, every one of them, bowed down to him as to the viceroy of Apollo.

The dæmon of malice was alſo a ſtranger to his heart: And well it might; for if at any time he was attacked with injurious treatment, he never ſmothered his revenge, like a way-laying coward, until a ſafer opportunity; but, like a brave and generous ſpirit, knocked down his adverſary directly on the ſpot.

The common vices and foibles of human-kind he laſhed with great ſeverity, in order to reſtrain their influence, and, if it were poſſible, to hinder the contagion from ſpreading in the community; yet ſtill without making examples of particular perſons. But ſlaves to party, and traitors to the public intereſt, he expoſed without mercy to the deriſion of the world. It may be thought, perhaps, that private animoſity frequently gave an edge to his ſatire. I cannot tell but in ſome caſes it might. But then it ſhould be conſidered, that Dr Swift never looked upon himſelf in the character of a private perſon. He knew that a patriot, like an Aſiatic prince, muſt make himſelf

dreaded. If he be once foiled, his power is at an end. And, without controverſy, dominion, abſolute dominion, he had reſolved to poſſeſs over the minds of men, eſpecially over the minds of his countrymen; and accordingly he did poſſeſs it.

Swift was certainly a man of great ambition, though he denies it in his writings. But his ambition, ever directed by the rules of honour, was of a noble, exalted ſtrain, worthy to be cheriſhed in the breaſt of an angel.

In his private character, he was a man of fine addreſs, and perfectly well bred. He knew to a point all the modes and variations of complaiſance and politeneſs. And yet his manners were not framed like thoſe of any other mortal; but, corrected by general obſervation, and adapted to his own peculiar turn of genius, they ſhone forth, always enlivened more or leſs with ſome ſpirit of dominion, in a blaze of politeneſs, ſo inimitably, and ſo determinately in his own, that in effect they ſeemed to be the reſult of pure nature, uncopied from any the brighteſt or the faireſt original.

Swift talked a great deal in all companies, without ingroſſing the converſation to himſelf, [*above*, *p.* 133.] In the character of a *tete a tete* companion, he rather excelled himſelf. Few that are equal to him in that reſpect, perhaps none that are his ſuperiors, can be found upon earth. He was by no means in the claſs with thoſe

thoſe who pour down their eloquence like a torrent, driving all before it. Far from any deſires of that ſort, he equally loved to ſpeak, and loved to hearken. Like Falſtaff, he not only had wit himſelf, but frequently was the cauſe of wit in others. However, that univerſal reverence, which was paid to his great abilities, frequently ſtruck a damp on the ſpirits of thoſe who were not perfectly well acquainted with him: an effect of modeſty, which however did not always happen to be conſtrued to their advantage, unleſs in the caſe of very young people. For when ſuch perſons were gone, if none but his intimates were preſent, he would expreſs himſelf with ſome degree of emotion, and cry, Such a one, I have heard, is a very great man; or, Such a one, they ſay, has abundance of learning; or, Such a one, I have been told, has an excellent underſtanding; but God deliver me from ſuch companions!

If we conſider Swift as a divine and a chriſtian, we ſhall find him, although not ſo grave, yet at leaſt as perfect, as the moſt famous of his contemporaries. His firſt ſetting out in the world, may be thought ſomewhat ſingular, in this profane, hypocritical, corrupted age. We are aſſured from his own accounts, that his ideas of religion were ſo extremely delicate, that he could not but entertain ſome ſcruple, notwithſtanding his fortune was very ſmall, of entering into the church merely for ſupport; although it is plain,

that he had early ſeparated himſelf to the work of the miniſtry. He was of a genius thoroughly well adapted for the improvement of any congregation whatever, his arguments being always clear, cogent, and ſatisfactory. But ſurely thoſe improved, extenſive abilities, which rendered him at once the delight and the admiration of the world, were never deſigned by his Creator to be confined within the narrow limits of any pariſh or dioceſe.

In his private character as a man of religion, he appears to have been a great and ſhining example of Chriſtian faith and morals. In himſelf, he was chaſte, ſober, and temperate. I remember he once told me occaſionally, that he never had been drunk in his life. In his general behaviour, he was open, free, diſengaged, and chearful. In his dealings with the world, he was honeſt and ſincere. In relieving the poor and the diſtreſſed, he was liberal to profuſion; if denying himſelf, and throwing upon the waters above a third part of his income, will intitle him to the character of being exceedingly generous. With regard to his faith, he was truly orthodox. Moreover, he was regular, exceedingly regular, in all his duties to God, eſpecially in attending the public worſhip; yet ſtill without any parade, or colour of oſtentation. But to crown his whole character as a man of religion, and to ſhew how much he deteſted that ſatanical vice of hypocriſy, I ſhall tranſcribe a paragraph from a ſermon

mon of his, *On the excellency of the Chriſtian religion, oppoſed to Heathen philoſophy.* " Chriſtian " wiſdom (ſaith he) is without partiality. It is " not calculated for this or that nation or people, " but the whole race of mankind; not to the " philoſophical ſchemes, which were narrow and " confined, adapted to their peculiar towns, " governments, or ſects; but in every nation, " he that feareth God, and worketh righteouſ- " neſs, is accepted with him. Laſtly, It is with- " out hypocriſy: It appears to be what it really " is; it is all of a piece. By the doctrines of " the goſpel, we are ſo far from being allowed " to publiſh to the world thoſe virtues we have " not, that we are commanded to hide, even from " ourſelves, thoſe we really have, and not to let " our right hand know what our left hand does; " unlike ſeveral branches of the Heathen wiſdom, " which pretended to teach inſenſibility and in- " difference, magnanimity and contempt of life, " while at the ſame time in other parts it belied " its own doctrines."

*** Several other particulars in Swift's character, and various anecdotes concerning him, will be found in the notes throughout all the firſt eleven volumes of this work, particularly in the Criticiſms prefixed to vols. 1. and 8.

Some

Some particulars concerning Dr Swift,

Taken from Mrs Pilkington's Memoirs.

Mrs Pilkington's acquaintance with Dr Swift, commenced from ſending him the lines on his birth-day, vol. ix. Theſe the Dean received very kindly, and ſaid, he would ſee her whenever ſhe pleaſed.

A few days after, ſhe was introduced to the Dean in Dr Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He ſaluted her, and aſked the lady, if ſhe was her daughter? The lady ſmiled, and ſaid, ſhe was Mrs Pilkington. "What," ſays he, "this poor little child married! God "help her, ſhe is early engaged to trouble." The Dean engaging Mr Pilkington to preach for him at the cathedral next Sunday, invited her, with the reſt of the company, to dinner. As the communion is adminiſtred every Sunday in St Patrick's church, Mrs Pilkington was charmed to ſee with what a becoming piety the Dean performed that holy ſervice, which he had ſo much at heart, that he wanted not the aſſiſtance of the liturgy, but went quite through it without ever looking in the book. He bowed at the table; which behaviour was cenſured, as ſavouring of Popery. But this circumſtance may vindicate him from the wicked aſperſion of being deemed

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an unbeliever, ſince it is plain he had the utmoſt reverence for the euchariſt. Service being ended, the Dean was ſurrounded at the church-door, by a croud of poor; to all of whom he gave charity, except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her, very gravely, That though ſhe was a beggar, water was not ſo ſcarce but ſhe might have waſhed her hands. When they came to the deanry, the Dean kindly ſaluted Mrs Pilkington, and, without allowing her time to ſit down, bade her come and ſee his library; but merrily told Mr Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not deſire his company. "Well," ſaid he to her, "I have "brought you here to ſhew you all the money I "got when I was in the miniſtry; but don't "ſteal any of it." "I wont indeed, Sir," ſaid ſhe. So opening a cabinet, he ſhewed her a parcel of empty drawers: "Bleſs me," ſays he, "the money is flown." He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, ſome of which were preſented to him by the Earl and Counteſs of Oxford, Lady Maſham, and Lady Betty Germain. At laſt coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her chuſe two for herſelf; but he could not help ſmiling, when ſhe began to poize them in her hands, chuſing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner the Dean's behaviour was very humorous. He placed himſelf at the head of his table,

table, oppoſite to a great pier glaſs, ſo that he could ſee in the glaſs whatever the ſervants did behind him. He was ſerved entirely in plate, with great elegance. But the beef being over-roaſted, put the company all in confuſion. The Dean called for the cook-maid, and ordered her to take the beef down ſtairs, and do it leſs. She anſwered, very innocently, that ſhe could not "Why, what ſort of a creature are you," ſay he, "to commit a fault which cannot be amend "ed?" And turning to Mrs Pilkington, he ſai very gravely, "That he hoped, as the cook wa "a woman of genius, he ſhould, by this manne "of arguing, be able in about a year's time t "convince her ſhe had better ſend up the mea "too little than too much done;" charging th men ſervants, whenever they imagined the mea was ready, they ſhould take it ſpit and all, an bring it up by force, promiſing to aid them in ca the cook reſiſted. Then turning his eye on th looking-glaſs, he eſpied the butler opening a bo tle of ale; and helping himſelf to the firſt glaſ he very kindly jumbled the reſt together, that h maſter and gueſts might all fare alike. "Ha "friend," ſaid the Dean, "Sharp's the wor "I find; you drank my ale, for which I ſto "two ſhillings of your board wages this week "for I ſcorn to be outdone in any thing, eve "in cheating."

Dinner being ended, the Dean thanked M Pilkington for his ſermon: "I never," ſaid h "preache

" preached but twice in my life; and then they " were not ſermons, but pamphlets." Mrs Pilkington aſked him what might be the ſubject of them? He told her, they were againſt Wood's halfpence. Having aſked Mr and Mrs Pilkington if they could ſmoke? and being anſwered that they did not; " 'Tis a ſign," ſaid he, " you " were neither of you bred in the univerſity of " Oxford; for drinking and ſmoking are the " firſt rudiments of learning taught there; and " in thoſe two arts, no univerſity in Europe can " outdo them." Having aſked Mrs Pilkington, if ſhe had any faults? " Pray, Mr Dean," ſaid Dr Delany, " why will you be ſo unpolite as to " ſuppoſe Mrs Pilkington has any faults?" " I'll " tell you," replied the Dean; " whenever I ſee " a number of agreeable qualities in a perſon, I " am always ſure they have bad ones ſufficient to " poize the ſcale." Mrs Pilkington bowed, and told him, he did her great honour; in that copying Biſhop Berkeley, whom ſhe had frequently heard declare, That when any ſpeech was made to him, which might be conſtrued either into a compliment, or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the beſt.

The Dean then aſked Mrs Pilkington, if ſhe were a Queen, what ſhe would chuſe to have after dinner? She anſwered, " Your converſa- " tion, Sir?" Pooh!" ſaid he, " I mean, what " regale?" " A diſh of coffee, Sir," anſwered ſhe. " Why then," ſaid he, " I will ſo far " make

" make you as happy as a Queen; you sha
" have some in perfection: For when I w
" chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was
" the government here, I was so poor, I w
" obliged to keep a coffee-house, and all the n
" bility resorted to it to talk treason." The Dea
then set about making the coffee: But the fir
scorching his hand, he called to Mrs Pilkingto
to reach him his glove; and changing the coffee-
pot to his left hand, held out his right one, or-
dering her to put the glove on it; which accord-
ingly she did; when taking up part of his gown
to fan himself with, and acting in character of a
prudish lady, he said, " Well, I don't know
" what to think: Women may be honest that do
" such things; but, for my part, I never could
" bear to touch any man's flesh—except my
" husband's; whom, perhaps," (said he), " she
" wished at the devil."

" Mr Pilkington," said he, " you would not
" tell me your wife's faults; but I have found
" her out to be d——n'd, insolent, proud, un-
" mannerly slut." " What has she done now?"
said Mr Pilkington. " Done," said the Dean;
" why nothing, but sat there quietly, and never
" once offered to interrupt me in making the
" coffee; whereas, a lady of modern good breed-
" ing would have struggled with me for the cof-
" fee-pot, till she had made me scald myself and
" her, and make me throw the coffee in the
" fire, or perhaps at her head, rather than per-
" mit me to take so much trouble for her."

Mrs Pilkington ſtaid at home with the Dean during the time of the afternoon's ſervice; and he made her read his hiſtory of the four laſt years of Q. Anne, aſking her at the concluſion of every period, whether ſhe underſtood it? "for I "would," ſaid he, "have it intelligible to the "meaneſt capacity; and if you comprehend it, "'tis poſſible every body may."

She accompanied the Dean to evening prayer; and on their return to the deanry, he told Mr and Mrs Pilkington, that he gave them leave to ſtay to ſupper; which from him was a ſufficient invitation. The Dean then decanted a bottle of wine; and the laſt glaſs being muddy, he called to Mr Pilkington to drink it; "for," ſays he, "I "always keep ſome poor parſon to drink the foul "wine for me." Mr Pilkington entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glaſs at any rate. "Why then," ſaid the Dean, "you ſhan't; for I'll drink it myſelf. Why "p—x take you, you are wiſer than a paltry cu- "rate, whom I aſked to dine with me a few days "ago; for upon my making the ſame ſpeech to "him, he told me he did not underſtand ſuch "uſage; and ſo walked off without his dinner. "By the ſame token, I told the gentleman "who recommended him to me, that the fellow "was a blockhead, and I had done with him."

The Dean then miſſing his golden bottle-ſcrew, told Mrs Pilkington very ſternly, he was ſure ſhe

had ſtolen it. She affirmed very ſeriouſly, ſhe had not. Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himſelf had laid it: "'Tis "well for you," ſaid he, "that I have got it, "or I would have charged you with theft." "Why, pray, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould I be "ſuſpected more than any other perſon in the "company?" "For a very good reaſon," ſaid he, "becauſe you are the pooreſt."

At their going away, the Dean handed Mrs Pilkington down all the ſteps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the ſame time ſlipping into her hand as much money as Mr Pilkington and ſhe had given at the offering in the morning, and coach hire alſo; which ſhe durſt not refuſe, leſt ſhe ſhould have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parſon who refuſed the thick wine.

In one of the Dean's periodical fits of deafneſs, he ſent for Mrs Pilkington; who having come, he brought out to her a large book, finely bound in Turkey leather, and handſomely gilt: "This," ſaid he, "is a tranſlation of the epiſtles of Ho-"race, a preſent to me from the author; 'tis a "ſpecial good cover; but I have a mind there "ſhould be ſomething valuable within ſide of it." So taking out his penknife, he cut out all the leaves cloſe to the inner margin. "Now," ſaid he, "I will give theſe what they greatly want;" and put them all into the fire. "Your taſk, Madam, is "to paſte in theſe letters, in this cover, in the or-"der I ſhall give them to you: I intended to do

"it

" it myſelf, but that I thought it might be a pret-
" ty amuſement for a child; ſo I ſent for you."
She told him ſhe was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands; but requeſted to have leave to read the letters as ſhe went on.
" Why," ſaid the Dean, " provided you will ac-
" knowledge yourſelf amply rewarded for your
" trouble, I don't much care if I indulge you ſo
" far."

In reading the letters, ſhe could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that, notwithſtanding the friendſhip Mr Pope profeſſed for Mr Gay, he could not forbear a great many ſatirical, or, if ſhe might be allowed to ſay ſo, envious remarks on the ſucceſs of the Beggar's Opera. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr Pope was ſo candid to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to aſk the Dean, whether he thought the lines Mr Pope addreſſes him with in the beginning of the Dunciad, were any compliment to him, *viz.*

O thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear.

" I believe," ſaid he, " they were meant as
" ſuch, but they are very ſtiff." " Indeed, Sir,"
ſaid ſhe, " he is ſo perfectly a maſter of harmo-
" nious numbers, that, had his heart been the
" leaſt affected with his ſubject, he muſt have
" writ better. How cold, how forced, are his
" lines to you, compared with your's to him!

Hail, happy Pope! whoſe gen'rous mind, * &c.

* See vol. ix.

" Here we ſee the maſterly poet, and the warm, " ſincere, generous friend; while he, according " to the character he gives of Mr Addiſon, " *damns with faint praiſe.*"—" Well," replied the Dean, " I'll ſhew you a letter of his." He did ſo; and Mrs Pilkington was ſurpriſed to find it filled with low and ungentleman-like reflections, both on Mr Gay, and the two noble perſons who honoured him with their patronage after his diſappointment at court. " Well, Madam," ſaid the Dean, " what do you think of that letter?" (ſeeing ſhe had gone quite through it.) " In- " deed, Sir," replied ſhe, " I am ſorry I have " read it; for it gives me reaſon to think there " is no ſuch thing as a ſincere friend to be met " with in the world."——" Why," replied he, " authors are as jealous of their prerogative as " kings; and can no more bear a rival in the " empire of wit, than a monarch could in his " dominions." Mrs Pilkington then obſerving a Latin ſentence writ in Italics, deſired the Dean to explain it. " No," replied he, ſmiling, " I'll " leave that for your huſband to do. I'll ſend " for him to dine with us, and in the mean time " we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's vineyard." —" Where may that be, pray, Sir?" ſaid ſhe. " Why, a garden," ſaid the Dean, " I cheated " one of my neighbours out of." When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was ſquare, and incloſed with a ſtone wall, the Dean aſked her how ſhe liked it? " Why, pray,

" Sir,"

" Sir," ſaid ſhe, " where is the garden ?" " Look " behind you," ſaid he. She did ſo; and obſerved the ſouth wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit trees planted againſt it, which being then in bloſſom, looked very beautiful. " What are you ſo intent on ?" ſaid the Dean. " The opening bloom," replied ſhe; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance.

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime.

" Oh !" replied he, " you are in a poetical vein; " I thought you had been taking notice of my " wall. 'Tis the beſt in Ireland. When the " maſons were building it, (as moſt tradeſmen " are rogues), I watched them very cloſe, and " as often as they could, they put in a rotten " ſtone; of which, however, I took no notice, " till they had built three or four perches be- " yond it. Now, as I am an abſolute monarch " in the liberties, and king of the mob, my way " with them was, to have the wall thrown down " to the place where I obſerved the rotten ſtone; " and, by doing ſo five or ſix times, the work- " men were at laſt convinced it was their intereſt " to be honeſt :"—" Or elſe, Sir," ſaid Mrs Pilkington, " your wall would have been as tedi- " ous a piece of work as Penelope's web, if all " that was done in the day was to be undone at " night." " Well," anſwered the Dean, " I " find you have poetry for every occaſion; but

" as you cannot keep pace with me in walking,
" I would have you ſit down on that little bank,
" till you are reſted, or I tired, to put us more
" upon a par."

She ſeated herſelf, and away the Dean walked, or rather trotted as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help ſmiling at his odd gait; for ſhe thought to herſelf, he had written ſo much in praiſe of horſes, that he was reſolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As ſhe was indulging this fancy, the Dean returned to her, and gave her a ſtrong confirmation of his partiality to thoſe animals. " I have been conſidering,
" Madam, as I walked," ſaid he, " what a fool
" Mr Pilkington was to marry you; for he
" could have afforded to keep a horſe for leſs
" money than you coſt him; and that, you muſt
" confeſs, would have given him better exerciſe
" and more pleaſure than a wife.——Why you
" laugh, and don't anſwer me—is not it truth?"
——" I muſt anſwer you, Sir," replied ſhe,
" with another queſtion: Pray how can a bat-
" chelor judge of this matter?" " I find," ſaid he,
" you are vain enough to give yourſelf the pre-
" ference." " I do, Sir," replied ſhe, " to that
" ſpecies here; to a Houyhnhnm I would, as be-
" comes me, give preference. But, Sir, 'tis
" going to rain."—" I hope not," ſaid he, " for
" that will coſt me ſixpence for a coach for you,"
(the garden being at ſome diſtance from the houſe). " Come, haſte; O how the teſter trem-
" bles

" bles in my pocket!" She obeyed; and they got in a doors juſt time enough to eſcape a heavy ſhower. " Thank God," ſaid the Dean, " I have " ſaved my money. Here, you fellow," (to the ſervant), " carry this ſixpence to the lame old " man that ſells gingerbread at the corner, be- " cauſe he tries to do ſomething, and does not " beg."

Mrs Pilkington was ſhewed into a little ſtreet-parlour, where was Mrs Brent, his houſe-keeper. " Here," ſays he, " Mrs Brent, take care of this " child, while I take my walk out within doors." The Dean then ran up the great ſtairs, down one pair of back-ſtairs, up another, in ſo violent a manner, that Mrs Pilkington could not help expreſſing her uneaſineſs to Mrs Brent, leſt he ſhould fall, and be hurted. Mrs Brent ſaid, it was a cuſtomary exerciſe with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs Brent then told Mrs Pilkington of the Dean's charity; of his giving above half of his yearly income in private penſions to decayed families; and keeping 500l. in the conſtant ſervice of induſtrious poor, which he lent out 5l. at a time, and took the payment back at 1 s. a-week; which, ſhe obſerved, did them more ſervice than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliged them to work, and at the ſame time kept up this charitable fund for the aſſiſtance of many. " You cannot imagine," ſaid ſhe, " what num- " bers of poor tradeſmen, who have even want-

" ed

" ed proper tools to carry on their work, have,
" by this ſmall loan, been put into a proſperous
" way, and brought up their families in credit.
" The Dean, added ſhe, has found out a new
" method of being charitable, in which, how-
" ever, I believe, he will have but few fol-
" lowers; which is, to debar himſelf of what he
" calls the ſuperfluities of life, in order to ad-
" miniſter to the neceſſities of the diſtreſſed.
" You juſt now ſaw an inſtance of it; the mo-
" ney a coach would have coſt him, he gave
" to a poor man unable to walk. When he
" dines alone, he drinks a pint of beer, and gives
" away the price of a pint of wine. And thus
" he acts in numberleſs inſtances."

The Dean came to dine with Mr and Mrs Pilkington at their Lilliputian palace, as he called it; and, who could have thought it? he juſt looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs Pilkington's bedchamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the houſe being very clean, he complimented her upon it, and told her, that was his cuſtom; and that it was from the cleanlineſs of the garret and kitchen, he judged of the good houſewifery of the miſtreſs of the houſe; for no doubt but a ſlut would have the room clean where the gueſts were to be entertained.

He was ſometimes very rude, even to his ſuperiors; of which the following ſtory, related to Mrs Pilkington by himſelf, may ſerve as one inſtance amongſt a thouſand others.

The

The laſt time he was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The Earl being willing, 'tis ſuppoſed, to have ſome diverſion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. It is to be obſerved, that his gown was generally very ruſty, and his perſon no way extraordinary. After dinner, ſaid the Dean, "Lady "Burlington, I hear you can ſing; ſing me a "ſong." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of aſking a favour with diſtaſte, and poſitively refuſed him. He ſaid, ſhe ſhould ſing, or he would make her. "Why, Madam, I ſup-"poſe you take me for one of your poor Engliſh "hedge parſons; ſing when I bid you." As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was ſo vexed, that ſhe burſt into tears and retired.

His firſt compliment to her when he ſaw her again, was, "Pray, Madam, are you as proud "and as ill-natured now, as when I ſaw you "laſt?" To which ſhe anſwered with great good humour, "No, Mr Dean; I'll ſing for "you, if you pleaſe." From which time he conceived great eſteem for her. But who that knew him, would take offence at his bluntneſs?

Mrs Pilkington could not recollect that ever ſhe ſaw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for when any pleaſantry paſſed which might have excited it, he uſed to ſuck his cheeks to avoid riſibility. He uſed frequently to put

put her in mind of Shakeſpear's deſcription of Caſſius.

He is a great diſcerner, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men——
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Jul. Cæſar.

Mrs Pilkington believed the Dean's early youth did not promiſe that bright day of wit which has ſince enlightened the learned world. Whilſt he was at the univerſity of Dublin, he was ſo far from being diſtinguiſhed for any ſuperiority of parts of learning, that he was ſtopped of his degree as a dunce. When ſhe heard the Dean relate this circumſtance, ſhe told him, ſhe ſuppoſed he had been idle: But he affirmed the contrary, aſſuring her he was really dull. Which, if true, is very ſurpriſing.

" I have," ſays ſhe, " often been led to look " on the world as a garden, and the human " minds as ſo many plants, ſet by the hand of " the Great Creator for utility and ornament. " Thus ſome, we ſee, early produce beautiful " bloſſoms, and as ſoon fade away; others, " whoſe gems are more ſlow in unfolding, but " more permanent when blown; and others " again, who, though longer in arriving at per- " fection, not only bleſs us then with ſhade and " odour, but alſo with delicious wholeſome " fruit."

He

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy; for, in true genuine wit, he could fear no rival.

It has been often obſerved, that where great talents are beſtowed, there the ſtrongeſt paſſions are likewiſe given. This great man did but too often let them have dominion over him, and that on the moſt trifling occaſions. During meal times he was evermore in a ſtorm; the meat was always too much or too little done, or the ſervants had offended in ſome point, imperceptible to the reſt of the company: However, when the cloth was taken away, he made his gueſts rich amends for the pain he had given them. For then

Was truly mingled, in the friendly bowl,
The feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul. *Pope.*

Yet he preſerved ſtrict temperance: For he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glaſs of which was mixed water and ſugar: Yet if he liked his company, would ſit many hours over it, unlocking all the ſprings of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following ſtory the Dean told to Mrs Pilkington.

A clergyman who was a moſt learned fine gentleman, but, under the ſofteſt and politeſt appearance, concealed the moſt turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be over-looked, had it early rewarded with a mitre. Dr Swift went to congratulate him on it; but

but told him, he hoped, as his Lordſhip was a native of Ireland, and had now a ſeat in the Houſe of Peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the ſervice of his diſtreſſed country. The prelate told him, the biſhoprick was but a very ſmall one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the court. "Very well," ſays Swift, "then it is to be hoped, when you have a "better, you will become an honeſt man." "Ay, that I will, Mr Dean," ſays he. "Till "then, my Lord, farewell," anſwered Swift. This prelate was twice tranſlated to richer ſees; and on every tranſlation, Dr Swift waited on him to remind him of his promiſe; but to no purpoſe; there was now an archbiſhoprick in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a ſhort time likewiſe got this, he then ſent for the Dean, and told him, "I am now at "the top of my preferment: For I well know "no Iriſhman will ever be made primate; there-"fore, as I can riſe no higher in fortune or ſta-"tion, I will zealouſly promote the good of my "country." And from that time he commenced a moſt outrageous patriot.

A CRITICISM ON SWIFT's PROSE WRITINGS,

By the EARL of ORRERY.

IF we conſider Swift's proſe works, we ſhall find a certain maſterly conciſeneſs in their ſtyle, that hath never been equalled by any other writer. The truth of this aſſertion will more evidently appear, by comparing him with ſome of the authors of his own time. Of theſe, Dr Tillotſon, and Mr Addiſon, are to be numbered among the moſt eminent. Addiſon hath all the powers that can captivate and improve: his diction is eaſy, his periods are well turned, his expreſſions are flowing, and his humour is delicate. Tillotſon is nervous, grave, majeſtic, and perſpicuous. We muſt join both theſe characters together, to form a true idea of Dr Swift: Yet, as he outdoes Addiſon in humour, he excells Tillotſon in perſpicuity. The Archbiſhop, indeed, confined himſelf to ſubjects relative to his profeſſion: but Addiſon and Swift are more diffuſive writers. They continually vary in their manner, and treat different topics in a different ſtyle. When the writings of Addiſon terminate in party, he loſes himſelf extremely; and from a delicate and juſt comedian, deviates into one of the loweſt kind *. Not ſo Dr Swift. He appears like a maſterly gladiator. He wields the ſword of party with eaſe, juſtneſs, and dexterity: And while he entertains the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws an equal attention from the learned and the great. When he is ſerious, his gravity becomes him; when he laughs, his readers muſt laugh with him. But what ſhall be ſaid for his love of trifles, and his want of delicacy and decorum? Errors, that if he did not contract, at leaſt he increaſed in Ireland. They are without a parallel, I hope they will ever remain ſo. The firſt of them aroſe merely from his love of flattery, with which he was daily fed in that kingdom: The ſecond proceeded from the miſanthropy of his diſpoſition, which induced him peeviſhly to debaſe mankind, and even to ridicule human nature itſelf. Politics were his favourite topic, as they gave him an opportu-

* *See the papers called the Freeholder.*

nity of gratifying his ambition, and thirſt of power; yet, in this road, he has ſeldom continued long in one path. He has written miſcellaneouſly, and has choſen rather to appear a wandering comet, than a fixed ſtar. Had he applied the faculties of his mind to one great and uſeful work, he muſt have ſhined more glorioufly, and might have enlightened a whole planetary ſyſtem in the political world.

There are ſome pieces in his works that I deſpiſe, others that I loath, but many more that delight and improve me. The former are not worthy of notice. They are of no further uſe than to ſhew us, in general, the errors of human nature; and to convince us, that neither the height of wit nor genius, can bring a man to ſuch a degree of perfection, as vanity would often prompt him to believe.

In a diſquiſition of this ſort, I ſhall avoid, as much as poſſible, any annotations upon that kind of ſatire in which the Dean indulged himſelf againſt particular perſons; moſt of whom, it is probable, provoked his rage by their own miſconduct, and conſequently owed to their own raſhneſs, the wounds which they received from his pen. But I have no delight in thoſe kinds of writings, except for the ſake of the wit, which, either in general, or in particular ſatire, is equally to be admired. The edge of wit will always remain keen, and its blade will be bright and ſhining, when the ſtone upon which it has been whetted, is worn out, or thrown aſide and forgotten. Perſonal ſatire againſt evil magiſtrates, corrupt miniſters, and thoſe giants of power who gorge themſelves with the entrails of their country is different from that perſonal ſatire, which too often proceeds merely from ſelf-love, or ill-nature. The one is written in defence of the public, the other in defence of ourſelves. The one is armed by the ſword of juſtice, and encouraged not only by the voice of the people, but by the principles of morality; the other is dictated by paſſion, ſupported by pride, and applauded by flattery. At the ſame time that I ſay this, I think every man of wit has a right to laugh at fools who give offence, or at coxcombs who are public nuiſances. Swift, indeed, has left no weapon of ſarcaſm untried, no branch of ſatire uncultivated: But while he has maintained a perpetual war againſt the mighty men in power, he has remained invulnerable, if not victorious.

*** *See the Criticiſm prefixed to Vol.* viii.

A

TALE OF A TUB,

Written for the univerſal Improvement of Mankind.

Diu multumque deſideratum.

To which are added,

An Account of a BATTLE between the ANCIENT and MODERN BOOKS in St James's Library:

With the AUTHOR'S APOLOGY; and

Explanatory notes, by W. WOTTON, B. D. and others.

Baſyma cacabaſa eanaa, irraumiſta diarbada caëota baſcbor camelaubi. Iren. lib. 1. c. 18.

——*Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora muſæ. Lucret.

The Author's Apology.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have ſaved myſelf the trouble of this apology; for it is manifeſt, by the reception the following diſcourſe hath met with, that thoſe who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taſte. Yet there have been two or three treatiſes written expreſsly againſt it, beſides many others that have flirted at it occaſionally, without one ſyllable having been ever publiſhed in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember; except by the polite author of a late diſcourſe between a Deiſt and a Socinian.

Therefore, ſince the book ſeems calculated to live at leaſt as long as our language and our taſte admit no great alterations, I am content to convey ſome apology along with it.

The greateſt part of that book was finiſhed about thirteen years ſince, 1696; which is eight years before it was publiſhed. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading freſh in his head. By the aſſiſtance of ſome thinking, and much converſation, he had endeavoured to ſtrip himſelf of as many real prejudices, as he could: I ſay real ones; becauſe, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights ſome men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and

groſs corruptions in religion and learning might furniſh matter for a ſatire, that would be uſeful and diverting. He reſolved to proceed in a manner that ſhould be altogether new; the world having been already too long nauſeated with endleſs repetitions upon every ſubject. The abuſes in religion he propoſed to ſet forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers; which was to make up the body of the diſcourſe: Thoſe in learning he choſe to introduce by way of digreſſions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world; and wrote to the taſte of thoſe who were like himſelf: Therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not ſuit with maturer years, or graver characters; and which he could have eaſily corrected with a very few blots, had he been maſter of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the four, the envious, the ſtupid, and the taſteleſs; which he mentions with diſdain. He acknowledges there are ſeveral youthful ſallies, which, from the grave and the wiſe, may deſerve a rebuke. But he deſires to be anſwerable no farther than he is guilty; and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of thoſe, who have neither candour to ſuppoſe good meanings, nor palate to diſtinguiſh true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one

opinion

opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why ſhould any clergyman of our church be angry to ſee the follies of fanaticiſm and ſuperſtition expoſed, though in the moſt ridiculous manner? ſince that is perhaps the moſt probable way to cure them, or at leaſt to hinder them from farther ſpreading. Beſides, though it was not intended for their peruſal, it rallies nothing but what they preach againſt. It contains nothing to provoke them, by the leaſt ſcurrility upon their perſons or their functions. It celebrates the church of England, as the moſt perfect of all others in diſcipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's reſentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on. *Nondum tibi defuit hoſtis;* I mean thoſe heavy, illiterate ſcribblers, proſtitute in their reputations, vitious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the ſhame of good ſenſe as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the ſtrength of bold, falſe, impious aſſertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the prieſthood, and openly intended againſt all religion; in ſhort, full of ſuch principles as are kindly received, becauſe they are levelled to remove thoſe terrors, that religion tells men will be the conſequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this diſcourſe, though ſome of them are pleaſed

ſo

ſo freely to cenſure it. And I wiſh there were no other inſtance of what I have too frequently obſerved, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in diſtinguiſhing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from ſome, whom out of reſpect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by ſome of thoſe authors above deſcribed; whoſe errors, ignorance, dulneſs, and villainy, he thinks he could have detected and expoſed in ſuch a manner, that the perſons who are moſt conceived to be infected by them, would ſoon lay them aſide and be aſhamed. But he has now given over thoſe thoughts; ſince the weightieſt men * in the weightieſt ſtations, are pleaſed to think it a more dangerous point, ſo laugh at thoſe corruptions in religion which they themſelves muſt diſapprove, than to endeavour pulling up thoſe very foundations wherein all Chriſtians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any perſon ſhould offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this diſcourſe, who hath all along concealed himſelf from moſt of his neareſt friends: Yet ſeveral have gone a farther ſtep, and pronounced another book † to have been the work of the ſame hand with this; which the author directly

* Alluding to Dr Sharp, the Archbiſhop of York's repreſentation of the author. *Hawkſworth.*

† Letter concerning Enthuſiaſm.

directly affirms to be a thorough miſtake, he having yet never ſo much as read that diſcourſe: A plain inſtance how little truth there often is in general ſurmiſes, or in conjectures drawn from a ſimilitude of ſtyle, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expoſe the abuſes in law, or in phyſic, he believes the learned profeſſors in either faculty would have been ſo far from reſenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains; eſpecially if he had made an honourable reſervation for the true practice of either ſcience. But religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: Yet ſurely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the triteſt maxim in the world, that religion being the beſt of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worſt.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have obſerved, that ſome of thoſe paſſages in this diſcourſe which appear moſt liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author perſonates the ſtyle and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expoſe. I ſhall produce one inſtance; it is towards the end of the *Introduction*. Dryden, L'Eſtrange, and ſome others I ſhall not name, are here leveled at; who, having ſpent their lives in faction and apoſtaſies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be ſufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and ſufferings; thanks God, that he poſ-

ſeſſes

ſeſſes his ſoul in patience; in other places he talks at the ſame rate; and L'Eſtrange often uſes the like ſtyle; and I believe the reader may find more perſons to give that paſſage an application. But this is enough to direct thoſe who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other paſſages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at ſome tenets in religion. In anſwer to all which, the author ſolemnly proteſts he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he ſaid would in the leaſt be capable of ſuch interpretations; which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the moſt innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his ſcheme or deſign; the abuſes he notes, being ſuch as all Church-of-England men agree in: Nor was it proper for his ſubject to meddle with other points, than ſuch as have been perpetually controverted ſince the Reformation.

To inſtance only in that paſſage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: In the original manuſcript there was a deſcription of a fourth, which thoſe, who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having ſomething in it of ſatire, that, I ſuppoſe, they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three; from whence ſome have endeavoured to ſqueeze out a dange-

rous

rous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half ſpoiled, by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabaliſtic, and therefore better expoſing the pretended virtue of numbers; a ſuperſtition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be obſerved, is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book; which the men of taſte will obſerve and diſtinguiſh, and which will render ſome objections, that have been made, very weak and inſignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the ſatisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unneceſſary to take any notice of ſuch treatiſes as have been written againſt the enſuing diſcourſe; which are already ſunk into waſte-paper and oblivion, after the uſual fate of common anſwerers to books which are allowed to have any merit. They are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and ſeem to vie with it for a ſummer; but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr Echard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of thoſe anſwerers immediately ſtarted up, whoſe memory if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown, that he were ever anſwered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expoſe a fooliſh piece.

So

So we ſtill read Marvel's anſwer to Parker* with pleaſure, though the book it anſwers be ſunk long ago; ſo the Earl of Orrery's remarks will be read with delight, when the diſſertation he expoſes will neither be ſought nor found †. But theſe are no enterpriſes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of loſing their time in ſuch an undertaking, if they did but conſider, that to anſwer a book effectually, requires more pains and ſkill, more wit, learning and judgment, than were employed in the writing it. And the author aſſures thoſe gentlemen, who have given themſelves that trouble with him, that his diſcourſe is the product of the ſtudy, the obſervation, and the invention of ſeveral years; that he often blotted out much more than he left; and, if his papers had not been a long time out of his poſſeſſion, they muſt have ſtill undergone more ſevere corrections. And do they think ſuch a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however invenomed the mouths may be that diſcharge them? He hath ſeen the productions but of two anſwerers; one of which at firſt appeared as from an unknown hand,

* Parker, afterwards Biſhop of Oxford, wrote many treatiſes againſt the diſſenters, with inſolence and contempt, ſay Burnet, that enraged them beyond meaſure; for which he was chaſtiſed by Andrew Marvel, under-ſecretary to Milton, in a little book called, *The Rehearſal tranſproſed. Hawkeſ.*

† Boyle's remarks upon Bentley's diſſertation on the epiſtle of Phalaris. *Hawkeſ.*

land, but ſince avowed by a perſon *, who upon ſome occaſions hath diſcovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occaſion ſhould put him under a neceſſity of being ſo haſty in his productions, which otherwiſe might often be entertaining. But there were other reaſons obvious enough for his miſcarriage in this: He writ againſt the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongeſt attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work, which had coſt him ſo much time, and met with ſo much ſucceſs in ridiculing others. The manner how he handled his ſubject, I have now forgot; having juſt looked it over, when it firſt came out, as others did, merely for the ſake of the title †.

The other anſwer is from a perſon of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation ‡; in the latter of which, he hath generally

* Suppoſed to be Dr William King, the civilian, author of an account of Denmark, a diſſertation on ſimplars and other pieces of burleſque on the Royal Society, and the art of cookery in imitation of Horace's art of poetry, &c. *Hawkeſ.*

† This we cannot recover at preſent; it being ſo abſolutely forgotten, the oldeſt bookſellers in trade remember nothing of it. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Wotton's defence of his reflections upon ancient and modern learning. From the annotations, are ſelected the notes, ſigned W. Wotton. Thus, Wotton appears buſied to illuſtrate a work which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a ſatire pointed againſt himſelf: as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increaſe the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat. *Hawkeſ.*

generally ſucceeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiſs to draw in readers to his pamphlet; ſeveral having appeared deſirous that there might be ſome explication of the more difficult paſſages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part; becauſe it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him ſufficient provocation. The great objection is againſt his manner of treating it, very unſuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this anſwer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen againſt a certain great man then alive, and univerſally reverenced for every good quality that could poſſibly enter into the compoſition of the moſt accompliſhed perſon. It was obſerved, how he was pleaſed, and affected to have that noble writer called his adverſary: And it was a point of ſatire well directed; for I have been told, Sir William Temple was ſufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeneſs were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt, by the conſequences they apprehended from ſuch an example; and it grew Porſenna's caſe, *idem trecenti juravimus*. In ſhort, things were ripe for a general inſurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the ſpirit, and ſettled the ferment. But his Lordſhip being principally engaged with another antagoniſt *, it was thought neceſſary, in order to quiet

* Bentley, concerning Phalaris and Æſop. *Hawkeſ.*

quiet the minds of men, that this oppoſer ſhould receive a reprimand, which partly occaſioned that diſcourſe of the battle of the books; and the author was farther at the pains, to inſert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This anſwerer has been pleaſed to find fault with about a dozen paſſages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther, than by aſſuring the reader, that, for the greater part, the reflecter is entirely miſtaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is ſure) into that of any reader of taſte and candour. He allows two or three at moſt, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he deſires to plead the excuſe offered already, of his youth, and frankneſs of ſpeech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were publiſhed.

But this anſwerer inſiſts, and ſays, what he chiefly diſlikes, is the *deſign*. What that was, I have already told; and I believe there is not a perſon in England who can underſtand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing elſe, but to expoſe the abuſes and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what deſign this reflecter was ſerving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own. Surely this muſt have had ſome allay of perſonal animoſity, at leaſt mixed with the *deſign*

of ſerving the public by ſo uſeful a diſcovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who inſiſts upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one ſingle hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticiſms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never diſputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this anſwerer produces three inſtances, to prove *this author's wit is not his own in many places.* The firſt is, that the names of Peter, Martin and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham *. Whatever wit is contained in thoſe three names, the author is content to give it up, and deſires his readers will ſubtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the ſame time proteſting ſolemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this paſſage of the anſwerer: So that the names were not borrowed as he affirms, though they ſhould happen to be the ſame; which however is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of Jack being not quite ſo obvious as the other two. The ſecond inſtance, to ſhew *the author's wit is not his own*, is Peter's banter (as he calls it in his Alſatia phraſe) upon tranſubſtantiation, which is taken from the ſame Duke's conference with an Iriſh prieſt, where a cork is turned into a horſe. This the author confeſſes to have ſeen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two

* Villers.

wo after it was publiſhed. Nay, the anſwer-
r overthrows this himſelf; for he allows the
ale was written in 1697; and I think, that
amphlet was not printed in many years after.
t was neceſſary, that corruption ſhould have
ome allegory as well as the reſt; and the author
nvented the propereſt he could, without inquir-
ng what other people had written; and the com-
noneſt reader will find, there is not the leaſt re-
emblance between the two ſtories. The third in-
ſtance is in theſe words: *I have been aſſured, that the battle in St James's library, is*, mutatis mutandis, *taken out of a French book, intituled*, Combat des livres, *If I miſremember not.* In which paſſage there are two clauſes obſervable: *I have been aſſured;* and, *If I miſremember not.* I deſire firſt to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falſehood, thoſe two clauſes will be a ſufficient excuſe for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle: But would he venture to pronounce it this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a paſſage, but a whole diſcourſe, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis.* The author is as much in the dark about this, as the anſwerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry, imitating pedant,—and the anſwerer is a perſon of wit, manners, and truth:

He takes his boldneſs, from never having ſeen any ſuch treatiſe in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is ſure it is impoſſible for two writers of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after ſuch a manner, that two continued diſcourſes ſhall be the ſame, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he inſiſt upon the miſtake in the title. But let the anſwerer and his friend produce any book they pleaſe, he defies them to ſhew one ſingle particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the ſmalleſt hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a ſingle thought, which he knows may ſometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that diſcourſe, nor has heard it objected by any body elſe.

So that if ever any *deſign* was unfortunately executed, it muſt be that of this anſwerer; who, when he would have it obſerved that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three inſtances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifeſtly falſe. If this be the way theſe gentlemen deal with the world in thoſe criticiſms, where we have not leiſure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let thoſe who think it worth their while determine.

It is agreed, this anſwerer would have ſucceeded much better, if he had ſtuck wholly to his buſineſs as a commentator upon the *Tale of a Tub*,

Tub, wherein it cannot be denied, that he hath been of ſome ſervice to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up ſome difficult paſſages. But it is the frequent error of thoſe men, (otherwiſe very commendable for their labours,) to make excurſions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor give them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby *, would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been ſerviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abſtruſer parts of that diſcourſe. But *optat ephippia bos piger*: The dull, unwieldly, ill-ſhaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horſe, not conſidering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the ſake of ſuperior beings; and that he has neither the ſhape, mettle, nor ſpeed of that noble animal he would affect to perſonate.

It is another pattern of this anſwerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the ſuſpicion upon ſomebody, I know not who, in the country. To which can only be returned, that he is abſolutely miſtaken in all his conjectures; and ſurely conjectures are, at beſt, too light a pretence to allow a man to aſſign

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon claſſic authors for the uſe of ſchool-boys. *Hawkeſ.*

aſſign a name in public. He condemns ... bo and conſequently the author, of whom he is terly ignorant; yet at the ſame time fixes in pr what he thinks a diſadvantageous character u thoſe who never deſerved it. A man who ceives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to to cuffs in broad day with the firſt he meets, lay the laſt night's injury at his door. And t much for this *diſcreet*, *candid*, *pious*, and *ing ous* anſwerer.

How the author came to be without his pers, is a ſtory not proper to be told, and very little uſe, being a private fact, of which reader would believe as little, or as much, as thought good. He had, however, a blo copy by him, which he intended to have wri over with many alterations; and this the p liſhers were well aware of, having put it into bookſeller's preface, that they *apprehended a reptitious copy*, *which was to be altered*, &c. T though not regarded by readers, was a real tru only the ſurreptitious copy was rather that wh was printed; and they made all the haſte t could; which indeed was needleſs, the aut not being at all prepared. But he has been t the bookſeller was in much pain, having give good ſum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy, there were no many chaſms as appear in the book; and ſome of them were left, he knows not. I the publication been truſted to him, he wo

have made ſeveral corrections of paſſages, againſt which nothing hath been ever objected. He would likewiſe have altered a few of thoſe that ſeem with any reaſon to be excepted againſt; but, to deal freely, the greateſt number he ſhould have left untouched, as never ſuſpecting it poſſible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author obſerves, at the end of the book there is a diſcourſe, called, *A Fragment* *; which he more wondered to ſee in print than all the reſt; having been a moſt imperfect ſketch, with the addition of a few looſe hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had deſigned a diſcourſe on ſomewhat the ſame ſubject. He never thought of it afterwards; and it was a ſufficient ſurpriſe to ſee it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and ſcheme he had intended; for it was the ground-work of a much larger diſcourſe, and he was ſorry to obſerve the materials ſo fooliſhly employed.

There is one farther objection made by thoſe who have anſwered this book, as well as by ſome others, That Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curſes. Every reader obſerves, it was neceſſary to know that Peter did ſwear and curſe. The oaths are not printed out, but only ſuppoſed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodeſt ſpeech. A man may laugh at the Popiſh folly of curſing people

* This *Fragment* begins vol. ii. of this edition of the author's works, under *the title of A Diſcourſe concerning the mechanical Operation of the Spirit.*

people to hell, and imagine them ſwearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of theſe the author cannot be accuſed. For the judicious reader will find, that the ſevereſt ſtrokes of ſatire in his book, are levelled againſt the modern cuſtom of employing wit upon thoſe topics; of which there is a remarkable inſtance in ſect. 7. parag. 7. as well as in ſeveral others, though perhaps once or twice expreſſed in too free a manner, excuſeable only for the reaſons already alledged. Some overtures have been made, by a third hand, to the bookſeller, for the author's altering thoſe paſſages which he thought might require it. But it ſeems the bookſeller will not hear of any ſuch thing, being apprehenſive it might ſpoil the ſale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology, without making this one reflection, That as wit is the nobleſt and moſt uſeful gift of human nature, ſo humour is the moſt agreeable; and where theſe two enter far into the compoſition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now the greater part of thoſe, who have no ſhare or taſte of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themſelves bare to the laſhes of both, think the blow is weak, becauſe they are inſenſible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was firſt borrowed from the bullies

bullies in White-Friers, then fell among the footmen, and at laſt retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I ſhould apply it to Sir Iſaac Newton's mathematics. But if this bantering, as they call it, be ſo deſpiſable a thing, whence comes it to paſs they have ſuch a perpetual itch towards it themſelves? To inſtance only in the anſwerer already mentioned: It is grievous to ſee him, in ſome of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggiſh, to tell us of *a cow that pricked up her tail;* and in his anſwer to this diſcourſe, he ſays, *It is all a farce and a ladle;* with other paſſages equally ſhining. One may ſay of theſe *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a ſhame; and they cannot take wiſer counſel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at leaſt not to come till they are ſure they are called.

To conclude: With thoſe allowances above required, this book ſhould be read; after which, the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excuſed in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taſte; and he thinks he is not miſtaken in his accounts, when he ſays, they have been all of his ſide, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wiſe conjectures, is yet very much in the dark: Which circumſtance is no diſagreeable amuſement, either to the public, or himſelf.

The author is informed, that the bookſeller has prevailed on ſeveral gentlemen to write ſome explanatory

explanatory notes; for the goodneſs of which is not to anſwer, having never ſeen any of th nor intending it till they appear in print; w it is not unlikely he may have the pleaſure find twenty meanings, which never entered i his imagination.

June 3. 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was abou year ago, a proſtitute bookſeller hath p liſhed a fooliſh paper, under the name of *N on the Tale of a Tub, with ſome account of the thor;* and, with an inſolence which I ſuppoſ puniſhable by law, hath preſumed to aſſign c tain names. It will be enough for the author aſſure the world, that the writer of that pape utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that fair. The author farther aſſerts, that the wh work is entirely of one hand; which every re er of judgment will eaſily diſcover: The gen man who gave the copy to the bookſeller, b a friend of the author, and uſing no other li ties, beſides that of expunging certain paſſa where now the chaſms appear under the nam *deſiderata.* But if any perſon will prove his cl to three lines in the whole book, let him forth, and tell his name and titles; upon which bookſeller ſhall have orders to prefix them to next edition, and the claimant ſhall from he forward be acknowledged the undiſputed aut

Trea

Treatiſes written by the ſame author, moſt of them mentioned in the following diſcourſes, which will be ſpeedily publiſhed.

A Character of the preſent ſet of *wits* in this iſland.

A panegyrical eſſay upon the number THREE.

A diſſertation upon the principal productions of Grub-ſtreet.

Lectures upon a diſſection of human nature.

A panegyric upon the world.

An analytical diſcourſe upon zeal, *hiſtori-theophyſilogically* conſidered.

A general hiſtory of *ears*.

A modeſt defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages.

A deſcription of the kingdom of *abſurdities*.

A voyage into England, by a perſon of quality in *Terra auſtralis incognita*, tranſlated from the original.

A critical eſſay upon the art of *canting*, philoſophically, and muſically conſidered.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN LORD SOMMERS.

My Lord,

ALTHOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addreſſed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a perſon, beſides, as far as I can obſerve, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our preſent writers; and being wholly free from that ſlavery which bookſellers uſually lie under to the caprices of authors; I think it a wiſe piece of preſumption, to inſcribe theſe papers to your Lordſhip, and to implore your Lordſhip's protection of them. God, and your Lordſhip, know their faults, and their merits: For, as to my own particular, I am altogether a ſtranger to the matter; and though every body elſe ſhould be equally ignorant, I do not fear the ſale of the book, at all the worſe, upon that ſcore. Your Lordſhip's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition: Neither would I deſire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the ſole privilege of dedicating to your Lordſhip.

I ſhould now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordſhip a liſt of your own virtues, and at the ſame time be very unwilling to offend your modeſty; but, chiefly, I ſhould celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and ſmall fortunes,—and give you broad hints, that I mean myſelf. And I was juſt going on, in the uſual method, to peruſe a hundred or two of dedications, and tranſcribe an abſtract, to be applied to your Lordſhip; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of theſe papers, I caſually obſerved, written in large letters, the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain ſome important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ, underſtood Latin; (though I have them often in pay, to tranſlate out of that language.) I was therefore compelled to have recourſe to the curate of our pariſh, who Engliſhed it thus, *Let it be given to the worthieſt.* And his comment was, that the author meant his works ſhould be dedicated to the ſublimeſt genius of the age, for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wiſdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my ſhop) in an alley hard by, ſhewed him the tranſlation, and deſired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean. He told me, after ſome conſideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the deſcription, he thought himſelf to be the perſon aimed at; and, at the ſame time, he very

from thence I went to ſeveral other wits
acquaintance, with no ſmall hazard and
neſs to my perſon, from a prodigious num
dark, winding ſtairs; but found them all
ſame ſtory, both of your Lordſhip and then
Now, your Lordſhip is to underſtand, th
proceeding was not of my own invention
have ſome where heard, it is a maxim
thoſe, to whom every body allows the
place, have an undoubted title to the firſt.

This infallibly convinced me, that your
ſhip was the perſon intended by the author
being very unacquainted in the ſtyle and f
dedications, I employed thoſe wits aforeſ
furniſh me with hints and materials tow
panegyric upon your Lordſhip's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten ſheets
per, filled up on every ſide. They ſwore to n
they had ranſacked whatever could be fo
the characters of Socrates, Ariſtides, Epa

and that theſe authors of mine ſtole and tranſcribed every word from the univerſal report of mankind. So that I look upon myſelf as fifty ſhillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpoſe.

If, by altering the title, I could make the ſame materials ſerve for another dedication, (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loſs: But I have made ſeveral perſons dip here and there in thoſe papers; and before they read three lines, they have all aſſured me plainly, that they cannot poſſibly be applied to any perſon beſides your Lordſhip.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your Lordſhip's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage, in mounting a breach, or ſcaling a wall, or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal deſcent from the houſe of Auſtria; or of your wonderful talent at dreſs and dancing; or your profound knowledge in algebra, metaphyſics, and the oriental tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten ſtory of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wiſdom, and juſtice, and politeneſs, and candour, and evenneſs of temper in all ſcenes of life; of that great diſcernment in diſcovering, and readineſs in favouring, deſerving men; with forty other common topics; I confeſs, I have neither conſcience, nor countenance, to do it: Becauſe there is no virtue, either of a public or a private life, which ſome circumſtances of your own have not often produced upon the ſtage of the world; and thoſe

few, which, for want of occaſions to exert them, might otherwiſe have paſſed unſeen or unobſerved by your *friends*, your *enemies* * have at length brought to light.

It is true, I ſhould be very loth, the bright example of your Lordſhip's virtues ſhould be loſt to after-ages, both for their ſake, and your own; but chiefly becauſe they will be ſo very neceſſary to adorn the hiſtory of a *late reign* †: And that is another reaſon why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; becauſe I have been told by wiſe men, that, as dedications have run for ſome years paſt, a good hiſtorian will not be apt to have recourſe thither, in ſearch of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our meaſures; I mean, inſtead of running on ſo far upon the praiſe of our patron's *liberality*, to ſpend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordſhip's, than by giving you ſo ample an occaſion to exerciſe it at preſent. Though perhaps I ſhall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordſhip upon that ſcore, who having been formerly uſed to tedious

* In 1701, Lord Sommers was impeached by the Commons, who, either finding their proofs defective, or for other reaſons, delayed coming to a trial; and the Lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him. *Hawkeſ.*

† K. William's; whoſe memory he defended in the Houſe of Lords, againſt ſome invidious reflections of the Earl of Nottingham. *Hawkeſ.*

tedious harangues *, and ſometimes to as little purpoſe, will be the readier to pardon this; eſpecially when it is offered by one, who is, with all reſpect and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt faithful ſervant,

The BOOKSELLER.

The BOOKSELLER to the READER.

IT is now ſix years † ſince theſe papers came firſt to my hand, which ſeems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written: For the author tells us, in his preface to the firſt treatiſe, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697; and in ſeveral paſſages of that diſcourſe, as well as the ſecond, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of ſatisfaction. However, I am credibly informed, that

* Sir John Sommers was Attorney-General; then made Lord Keeper of the Seals in 1692, and Lord High Chancellor and Baron of Eveſham in April 1697. *Hawkeſ.*

† The Tale of a Tub was firſt publiſhed in 1704. *Hawkeſ.*

that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is loſt, having lent it to a perſon ſince dead, and being never in poſſeſſion of it after: So that whether the work received his laſt hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a ſecret.

If I ſhould go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became maſter of theſe papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, paſs for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly ſpare both him and myſelf ſo unneceſſary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult queſtion, Why I publiſhed them no ſooner? I forbore upon two accounts: Firſt, becauſe I thought I had better work upon my hands; and, ſecondly, becauſe I was not without ſome hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a ſurreptitious copy †, which a certain great wit had new poliſhed and refined, or, as our preſent writers expreſs themſelves, *fitted to the humour of the age*; as they have already done with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will pleaſe to furniſh me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I ſhall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itſelf.

The

† See p. 200.

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

To His Royal Highneſs

PRINCE POSTERITY.

SIR,

I HERE preſent your Highneſs with the fruits of a very few leiſure-hours, ſtolen from the ſhort intervals of a world of buſineſs, and of an employment quite alien from ſuch amuſements as this; the poor production of that refuſe of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather. For which, and other reaſons, it cannot chuſe extremely to deſerve ſuch a patronage as that of your Highneſs, whoſe numberleſs virtues, in ſo few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes. For altho' your

The citation out of Irenæus in the title-page to the *Tale of a Tub, &c.* which ſeems to be all *gibberiſh*, is a form of initiation uſed antiently by the Marcoſian heretics. *W. Wotton.*

It is the uſual ſtyle of decried writers, to appeal to *Poſterity*; who is here repreſented as a prince in his non-age, and *Time* as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by perſonating other writers, who ſometimes offer ſuch reaſons and excuſes for publiſhing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal, and be aſhamed of.

your Highneſs is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the univerſal learned world already reſolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the loweſt and moſt reſigned ſubmiſſion; fate having decreed you ſole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and moſt accompliſhed age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to ſhock and ſtartle any judge of a genius leſs unlimited than yours. But, in order to prevent ſuch glorious trials, the perſon, it ſeems, to whoſe care the education of your Highneſs is committed, has reſolved (I am told) to keep you in almoſt an univerſal ignorance of our ſtudies, which it is your inherent birth-right to inſpect.

It is amazing to me, that this perſon ſhould have aſſurance, in the face of the ſun, to go about perſuading your Highneſs, that our age is almoſt wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any ſubject. I know very well, that when your Highneſs ſhall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you. And to think that this *Inſolent*, in the account he is preparing for your view, deſigns to reduce them to a number ſo inſignificant as I am aſhamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my ſpleen for the honour and intereſt of our vaſt flouriſhing body, as well as of myſelf, for whom I know, by long experience, he has profeſſed, and ſtill continues a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when your Highneſs will one day peruſe what I am now writing, you may be ready to expoſtulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to ſhew you ſome of our productions. To which he will anſwer, (for I am well informed of his deſigns), by aſking your Highneſs, Where they are? and, What is become of them? and pretend it a demonſtration that there never were any, becauſe they are not then to be found. Not to be found! Who has miſlaid them? Are they ſunk in the abyſs of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were light enough to ſwim upon the ſurface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights ſo heavy to their heels, as to depreſs them to the centre. Is their very eſſence deſtroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who adminiſtered them to the poſteriors of ———? But that it may no longer be a doubt with your Highneſs, who is to be the author of this univerſal ruin, I beſeech you to obſerve that large and terrible ſcythe, which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleaſed to remark the length and ſtrength, the ſharpneſs and hardneſs of his nails and teeth; conſider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect, whether it be poſſible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a ſuitable reſiſtance.

Oh!

Oh! that your Highneſs would one day reſolve to diſarm this uſurping *maitre de palais* * of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page* †.

It were endleſs to recount the ſeveral methods of tyranny and deſtruction which your governor is pleaſed to practiſe on this occaſion. His inveterate malice is ſuch to the writings of our age, that of ſeveral thouſands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the ſun there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy infants! many of them barbarouſly deſtroyed, before they have ſo much as learned their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he ſtifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulſions, whereof they ſuddenly die: Some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb: Great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the reſt, tainted by his breath, die of a languiſhing conſumption.

But the concern I have moſt at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your Highneſs, to be ſubſcribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-ſix of the firſt rate; but whoſe immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each

* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faineans*, [from their doing nothing,] who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was adminiſtered by the *mayor de palais*; till Charles Martel, the laſt mayor, put his maſter to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand. *Hawkeſ.*

† Out of guardianſhip.

each of them is now humble, and an earneſt appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to ſhew for a ſupport to his pretenſions. The never dying works of theſe illuſtrious perſons, your governor, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your Highneſs is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one ſingle poet.

We confeſs Immortality to be a great and powerful goddeſs: But in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our ſacrifices, if your Highneſs's governor, who has uſurped the prieſthood, muſt, by an unparalelled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, ſeems to be an aſſertion ſo bold, and ſo falſe, that I have been ſome time thinking, the contrary may almoſt be proved by uncontroulable demonſtration. It is true indeed, that although their numbers be vaſt, and their productions numerous in proportion; yet are they hurried ſo haſtily off the ſcene, that they eſcape our memory, and elude our ſight. When I firſt thought of this addreſs, I had prepared a copious liſt of titles to preſent your Highneſs, as an undiſputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were poſted freſh upon all gates and corners of ſtreets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and freſh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and book-

ſellers; but I enquired in vain; the *memorial of them was loſt among men, their place was no more to be found:* And I was laughed to ſcorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taſte and refinement, little verſed in the courſe of preſent affairs, and that knew nothing of what had paſſed in the beſt companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your Highneſs, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a taſk too ſlippery for my ſlender abilities. If I ſhould venture in a windy day to affirm to your Highneſs, that there is a large cloud near the *horizon*, in the form of a *bear*; another in the *zenith*, with the head of an *aſs*; a third to the weſtward, with claws like a *dragon*; and your Highneſs ſhould in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and poſition; new ones would ariſe; and all we could agree upon, would be, that clouds there were, but that I was groſsly miſtaken in the *zoography* and *topography* of them.

But your governor perhaps may ſtill inſiſt, and put the queſtion, What is then become of thoſe immenſe bales of paper, which muſt needs have been employed in ſuch numbers of books? Can theſe alſo be wholly annihilate, and ſo of a ſudden, as I pretend? What ſhall I ſay in return of ſo invidious an objection? It ill befits the diſtance between your Highneſs and me, to ſend you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-houſe, or to a ſordid lantern.

ern. Books, like men, their authors, have no nore than one way of coming into the world; ut there are ten thouſand to go out of it, and eturn no more.

I profeſs to your Highneſs, in the integrity of ny heart, that what I am going to ſay is literally rue this minute I am writing. What revolutions nay happen before it ſhall be ready for your perıſal, I can by no means warrant: However, I eg you to accept it as a ſpecimen of our learnng, our politeneſs, and our wit. I do therefore ffirm, upon the word of a ſincere man, that there s now actually in being, a certain poet called ohn Dryden, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil was ately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if liligent ſearch were made, for aught I know, is et to be ſeen. There is another, called Nahum ate, who is ready to make oath, that he has auſed many reams of verſe to be publiſhed, hereof both himſelf and his bookſeller (if lawully required) can ſtill produce authentic copies; nd therefore wonders, why the world is pleaſed o make ſuch a ſecret of it. There is a third, nown by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a aſt comprehenſion, an univerſal genius, and noſt profound learning. There are alſo one Mr Rymer, and one Mr Dennis, moſt profound criics. There is a perſon ſtyled Dr Bentley, who has written near a thouſand pages of immenſe rudition, giving a full and true account of a certain ſquabble of wonderful importance between

himſelf and a bookſeller *. He is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more ſprightly turns. Farther, I avow to your Highneſs, that with theſe eyes I have beheld the perſon of William Wotton, B. D. who has written a good ſizeable volume againſt a friend of your governor †, (from whom, alas! he muſt therefore look for little favour), in a moſt gentlemanly ſtyle, adorned with the utmoſt politeneſs and civility; replete with diſcoveries, equally valuable for their novelty and uſe; and embelliſhed with *traits* of wit, ſo poignant and ſo appoſite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why ſhould I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the juſt elogies of my contemporary brethren? I ſhall bequeath this piece of juſtice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the preſent ſet of wits in our nation. Their perſons I ſhall deſcribe particularly, and at length; their genius and underſtanding, in miniature.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to preſent your Highneſs with a faithful abſtract drawn from the univerſal body of all arts and ſciences, intended wholly for your ſervice and inſtruction.

Nor

* Bentley, in his controverſy with Lord Orrery, upon the genuineneſs of Phalaris's epiſtles, has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookſeller, about the loan and reſtitution of a M S. *Hawkeſ.*

† Sir William Temple.

Nor do I doubt in the leaſt, but your Highneſs will peruſe it as carefully, and make as conſiderble improvements, as other young princes have already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their ſtudies *.

That your Highneſs may advance in wiſdom and virtue, as well as years, and at laſt outſhine all your royal anceſtors, ſhall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

Your Highneſs's

Decr. 1697.

Moſt devoted, &c.

* There were innumerable books printed for the uſe of the Dauphin of France. *Hawkeſ.*

THE PREFACE.

THE wits of the preſent age being ſo very numerous and penetrating, it ſeems the grandees of *church* and *ſtate* begin to fall under horrible appreheníions, leſt theſe gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, ſhould find leiſure to pick holes in the weak ſides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of thoſe formidable inquirers, from canvaſſing and reaſoning upon ſuch delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require ſome time as well as coſt to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increaſing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reaſon to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offenſive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of abſolute neceſſity, that ſome preſent expedient be thought on, till the main deſign can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee, ſome days ago, this important diſcovery was made by a certain curious and refined obſerver, That ſeamen have a cuſtom, when they meet a *whale*, to fling him out an empty *tub*, by way of amuſement, to divert

ert him from laying violent hands upon the ſhip. This parable was immediately mythologiſed. The *whale* was interpreted to be Hobbes's *Leviathan*; which toſſes and plays with all ſchemes of religion nd government, whereof a great many are hol-ow, and dry, and empty, and noiſy, and wooden, nd given to rotation. This is the *Leviathan*, rom whence the terrible wits of our age are ſaid o borrow their weapons. The *ſhip* in danger, s eaſily underſtood to be its old antitype, the *ommonwealth*. But how to analyſe the *tub*, was matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry nd debate, the literal meaning was preſerved: And it was decreed, that, in order to prevent heſe *Leviathans* from toſſing and ſporting with he *commonwealth*, which of itſelf is too apt to *luctuate*, they ſhould be diverted from that game y a *Tale of a Tub*. And my genius being con-ceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the perfor-mance.

This is the ſole deſign in publiſhing the fol-lowing treatiſe; which, I hope, will ſerve for an *interim* of ſome months to employ thoſe unquiet ſpirits, till the perfecting of that great work: Into the ſecret of which, it is reaſonable the courteous reader ſhould have ſome little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thouſand ſeven hun-dred forty and three perſons; which, by modeſt computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the

current

current number of *wits* in this iſland. Theſe are to be diſpoſed into the ſeveral ſchools of this academy, and there purſue thoſe ſtudies to which their genius moſt inclines them. The undertaker himſelf will publiſh his propoſals with all convenient ſpeed; to which I ſhall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at preſent only a few of the principal ſchools. There is, firſt, a large *pæderaſtic* ſchool, with French and Italian maſters: There is, alſo, the *ſpelling* ſchool, *a very ſpacious building*; the ſchool of *looking-glaſſes*; the ſchool of *ſwearing*; the ſchool of *critics*; the ſchool of *ſalivation*; the ſchool of *hobby-horſes*; the ſchool of *poetry*; the ſchool of *tops* *; the ſchool of *ſpleen*; the ſchool of *gaming*; and many others too tedious to recount. No perſon to be admitted member into any of theſe ſchools, without an atteſtation under two ſufficient perſons hands, certifying him to be a *wit*.

But to return: I am ſufficiently inſtructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the *tour* of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatiſe. Not ſo my more ſucceſsful brethren the

* This I think the author ſhould have omitted, it being of the very ſame nature with the *ſchool* of *hobby-horſes*, if one may venture to cenſure one, who is ſo ſevere a cenſurer of others, perhaps with too little diſtinction.

the *moderns*, who will by no means let ſlip a preface or dedication without ſome notable diſtinguiſhing ſtroke to ſurpriſe the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to enſue. Such was that of a moſt ingenious poet, who, ſoliciting his brain for ſomething new, compared himſelf to the *hangman*, and his patron to the *patient*. This was *inſigne, recens, indictum ore alio* *. When I went through that neceſſary and noble courſe of ſtudy †, I had the happineſs to obſerve many ſuch egregious touches; which I ſhall not injure the authors by tranſplanting; becauſe I have remarked, that nothing is ſo very tender as a *modern* piece of wit, and which is very apt to ſuffer ſo much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty *to-day*, or *faſting*, or *in this place*, or *at eight a clock*, or *over a bottle*, or *ſpoke by Mr What d'y'call'm*, or *in a ſummer's morning*; any of the which, by the ſmalleſt tranſpoſal or miſapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, *Wit* has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not ſtray the breadth of an hair, upon peril of being loſt. The *moderns* have artfully fixed this *mercury*, and reduced it to the circumſtances of time, place, and perſon. Such a jeſt there is, that will not paſs out of Covent-garden; and ſuch a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde-park corner. Now,

* *Hor.* Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before.

† Reading prefaces, *&c.*

Now, though it ſometimes tenderly affects me, to conſider, that all the towardly paſſages I ſhall deliver in the following treatiſe will grow quite out of date and reliſh with the firſt ſhifting of the preſent ſcene; yet I muſt needs ſubſcribe to the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe I cannot imagine why we ſhould be at expence to furniſh wit for ſucceeding ages, when the former have made no ſort of proviſion for ours; wherein I ſpeak the ſentiment of the very neweſt, and conſequently the moſt orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely ſolicitous, that every accompliſhed perſon, who has got into the taſte of wit calculated for this preſent month of Auguſt 1697, ſhould deſcend to the very *bottom* of all the *ſublime* throughout this treatiſe; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: Whatever reader deſires to have a thorough comprehenſion of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himſelf into the circumſtances and poſtures of life, that the writer was in upon every important paſſage, as it flowed from his pen; for this will introduce a parity and ſtrict correſpondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to aſſiſt the diligent reader in ſo delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the ſhrewdeſt pieces of this treatiſe were conceived in bed, in a garret. At other times, for a reaſon beſt known to myſelf, I thought fit to ſharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general,

general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long courſe of phyſic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be abſolutely impoſſible for the candid peruſer to go along with me in a great many bright paſſages, unleſs, upon the ſeveral difficulties emergent, he will pleaſe to capacitate and prepare himſelf by theſe directions. And this I lay down as my principal *poſtulatum*.

Becauſe I have profeſſed to be a moſt devoted ſervant of all *modern* forms, I apprehend ſome curious *wit* may object againſt me for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the cuſtom, againſt the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers moſt reaſonably complain. I am juſt come from peruſing ſome hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning addreſs the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of theſe I have preſerved a few examples, and ſhall ſet them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus:

For a man to ſet up for a writer, when the preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another:

The tax upon paper does not leſſen the number of ſcribblers, who daily peſter, &c.

Another:

When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the liſts, &c.

Another:

Another:

To obſerve what traſh the preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another:

Sir, *It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public; for who, upon a leſs conſideration, would be of a party with ſuch a rabble of ſcribblers?* &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence againſt this objection. Firſt, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuiſance to our nation, having ſtrenuouſly maintained the contrary in ſeveral parts of the following diſcourſe. Secondly, I do not well underſtand the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe I obſerve many of theſe polite prefaces to be not only from the ſame hand, but from thoſe who are moſt voluminous in their ſeveral productions. Upon which I ſhall tell the reader a ſhort tale.

A mountebank, in Leiceſter-fields, had drawn a huge aſſembly about him. Among the reſt, a fat unwieldy fellow, half ſtifled in the preſs, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy croud is here? Pray, good people, give way a little. Bleſs me! what a devil has raked this rabble together! Z——ds, what ſqueezing is this! Honeſt friend, remove your elbow. At laſt, a *weaver*, that ſtood next him, could hold no longer: A plague confound you *(ſaid he)* for an overgrown ſloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the croud half ſo much as yourſelf? Don't you conſider, with a

pox, that you take up more room with that carcaſe than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reaſonable compaſs, and be d—n'd; and then I'll engage we ſhall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reaſon to doubt; particularly, that, where I am not underſtood, it ſhall be concluded, that ſomething very uſeful and profound is couched underneath; and again, that whatever word or ſentence is printed in a different character, ſhall be judged to contain ſomething extraordinary, either of *wit*, or *ſublime*.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praiſing myſelf, upon ſome occaſions or none; I am ſure it will need no excuſe, if a multitude of great examples be allowed ſufficient authority. For it is here to be noted, that *praiſe* was originally a penſion paid by the world: But the *moderns*, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *fee-ſimple*; ſince which time, the right of preſentation is wholly in ourſelves. For this reaſon it is, that when an author makes his own elogy, he uſes a certain form to declare and inſiſt upon his title, which is commonly in theſe or the like words, *I ſpeak without vanity*: Which I think plainly ſhews it to be a matter of right and juſtice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature, through the following

treatiſe, the form aforeſaid is implied; which I mention, to ſave the trouble of repeating it on ſo many occaſions.

It is a great eaſe to my conſcience, that I have written ſo elaborate and uſeful a diſcourſe, without one grain of ſatire intermixed; which is the ſole point wherein I have taken leave to diſſent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have obſerved ſome ſatiriſts, to uſe the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy ready horſed for diſcipline: Firſt, expoſtulate the caſe, then plead the neceſſity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a laſh. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, theſe gentlemen might very well ſpare their reproof and correction: For there is not, through all nature, another ſo callous and inſenſible a member as the *world's poſteriors*, whether you apply to it the *toe* or the *birch*. Beſides, moſt of our late ſatiriſts ſeem to lie under a ſort of miſtake, that becauſe *nettles* have the prerogative to ſting, therefore all *other weeds* muſt do ſo too. I make not this compariſon out of the leaſt deſign to detract from theſe worthy writers: For it is well known among *mythologiſts*, that *weeds* have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the firſt *monarch* of this iſland, whoſe taſte and judgment were ſo acute and refined, did very wiſely root the *roſes* from the collar of the *order*, and plant the *thiſtles* in their ſtead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which

which reaſon it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the ſatirical itch, ſo prevalent in this part of our iſland, was firſt brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flouriſh and abound. May it ſurvive, and neglect the ſcorn of the world, with as much eaſe and contempt as the world is inſenſible to the laſhes of it. May their own dulneſs, or that of their party, be no diſcouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *wits* as with razors, which are never ſo apt to *cut* thoſe they are employed on, as when they have *loſt their edge*. Beſides, thoſe whoſe teeth are too rotten to bite, are beſt of all others qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reaſon, I muſt needs bear a true honour to this large eminent ſect of our Britiſh writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offenſive to their ears, ſince it has the advantage of being only deſigned for themſelves. Indeed, Nature herſelf has taken order, that fame and honour ſhould be purchaſed at a better pennyworth by ſatire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being ſooneſt provoked to praiſe by *laſhes*, as men are to *love*. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon ſtale muſty topics, without the ſmalleſt tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauſeating of the

Chriſtian reader, but, if not ſuddenly pre
to the univerſal ſpreading of that peſtilent
the lethargy, in this iſland: Whereas t
very little ſatire, which has not ſomethi
untouched before. The defects of the
are uſually imputed to the want of inve
mong thoſe who are dealers in that kin
I think, with a great deal of injuſtice; th
on being eaſy and natural. For the mat
panegyric, being very few in number, ha
long ſince exhauſted. For as health is
thing, and has been always the ſame; v
diſeaſes are by thouſands, beſides new an
additions: So all the virtues that have be
in mankind, are to be counted upon a f
gers; but his follies and vices are innun
and time adds hourly to the heap. Nc
utmoſt a poor poet can do, is to get by hea
of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with
moſt liberality to his hero or his patron. I
ring the changes as far as it will go, and v
phraſe till he has talked round: But the
quickly finds it is all *pork**, with a little
of ſauce. For there is no inventing terms
beyond our ideas; and when our ideas a
hauſted, terms of art muſt be ſo too.

But though the matter for panegyric v
fruitful as the topics of ſatire, yet would
be hard to find out a ſufficient reaſon, w
latter will be always better received than th

* Plutarch.

For this being beſtowed only upon one or a few perſons at a time, is ſure to raiſe envy, and conſequently ill words, from the reſt, who have no ſhare in the bleſſing. But ſatire, being levelled at all, is never reſented for an offence by any; ſince every individual perſon makes bold to underſtand it of others, and very wiſely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the ſhoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpoſe, I have ſometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with reſpect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth *, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet, to rail aloud, and in public; or to expoſe upon the ſtage by name, any perſon they pleaſed, though of the greateſt figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demoſthenes. But, on the other ſide, the leaſt reflecting word let fall againſt the *people* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however conſiderable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is juſt the reverſe of all this. Here, you may ſecurely diſplay your utmoſt *rhetoric* againſt mankind, in the face of the world: Tell them, *That all are gone aſtray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheiſm are epidemic as the pox; that honeſty is fled with Aſtræa;* with any other common places, *equally*

* *Vid. Xenoph.*

new and eloquent, which are furniſhed by the *ſplendida bilis* *. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, ſhall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and uſeful truths. Nay farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-garden againſt foppery and fornication, and *ſomething elſe*; againſt pride, and diſſimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall: You may expoſe rapine and injuſtice in the *inns* of *court* chapel; and in a *city*-pulpit, be as fierce as you pleaſe againſt avarice, hypocriſy, and extortion. It is but a *ball* bandied to and fro; and every man carries a *racket* about him, to ſtrike it from himſelf among the reſt of the company. But, on the other ſide, whoever ſhould miſtake the nature of things, ſo far as to drop but a ſingle hint in public, how *ſuch a one* ſtarved half the fleet, and half-poiſoned the reſt; how *ſuch a one*, from a true principle of *love* and *honour*, pays no debts but for *wenches* and *play*; how *ſuch a one* has got a clap, and runs out of his eſtate; how *Paris*, bribed by Juno and Venus †, loth to offend either party, ſlept out the whole cauſe on the bench; or, how *ſuch an orator* makes long ſpeeches in the ſenate with much thought, little ſenſe, and to no purpoſe: Whoever, I ſay, ſhould venture to be thus particular, muſt expect to be impriſoned

* *Hor.* Spleen.

† Juno and Venus, are money and a miſtreſs; very powerful bribes to a judge, if ſcandal ſays true. I remember ſuch reflections were caſt about that time, but I cannot fix the perſon intended here.

impriſoned for *ſcandalum magnatum*; to have *challenges* ſent him; to be ſued for *defamation*; and to be *brought before the bar of the houſe*.

But I forgot that I am expatiating on a ſubject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for ſatire. On the other ſide, I am ſo entirely ſatisfied with the whole preſent procedure of human things, that I have been ſome years preparing materials towards *A panegyric upon the world*, to which I intended to add a ſecond part, intituled, *A modeſt defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages*. Both theſe I had thoughts to publiſh, by way of appendix to the following treatiſe; but, finding my common-place book fill much ſlower than I had reaſon to expect, I have choſen to defer them to another occaſion. Beſides, I have been unhappily prevented in that deſign, by a certain domeſtic misfortune: In the particulars whereof, though it would be very ſeaſonable, and much in the *modern* way, to inform the *gentle reader*, and would alſo be of great aſſiſtance towards extending this preface into the ſize now in vogue, which by rule ought to be *large*, in proportion as the ſubſequent volume is *ſmall*; yet I ſhall now diſmiſs our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the *porch*; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary diſcourſe, ſhall gladly introduce him to the ſublime myſteries that enſue.

A TALE OF A TUB.*

SECT. I.

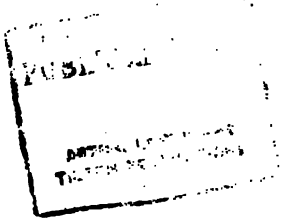
THE INTRODUCTION.†

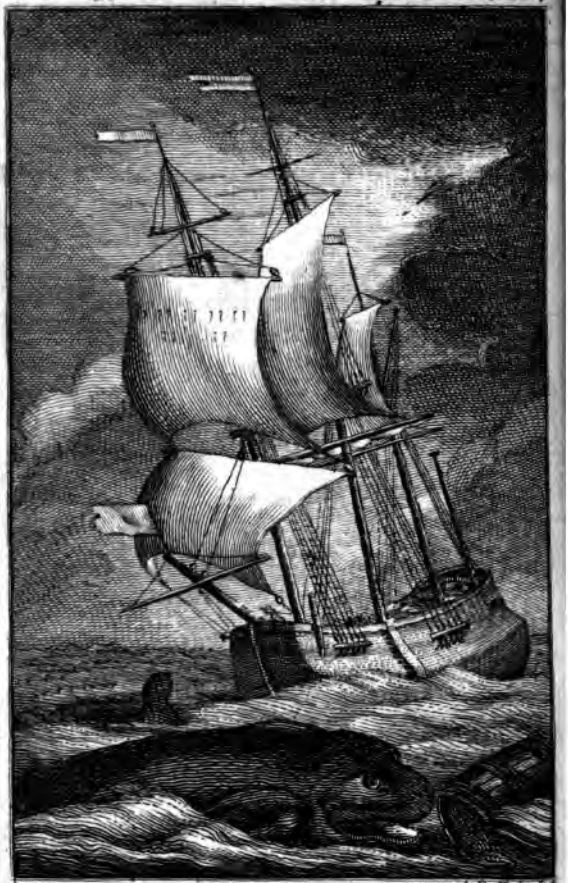
WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a crowd, muſt preſs, and ſqueeze, and thruſt, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himſelf to a certain degree of altitude

* The *Tale of a Tub* has made much noiſe in the world. It was one of Swift's earlieſt performances, and has never been excelled in wit and ſpirit by his own, or any other pen. The cenſures that have paſſed upon it are various. The moſt material of which, were ſuch as reflected upon Dr Swift, in the character of a clergyman, and a Chriſtian. It has been one of the misfortunes attending Chriſtianity, that many of her ſons, from a miſtaken filial piety, have indulged themſelves in too reſtrained and too melancholy a way of thinking. Can we wonder then, if a book, compoſed with all the force of wit and humour, in deriſion of ſacerdotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocriſy, and in contempt of flegmatic ſtiffneſs, ſhould be wilfully miſconſtrued by ſome perſons, and ignorantly miſtaken by others, as a ſarcaſm and reflection upon the whole Chriſtian church? Swift's ungovernable ſpirit of irony has ſometimes carried him into very unwarrantable flights of wit. In the ſtyle of truth, I muſt look upon the *Tale of a Tub*, as no *intended* inſult againſt Chriſtianity, but as a ſatire againſt the wild errors of the church of Rome, the ſlow and incomplete reformation of the Lutherans, and the abſurd and affected zeal of the Preſbyterians. *Orrery.*

† The *Introduction* abounds with wit and humour. But the author never loſes the leaſt opportunity of venting his keeneſt

ſatire





A. Bell Sculp.

altitude above them. Now, in all aſſemblies, though you wedge them ever ſo cloſe, we may obſerve this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it, is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of *number*, as of *hell*:

———*evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt *.

To this end, the philoſopher's way, in all ages, has been by erecting certain *edifices in the air*. But, whatever practice and reputation theſe kinds of ſtructures have formerly poſſeſſed, or may ſtill continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when

ſatire againſt Mr Dryden, and conſequently, loads with inſults, the greateſt, although the leaſt proſperous, of our Engliſh poets. Yet who can avoid ſmiling, when he finds the *Hind and Panther*, as a *complete abſtract of ſixteen thouſand ſchoolmen*, and when *Tommy Pots* is ſuppoſed written by *the ſame hand*, as *a ſupplement to the former work?* I am willing to imagine, that Dryden, in ſome manner or other, had offended Swift, who, otherwiſe, I hope, would have been more indulgent to the errors of a man oppreſſed by poverty, driven on by party, and bewildered by religion.—But although our ſatirical author, now and then, may have indulged himſelf in ſome perſonal animoſities, or may have taken freedoms not ſo perfectly conſiſtent with that ſolemn decency which is required from a clergyman; yet, throughout the whole piece, there is a vein of ridicule and good humour, that laughs pedantry and affectation into the loweſt degree of contempt, and expoſes the character of *Peter* and *Jack* in ſuch a manner, as never will be forgiven, and never can be anſwered. *Orrery.*

* But to return, and view the cheerful ſkies;
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.

when he was ſuſpended in a baſket to help contemplation; I think, with due ſubmiſſion, they ſeem to labour under two inconveniences. *Firſt*, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *ſight*, and ever out of *hearing*. *Secondly*, That the materials, being very tranſitory, have ſuffered much from inclemencies of air, eſpecially in theſe north-weſt regions.

Therefore, towards the juſt performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wiſdom of our anceſtors being highly ſenſible, has, to encourage all aſpiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the uſe of thoſe orators, who deſire to talk much without interruption. Theſe are, the *pulpit*, the *ladder*, and the *ſtage itinerant*. For, as to the *bar*, though it be compounded of the ſame matter, and deſigned for the ſame uſe, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of the fourth, by reaſon of its level or inferior ſituation, expoſing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the *bench* itſelf, though raiſed to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates inſiſt on. For, if they pleaſe to look into the original deſign of its erection, and the circumſtances or adjuncts ſubſervient to that deſign, they will ſoon acknowledge the preſent practice exactly correſpondent to the primitive inſtitution; and both to anſwer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great ſignification, importing,

importing, if literally interpreted, the *place of sleep*; but in common acceptation, *a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: Senes ut in otia tuta recedant:* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long *talked*, whilst others *slept*, so now they may *sleep* as long, whilst others *talk*.

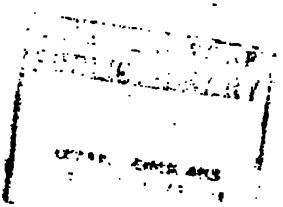
But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the *bench* and the *bar* from the list of oratorial machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every *genus* and *species*, within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the *senses* and the *elements* under its banner, but

but brought over ſeveral deſerters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now, the firſt of theſe oratorial machines in place, as well as in dignity, is the *pulpit*. Of *pulpits* there are in this iſland ſeveral ſorts; but I eſteem only that made of timber from the *ſylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better, both for conveyance of ſound, and for other reaſons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in ſhape and ſize, I take to conſiſt in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and beſt of all without a cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered *veſſel* in every aſſembly, where it is rightfully uſed); by which means, from its near reſemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of *ladders* I need ſay nothing. It is obſerved by foreigners themſelves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and underſtanding of this machine. The aſcending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the *early* publication of their ſpeeches; which I look upon as the choiceſt treaſury of our Britiſh eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookſeller, Mr John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he ſhortly deſigns to publiſh in twelve volumes in folio, illuſtrated with copper-plates: A work highly uſeful and curious, and altogether worthy of ſuch a hand.

A. Bell Sculp.



The laſt engine of orators is the *ſtage-itinerant* *, erected with much ſagacity, *ſub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis* †. It is the great ſeminary of the two former, and its orators are ſometimes preferred to the one, and ſometimes to the other, in proportion to their deſervings, there being a ſtrict and perpetual intercourſe between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifeſt, that for obtaining attention in public, there is of neceſſity required a *ſuperior poſition of place*. But though this point be generally granted, yet the muſe is little agreed in; and it ſeems to me, that very few philoſophers have fallen into a true, natural ſolution of this *phænomenon*. The deepeſt account, and the moſt fairly digeſted of any I have yet met with, is this, That air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the ſyſtem of Epicurus ‡, continually deſcending, muſt needs be more ſo, when loaden and preſſed down by words; which are alſo bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifeſt from thoſe deep *impreſſions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore muſt be delivered from a due altitude, or elſe they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a ſufficient force.

* Is the *mountebank's ſtage*, whoſe orators the author determines either to the *gallows* or a *conventicle*.

† In the open air, and in ſtreets where the greateſt reſort is.

‡ Lucret. lib. 2.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem conſtare fatendum eſt,
Et ſolidam, quoniam poſſunt impellere ſenſus *.
Lucr. lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common obſervation, that, in the ſeveral aſſemblies of theſe orators, nature itſelf hath inſtructed the hearers to ſtand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, ſo as they may be interſected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which poſition, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a ſhare, and little or nothing is loſt.

I confeſs, there is ſomething yet more refined in the contrivance and ſtructure of our modern theatres. For, firſt, the pit is ſunk below the ſtage, with due regard to the inſtitution above deduced; that whatever *weighty* matter ſhall be delivered thence, whether it be *lead* or *gold*, may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, as I think they are called, which ſtand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raiſed to a level with the ſcene, in deference to the ladies; becauſe that large portion of wit, laid out in raiſing pruriences and protuberances, is obſerved to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining paſſions, and little ſtarved conceits, are gently wafted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region; and

* 'Tis certain then, that *voice*, that thus can wound,
'Is all *material*; *body* every *ſound*.

and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombaſtry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, ſoar higheſt of all; and would be loſt in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foreſight contrived for them a fourth place, called *the twelve-penny gallery*, and there planted a ſuitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their paſſage.

Now, this phyſico-logical ſcheme of oratorial receptacles or machines, contains a great myſtery; being a type, a ſign, an emblem, a ſhadow, a ſymbol, bearing analogy to the ſpacious commonwealth of writers, and to thoſe methods by which they muſt exalt themſelves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the *pulpit* are adumbrated the writings of our *modern ſaints* in Great Britain, as they have ſpiritualiſed and refined them from the droſs and groſſneſs of *ſenſe* and *human reaſon*. The matter, as we have ſaid, is of rotten wood; and that upon two conſiderations; becauſe it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: And, ſecondly, becauſe its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles *, having a reſpect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The *ladder* is an adequate ſymbol of *faction*, and of *poetry*; to both of which ſo noble a num-

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher, are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt, or worm-eaten.

ber of authors are indebted for their fame. Of *fiction* *, becauſe * * *

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the *Grub-ſtreet* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two *junior* ſtart-up ſocieties, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their eſtabliſhed poſt in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own conſciences will eaſily inform them whom I mean. Nor has the world been ſo negligent a looker on, as not to obſerve the continual efforts made by the ſocieties of Greſham *, and of Will's †, to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderneſs as well as of juſtice, when we reflect on their proceedings, not only as unjuſt, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world, or themſelves, to ſay nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are ſeminaries, not only of our *planting*, but our *watering* too? I am informed, our two *rivals* have lately made an offer to enter into the liſts with united forces, and challenge us to a compariſon of books, both as to *weight* and *number*. In return to which, with licence from our *preſident*, I humbly offer

* Greſham college was the place where the Royal ſociety then met, from whence they removed to Crane-court in Fleet-ſtreet.

† Will's *coffee-houſe* in Covent-garden, was formerly the place where the poets uſually met; which, though it be yet freſh in memory, in ſome years may be forgotten, and want this explanation.

two anſwers. Firſt, we ſay, the propoſal is like that which Archimedes made upon a *ſmaller* affair *, including an impoſſibility in the practice; for where can they find ſcales of *capacity* enough for the firſt, or an arithmetician of *capacity* enough for the ſecond? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent perſon be aſſigned, to whoſe impartial judgment it ſhould be left to decide, which ſociety each book, treatiſe, or pamphlet, do moſt properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at preſent; for we are ready to produce a catalogue of ſome thouſands, which, in all common juſtice, ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers moſt perfidiouſly aſcribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination ſhould be remitted to the authors themſelves; when our adverſaries, by briguing and caballing, have cauſed ſo univerſal a defection from us, that the greateſt part of our ſociety hath already deſerted to them, and our neareſt friends begin to ſtand aloof, as if they were half-aſhamed to own us.

This is the utmoſt I am authoriſed to ſay, upon ſo ungrateful and melancholy a ſubject; becauſe we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controverſy, whoſe continuance may be ſo fatal to the intereſts of us all; deſiring much rather that things be amicably

* *Viz.* About moving the earth.

amicably compoſed: and we ſhall ſo far advance on our ſide, as to be ready to receive the two *prodigals* with open arms, whenever they ſhall think fit to return from their *huſks* and their *harlots*; which, I think, from the preſent courſe of their ſtudies *, they moſt properly may be ſaid to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our bleſſing.

But the greateſt maim given to that general reception which the writings of our ſociety have formerly received, (next to the tranſitory ſtate of all ſublunary things), hath been a ſuperficial vein among many readers of the preſent age, who will by no means be perſuaded to inſpect beyond the ſurface and the rind of things: Whereas, *wiſdom* is a *fox*, who, after long hunting, will at laſt coſt you the pains to dig out: It is a *cheeſe*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarſer coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the *maggots* are the beſt: It is a *ſack-poſſet*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the ſweeter. *Wiſdom* is a *hen*, whoſe *cackling* we muſt value and conſider, becauſe it is attended with an *egg*. But then, laſtly, it is a *nut*, which, unleſs you chuſe with judgment, may coſt you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *worm*. In conſequence of theſe momentous truths, the Grubæan ſages have always choſen to convey their precepts and their arts, ſhut up within the vehicles of types and fables;

* Virtuoſo experiments, and modern comedies.

fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether neceſſary, it has fared with theſe vehicles, after the uſual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the tranſitory gazers have ſo dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward luſtre, as neither to regard or conſider the perſon or the parts of the owner within: A misfortune we undergo with ſomewhat leſs reluctancy, becauſe it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æſop, Socrates, and other of our predeceſſors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourſelves, may any longer ſuffer by ſuch miſunderſtandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious diſſertation upon the prime productions of our ſociety; which, beſides their beautiful externals for the gratification of ſuperficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the moſt finiſhed and refined ſyſtems of all ſciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwiſting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or diſplay by inciſion.

This great work was entered upon ſome years ago, by one of our moſt eminent members. He began with the hiſtory of Reynard the *fox**; but neither

* The author ſeems here to be miſtaken; for I have ſeen a Latin edition of Reynard the fox, above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the reſt, it has been thought, by many people, to contain ſome ſatirical deſign in it.

neither lived to publiſh his eſſay, nor to proceed farther in ſo uſeful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, becauſe the diſcovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now univerſally received: Nor do I think, any of the learned will diſpute that famous treatiſe to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the *revelation*, or rather the *apocalypſe* of all ſtate *arcana*. But the progreſs I have made is much greater, having already finiſhed my annotations upon ſeveral dozens; from ſome of which I ſhall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be neceſſary to the concluſion at which I aim.

The firſt piece I have handled, is that of *Tom Thumb*, whoſe author was a Pythagorean philoſopher. This dark treatiſe contains the whole ſcheme of the *metempſychoſis*, deducing the progreſs of the ſoul through all her ſtages.

The next is Dr Fauſtus, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*. He publiſhed it in the nine-hundredth-eighty-fourth year of his age *. This writer proceeds wholly by *reincrudation*, or in the *via humida*: And the marriage between Fauſtus and Helen does moſt conſpicuouſly dilucidate the fermenting of the *male* and *female dragon*.

Whittington and his cat is the work of that myſterious *Rabbi*, Jehuda Hannaſi; containing a defence

* The chymiſts ſay of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thouſand years, and then died voluntarily. *Hawkeſ.*

defence of the *Gemara* of the *Jeruſalem Miſna* *, and its juſt preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The *Hind and Panther.* This is the maſterpiece of a famous writer now living †, intended for a complete abſtract of ſixteen thouſand ſchoolmen, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots. Another piece ſuppoſed by the ſame hand, by way of ſupplement to the former.

The *wiſe men of Goatham, cum appendice.* This is a treatiſe of immenſe erudition; being the great original and fountain of thoſe arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a juſt defence of the *moderns* learning and wit, againſt the preſumption, the pride, and ignorance of the *ancients.* This unknown author hath ſo exhauſted the ſubject, that a penetrating reader will eaſily diſcover whatever hath been written ſince upon that diſpute, to be little more than repetition. An abſtract of this treatiſe hath been lately publiſhed, by a *worthy member* of our ſociety ‡.

Theſe notices may ſerve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taſte, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumſcribed my thoughts and my

* The *Gemara* is the deciſion, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewiſh rabbies; and the *Miſna* is properly the code or body of the Jewiſh civil, or common law. *Hawkeſ.*

† *Viz.* in 1698.

‡ This I ſuppoſe to be underſtood of Mr Wotton's diſcourſe of antient and modern learning.

my ſtudies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, ſhall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life *. This indeed is more than I can juſtly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the ſervice of the ſtate, in *pro's* and *con's*, upon *Popiſh plots*, and *meal-tubs* †, and *excluſion-bills*, and *paſſive obedience*, and *addreſſes of lives and fortunes*; and *prerogative*, and *property*, and *liberty of conſcience*, and *letters to a friend*: From an underſtanding and a conſcience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the oppoſite factions; and from a body ſpent with poxes ill cured, by truſting to bawds and ſurgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were profeſſed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my noſe and ſhins. Fourſcore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the ſervice of ſix and thirty factions. But, finding the ſtate has no farther occaſion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into ſpeculations more becoming a philoſopher; having, to my unſpeakable comfort, paſſed a long life with a conſcience void of offence.

But

* Here the author ſeems to perſonate L'Eſtrange, Dryden, and ſome others, who, after having paſſed their lives in vices, faction, and falſehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and ſufferings.

† In King Charles II.'s time, there was an account of a *Preſbyterian* plot, found in a tub, which then made much noiſe.

But to return: I am aſſured from the reader's candour, that the brief ſpecimen I have given, will eaſily clear all the reſt of our ſociety's productions from an aſperſion grown, as it is manifeſt, out of envy and ignorance, That they are of little farther uſe or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their ſtyle; for theſe I am ſure have never yet been diſputed by our keeneſt adverſaries: In both which, as well as the more profound and myſtical part, I have throughout this treatiſe cloſely followed the moſt applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, ſo ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I deſign it ſhall paſs in the common converſations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to *our* ſociety.

I confeſs to have been ſomewhat liberal in the buſineſs of titles †, having obſerved the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it ſeems not unreaſonable, that books, the children of the brain, ſhould have the honour to be chriſtened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce alſo a multiplicity of *god-*

† The title-page, in the original, was ſo torn, that it was not poſſible to recover ſeveral titles, which the author here ſpeaks of.

fathers *; which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, ſo as to grow by this time into general imitation, when ſuch an authority ſerves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to ſecond ſo uſeful an example: But it ſeems, there is an unhappy expence uſually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reaſonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to ſplit my treatiſe into forty ſections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to ſtand, they all made it a matter of conſcience, and ſent me their excuſes.

* See Virgil tranſlated, &c. He dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons.

SECT. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three ſons by one wife *, and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldeſt. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, ſpoke thus:

Sons, *Becauſe I have purchaſed no eſtate, nor was born to any, I have long conſidered of ſome good legacies to bequeath you; and at laſt, with much care as well as expence, have provided each of you,* (here they are) *a new coat* †. *Now, you are to underſtand, that theſe coats have two virtues contained in them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will laſt you freſh and ſound as long as you live. The other*

* By theſe three ſons, Peter, Martin, and Jack; Popery, the Church of England, and our Proteſtant Diſſenters, are deſigned. *W. Wotton.*

In the character of Peter, we ſee the Pope, ſeated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of Martin, we view Luther, and the firſt *reformers*. And in the deſcription of Jack, we behold John Calvin and his diſciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed againſt Peter and Jack. To Martin he ſhews all the indulgence that the laws of allegory will permit. *Orrery.*

† By his coats, which he gave his ſons, the garment of the Iſraelites. *W. Wotton.*

An error (with ſubmiſſion) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of *Chriſtianity*, by the wiſdom of the divine founder, fitted to all times, places, and circumſtances. *Lambin.*

other is, that they will grow in the ſame proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themſelves, ſo as to be always fit. Here, let me ſee them on you before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and bruſh them often. You will find in my will† (here it is) *full inſtructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you muſt be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every tranſgreſſion or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have alſo commanded in my will, that you ſhould live together, in one houſe, like brethren and friends; for then you will be ſure to thrive, and not otherwiſe.*

Here, the ſtory ſays, this good father died, and the three ſons went altogether to ſeek their fortunes.

I ſhall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met with for the firſt ſeven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully obſerved their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through ſeveral countries, encountered a reaſonable quantity of giants, and ſlew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themſelves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies; but eſpecially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Ducheſs d'Argent, Madame de Grands

† *The New Teſtament.*

Titres, and the Counteſs d' Orgueil *. On their firſt appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and ſoon with great ſagacity gueſſing out the reaſon, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and ſung, and ſaid, and ſaid nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and ſlept, and ſwore, and took ſnuff; they went to new plays on the firſt night, haunted the chocolate-houſes, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with ſhopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fidlars down ſtairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never ſaw; whiſpered a ducheſs, and ſpoke never a word; expoſed the ſcrawls of their laundreſs for billetdoux of quality; came ever juſt from court, and were never ſeen in it; attended the levee *ſub dio*; got a liſt of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they conſtantly attended thoſe committees of ſenators, who are ſilent in the *houſe*, and loud in the *coffeehouſe*; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics; and are

* Their miſtreſſes are, the Ducheſs d'Argent, Mademoiſelle de Grands Titres, and the Counteſs d'Orgueil; *i. e.* covetouſneſs, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the antient fathers inveighed againſt, as the firſt corruptions of Chriſtianity. *W. Wotton.*

are encompaſſed with a ring of diſciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like ſtamp, too tedious to recount; and, by conſequence, were juſtly reckoned the moſt accompliſhed perſons in the town. But all would not ſuffice, and the ladies aforeſaid continued ſtill inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I muſt, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourſe to ſome points of weight, which the authors of that age have not ſufficiently illuſtrated.

For about this time it happened, a ſect aroſe, whoſe tenets obtained and ſpread very far, eſpecially in the *grand monde*, aud among every body of good faſhion *. They worſhipped a ſort of *idol* †, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol* they placed in the higheſt parts of the houſe, on an altar erected about three foot. He was ſhewn in the poſture of a Perſian Emperor, ſitting on a *ſuperficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *gooſe* for his enſign; whence it is, that ſome learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinos. At his left hand, beneath the altar, *hell* ſeemed to open, and catch at the animals the *idol* was creating: To prevent which, certain of his prieſts hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed maſs or

* This is an occaſional ſatire upon dreſs and faſhion, in order to introdnce what follows.

† By this *idol* is meant a tailor.

ſubſtance, and ſometimes whole limbs already enlivened; which that horrid gulph inſatiably ſwallowed, terrible to behold. The *gooſe* was alſo held a ſubaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*; before whoſe ſhrine was ſacrificed that creature, whoſe hourly food is human gore, and who is in ſo great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian Cercopithecus *. Millions of theſe animals were cruelly ſlaughtered every day, to appeaſe the hunger of that conſuming deity. The chief *idol* was alſo worſhipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*; whether as the god of ſeamen, or on account of certain other myſtical attributes, hath not been ſufficiently cleared.

The worſhippers of this deity had alſo a ſyſtem of their belief, which ſeemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the univerſe to be a large *ſuit of cloaths*, which *inveſts* every thing: That the earth is *inveſted* by the air; the air is *inveſted* by the ſtars; and the ſtars are *inveſted* by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and faſhionable *dreſs*. What is that which ſome call *land*, but a fine coat faced with green? or the *ſea*, but a waiſtcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious *journeyman* Nature hath been,

* The Ægyptians worſhipped a monkey; which animal is very fond of eating lice, ſtyled here creatures that feed on human gore.

been, to trim up the vegetable beaux: Obſerve how ſparkiſh a periwig adorns the head of a *beech*, and what a fine doublet of white ſattin is worn by the *birch*. To conclude from all, what is man himſelf but a *micro-coat* *; or rather a complete ſuit of cloaths, with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no diſpute. But examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furniſhing out an exact dreſs. To inſtance no more; is not religion a *cloak*; honeſty a *pair of ſhoes*, worn out in the dirt; ſelf-love a *ſurtout*; vanity a *ſhirt*; and conſcience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdneſs as well as naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for the ſervice of both?

Theſe *poſtulata* being admitted, it will follow in due courſe of reaſoning, that thoſe beings, which the world calls improperly *ſuits of cloaths*, are in reality the moſt refined ſpecies of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifeſt, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty and wit, and mein, and breeding, their inſeparable properties? In ſhort, we ſee nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the ſtreets, fill up *parliament*——, *coffee*——, *play*——, *bawdy houſes?* It is true indeed, that theſe animals, which are vulgarly called *ſuits of cloaths*,

* Alluding to the word *microcoſm*, or a little world, as man hath been called by philoſophers.

cloaths, or *dreſſes*, do, according to certain compoſitions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horſe, it is called a *Lord Mayor*; if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain poſition, we ſtyle them a *Judge*; and ſo, an apt conjunction of lawn and black ſattin, we intitle a *Biſhop*.

Others of theſe profeſſors, though agreeing in the main ſyſtem, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two *dreſſes*, the *natural* and the *celeſtial ſuit*; which were the body and the ſoul; that the ſoul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfuſion. This laſt they proved by *ſcripture*; becauſe *in them we live, and move, and have our being*: As likewiſe by philoſophy; becauſe they are *all in all, and all in every part*. Beſides, ſaid they, ſeparate theſe two, and you will find the body to be only a ſenſeleſs unſavoury carcaſe. By all which it is manifeſt, that the outward dreſs muſt needs be the ſoul.

To this ſyſtem of religion were tagged ſeveral ſubaltern doctrines *, which were entertained with

* The firſt part of the *tale*, is the hiſtory of Peter. Thereby Popery is expoſed. Every body knows, the Papiſts have made great additions to Chriſtianity; that indeed is the great exception which the *Church of* England makes againſt them: Accordingly, Peter begins his pranks with adding a *ſhoulder-knot* to his coat. *W. Wotton.*

The

with great vogue; as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner. *Embroidery* was *ſheer wit; gold fringe* was *agreeable converſation; gold lace* was *repartee;* a huge long *periwig* was *humour;* and a *coat full of powder* was very good *raillery:* All which required abundance of *fineſſe* and *delicateſſe* to manage with advantage, as well as a ſtrict obſervance after times and faſhions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of antient authors, this ſhort ſummary of a body of philoſophy and divinity; which ſeems to have been compoſed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other ſyſtems, either *ancient* or *modern.* And it was not merely to entertain or ſatisfy the reader's curioſity, but rather to give him light into ſeveral circumſtances of the following ſtory; that, knowing the ſtate of diſpoſitions and opinions in an age ſo remote, he may better comprehend thoſe great events which were the iſſue of them. I adviſe therefore the

The actions of Peter, are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, and ſelf-conceit. Theſe paſſions are placed in the moſt ridiculous light: and the effects of them produce to us the tenets and doctrines of papal Rome, ſuch as purgatory, penance, images, indulgences, auricular confeſſion, tranſubſtantiation, and thoſe dreadful monſters the pontifical bulls, which, according to this ludicrous author, derived their original from the famous bulls of Colchis, deſcribed by Ovid.

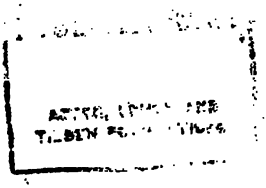
Terribiles vultus, præfixaque cornua ferro;
Pulvereumque ſolum pede pulſa vere biſulco;
Fumificiſque locum mugitibus implevere. Met. i. vii. V. 112.

[illegible] reader, to peruſe, with a world of [illegible], again and again, whatever I have [illegible] upon this matter. And leaving theſe [illegible] ends, I carefully gather up the chief [illegible] of my ſtory, and proceed.

Theſe opinions therefore were ſo univerſal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumſtances then ſtood, were ſtrangely at a loſs. For, on the one ſide, the three ladies they addreſſed themſelves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the faſhion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other ſide, their father's will was very preciſe; and it was the main precept in it, with the greateſt penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminiſh from their coats, one thread, without a poſitive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, beſides, ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear they were all of a piece; but at the ſame time very plain, and with little or no ornament *

And

* His deſcription of the cloth of which the coat was made has a farther meaning than the words may ſeem to import "The coats, their father had left them, were of very good "cloth; and, beſides, ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear the "were all of a piece; but, at the ſame time, very plain, wit "little or no ornament." This is the diſtinguiſhing character of the Chriſtian religion. *Chriſtiana religio abſoluta et ſimplex*, w Ammianus Marcellinus's deſcription of it, who was himſelf [illegible]then. *W. Wotton.*



A. Bell Sculp.

And it happened, that, before they were a month in town, great *ſhoulder-knots* came up *: Straight all the world wore *ſhoulder-knots*; no approaching the ladies *ruelles*, without the *quota* of *ſhoulder-knots*. *That fellow*, cries one, *has no ſoul; where is his ſhoulder-knot?* Our three brethren ſoon diſcovered their want by ſad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the *playhouſe*, the door-keeper ſhewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, ſays a waterman, *I am firſt ſculler*. If they ſtepped to the *Roſe* to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, *Friend, we ſell no ale*. If they went to viſit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with *Pray ſend up your meſſage*. In this unhappy caſe they went immediately to conſult their father's will; read it over and over, but not a word of the *ſhoulder-knot*. What ſhould they do? What temper ſhould they find? Obedience was abſolutely neceſſary, and yet *ſhoulder-knots* appeared extremely requiſite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more *book-learned* than the other two, ſaid, he had found an expedient. *It is true*, ſaid he, *there is nothing here in this will*, totidem verbis †, *making mention of*

* By this is underſtood the firſt introducing of pageantry, and unneceſſary ornaments in the church, ſuch as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a *ſhoulder-knot*, in which there is neither ſymmetry nor uſe.

† When the Papiſts cannot find any thing which they want *in ſcripture, they go to oral tradition*. Thus Peter is introduced diſſatisfied

[illegible]ts: *But I dare conjecture, we may* [illegible]ſive, *or* totidem ſyllabis. This diſ- [illegible] was immediately approved by all; and [illegible] again to examine. But their evil ſtar [illegible] directed the matter, that the firſt ſyllable [illegible] not to be found in the whole writing. Up- [illegible] which diſappointment, he who found the for- [illegible] evaſion, took heart, and ſaid, *Brothers, there* [illegible] *hope; for though we cannot find* them totidem verbis, *nor* totidem ſyllabis, *I dare engage we ſhall make them out* tertio modo, *or* totidem literis. This diſcovery was alſo highly commended: Upon which they fell once more to the ſcrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R, when the ſame planet, enemy to their repoſe, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the diſtinguiſhing brother, for whom we ſhall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved, by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuſcripts. "'Tis true" (ſaid he) "the word *Calendæ* hath "in Q. V. C.* been ſometimes written with a "K, but erroneouſly; for in the beſt copies it "has been ever ſpelt with a C. And, by conſe-

 "quence,

diſſatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occaſion for in the *will*; when neither the conſtituent ſyllables, nor much leſs the whole word, were there *in terminis*. *W. Wotton.*

* *Quibuſdam veteribus codicibus*: Some antient manuſcripts.

" quence, it was a groſs miſtake in our language " to ſpell *knot* with a K; but that from hence- " forward he would take care it ſhould be writ- " ten with a C." Upon this all farther difficulty vaniſhed; *ſhoulder-knots* were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen ſwaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the beſt.

But as human happineſs is of a very ſhort duration, ſo in thoſe days were human faſhions, upon which it entirely depends. *Shoulder-knots* had their time; and we muſt now imagine them in their decline: For a certain lord came juſt from Paris, with fifty yards of *gold-lace* upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-faſhion of that *month*. In two days, all mankind appeared cloſed up in bars of *gold-lace* *. Whoever durſt peep abroad without his complement of *gold-lace*, was as ſcandalous as a ——, and as ill received among the women. What ſhould our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had ſufficiently ſtrained a point already, in the affair of *ſhoulder-knots*. Upon recourſe to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum ſilentium*. That of the *ſhoulder-knots* was a looſe, flying, circumſtantial point; but this of *gold-lace* ſeemed too conſiderable an alteration without better warrant: It did *aliquo modo eſſentiæ adhærere*, and therefore re-

* I cannot tell, whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting ſcripture.

quired a poſitive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforeſaid had read *Aristotle's Dialectics*; and eſpecially that wonderful piece, *de Interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itſelf; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without underſtanding a ſyllable of the text. *Brothers*, ſaid he, *you are to be informed, that of wills* duo ſunt genera, *nuncupatory* * *and ſcriptory. That in the ſcriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace*, conceditur: *but*, ſi idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria, negatur. *For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow ſay, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man ſay, that he heard my father ſay, that he would adviſe his ſons to get* gold-lace *on their coats, as ſoon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G—, that is very true*, cries the other; *I remember it perfectly well*, ſaid the third. And ſo, without more ado, they got the largeſt *gold-lace* in the pariſh, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after, there came up, *all in faſhion*, a pretty ſort of *flame-coloured ſattin* † for linings; and

* By this is meant *tradition*, allowed to have equal authority with the ſcripture, or rather greater.

† This is purgatory, whereof he ſpeaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to ſhew how ſcripture was perverted to prove it; which was done, by giving equal authority, with the *canon*, to *Apocrypha*, called here a *codicil annexed*.

It is likely the author, in every one of theſe changes in the brothers

and the *mercer* brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: *An' pleaſe your worſhips*, ſaid he, *my Lord C—, and Sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece laſt night. It takes wonderfully; and I ſhall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cuſhion, by to-morrow morning at ten a clock.* Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, becauſe the preſent caſe alſo required a poſitive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the eſſence of the coat. After long ſearch, they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a ſhort advice of their father in the will, to take care of *fire*, and put out their *candles* before they went to ſleep *. This, though a good deal for the purpoſe, and helping very far towards ſelf-conviction, yet not ſeeming wholly of force to eſtabliſh a command; (being reſolved to avoid farther ſcruple, as well as future occaſion for ſcandal), ſays he that was the ſcholar, *I remember to have read in wills, of a codicil annexed; which is indeed a part of the will; and what it contains, hath equal autho-*

Z 2 *rity*

thers dreſſes, refers to ſome particular error in the *church of* Rome; though it is not eaſy, I think, to apply them all. But by this of *flame-coloured ſattin*, is manifeſtly intended *purgatory*; by *gold-lace* may perhaps be underſtood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches. The *ſhoulder-knots* and *ſilver fringe* are not ſo obvious, at leaſt to me. But the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romiſh churches, of God like an old man, of the virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

* That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to ſubdue and extinguiſh their luſts.

rity with the reſt. Now, I have been conſidering of this ſame will here before us; and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of ſuch a codicil. I will therefore faſten one in its proper place very dextrouſly. I have had it by me ſome time. It was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's; and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured ſattin.* The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment ſcroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a *codicil annexed*, and the *ſattin* bought and worn.

Next winter, a *player*, hired for the purpoſe by the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with *ſilver-fringe**; and, according to the laudable cuſtom, gave riſe to that faſhion. Upon which, the brothers conſulting their father's will, to their great aſtoniſhment found theſe words: Item, *I charge and command my ſaid three ſons, to wear no ſort of* ſilver-fringe *upon or about their ſaid coats*, &c. with a penalty, in caſe of diſobedience, too long here to inſert. However, after ſome pauſe, the brother ſo often mentioned for his erudition, who was well ſkilled in criticiſms, had found in a certain author, which he ſaid ſhould be nameleſs, that the ſame word, which in the will is called *fringe*,

* I believe this refers to that part of the *Apocrypha*, where mention is made of *Tobit* and his *dog*.

† This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

fringe, does alſo ſignify a *broom-ſtick* *; and doubtleſs ought to have the ſame interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers diſliked, becauſe of that epithet *ſilver*; which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of ſpeech, be reaſonably applied to a *broom-ſtick*. But it was replied upon him, that this epithet was underſtood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* ſenſe. However, he objected again, why their father ſhould forbid them to wear a *broom-ſtick* on their coats; a caution that ſeemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which he was taken up ſhort, as one that ſpoke irreverently of a *myſtery*; which doubtleſs was very uſeful and ſignificant, but ought not to be over-curiouſly pried into, or nicely reaſoned upon. And, in ſhort, their father's authority being now conſiderably ſunk, this expedient was allowed to ſerve as a lawful diſpenſation for wearing their full proportion of *ſilver-fringe*.

A while after, was revived an old faſhion, long antiquated, of *embroidery* with Indian *figures* of men, women, and children †. Here they remembered

* The next ſubject of our author's wit, is the gloſſes and interpretations of ſcripture, very many abſurd ones of which are allowed in the moſt authentic books of the *church of* Rome. *W. Wotton.*

† The images of ſaints, the bleſſed virgin, and our Saviour an infant.

Ibid. Images in the *church of* Rome, give him but too fair a handle, *The brothers remembered*, &c. The allegory here is direct. *W. Wotton.*

membered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this faſhion; that he made ſeveral paragraphs on purpoſe, importing his utter deteſtation of it, and beſtowing his everlaſting curſe to his ſons, whenever they ſhould wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the faſhion than any body elſe in the town. But they ſolved the matter, by ſaying that theſe figures were not at all the *ſame* with thoſe that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Beſides, they did not wear them in the ſenſe as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable cuſtom, and of great uſe to the public. That theſe rigorous clauſes in the will did therefore require ſome *allowance*, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis*.

But faſhions perpetually altering in that age, the ſcholaſtic brother grew weary of ſearching farther evaſions, and ſolving everlaſting contradictions. Reſolved therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimouſly, to lock up their father's will in a *ſtrong box* *, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which; and trouble themſelves no farther to examine

* The Papiſts formerly forbade the people the uſe of ſcripture in a vulgar tongue: Peter therefore *locks up his father's will in a ſtrong box, brought out of Greece or Italy.* Theſe countries are named, becauſe the New Teſtament is written in Greek; and the *vulgar* Latin, which is the authentic edition of the *Bible* in the church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy. *W. Wotton.*

amine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In conſequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of *points*, moſt of them *tagged with ſilver*. Upon which, the ſcholar pronounced *ex cathedra* *, that *points* were abſolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the faſhion preſcribed ſomewhat more than were directly named in the will: However, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauſes for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will; or elſe *multa abſurda ſequerentur*. This was underſtood for *canonical*; and therefore, on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with *points*.

The learned brother, ſo often mentioned, was reckoned the beſt ſcholar, in all that, or the next ſtreet to it; inſomuch, as having run ſomething behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a *certain lord* †, to receive him into his houſe, and to teach his children. A while after, the *lord* died; and he, by long practice of his father's will,

* The *Popes*, in their decretals and bulls, have given their ſanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the *church of* Rome, that are not mentioned in ſcripture, and are unknown to the primitive church. Peter accordingly pronounces *ex cathedra*, that *points tagged with ſilver were abſolutely* jure paterno; and ſo they wore them in great numbers. *W. Wotton.*

† This was Conſtantine the Great, from whom the *Popes* pretend a donation of St Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

will, found the way of contriving a *deed of conveyance* of that houſe to himſelf and his heirs. Upon which he took poſſeſſion, turned the young 'ſquires out, and received his brothers in their ſtead *.

SECT. III.

A DIGRESSION *concerning* CRITICS †.

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occaſions, moſt nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illuſtrious *moderns*; yet has the unhappy ſhortneſs of my memory led me into an error, from which I muſt extricate myſelf, before I can decently purſue my principal ſubject. I confeſs with ſhame, it was an unpardonable omiſſion to proceed ſo far as I have already done, before I had performed the due

* *Ibid.* The biſhops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome, at firſt by the favour of the emperors, whom at laſt they ſhut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from *Conſtantine the Great*, the better to juſtify what they did. In imitation of this, Peter, *having run ſomething behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord*, &c. *W. Wotton.*

† The ſeveral *digreſſions* are written in ridicule of bad critics, dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grub-ſtreet philoſophers. *Orrery.*

due diſcourſes, expoſtulatory, ſupplicatory, or deprecatory, with my *good lords* the *critics*. Towards ſome atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to preſent them with a ſhort account of themſelves and their *art*, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word as it is generally underſtood among us, and very briefly conſidering the ancient and preſent ſtate thereof.

By the word *critic*, at this day ſo frequent in all converſations, there have ſometimes been diſtinguiſhed three very different ſpecies of mortal men, according as I have read in *ancient books and pamphlets*. For, firſt, by this term was underſtood ſuch perſons as invented or drew up rules for themſelves and the world; by obſerving which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *learned*, form his taſte to a true reliſh of the *ſublime* and the *admirable*, and divide every beauty of matter or of ſtyle from the corruption that apes it: In their common peruſal of books, ſingling out the errors and defects, the nauſeous, the fulſome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh ſtreets in a morning; who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and ſpy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to obſerve the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimenſions, much leſs to be paddling in, or taſting; but only with a deſign to come out as cleanly as he may. Theſe men

men ſeem, though very erroneouſly, to have underſtood the appellation of *critic* in a literal ſenſe; that one principal part of his office, was to praiſe and acquit; and that a *critic*, who ſets up to read only for an occaſion of cenſure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a *judge*, who ſhould take up a reſolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word *critic* have been meant the reſtorers of antient learning, from the worms, and graves, and duſt of manuſcripts.

Now, the races of thoſe two have been for ſome ages utterly extinct; and beſides, to diſcourſe any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpoſe.

The third, and nobleſt ſort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whoſe original is the moſt ancient of all. Every *true critic* is a hero born, deſcending in a direct line from a celeſtial ſtem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat *Etcætera* the elder, who begat Bentley and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat *Etcætera* the younger.

And theſe are the *critics* from whom the common-wealth of learning has in all ages received ſuch immenſe benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among thoſe of Hercules, Theſeus, Perſeus, and other great deſervers of mankind. But heroic virtue itſelf hath not been exempt from the obloquy

quy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that thoſe ancient heroes, famous for their combating ſo many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own perſons a greater nuiſance to mankind, than any of thoſe monſters they ſubdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other *vermin* were deſtroyed, ſhould in conſcience have concluded with the ſame juſtice upon themſelves; as Hercules moſt generouſly did; and hath, upon that ſcore, procured to himſelf more temples and votaries, than the beſt of his fellows. For theſe reaſons, I ſuppoſe, it is, why ſome have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every *true critic*, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his taſk aſſigned, ſhould immediately deliver himſelf up to ratſbane, or hemp, or from ſome convenient *altitude*; and that no man's pretenſions to ſo illuſtrious a character, ſhould by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly deſcent of *criticiſm*, and the cloſe analogy it bears to *heroic virtue*, it is eaſy to aſſign the proper employment of a *true ancient genuine critic*; which is, to travel through this vaſt world of writings; to purſue and hunt thoſe monſtrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: Or elſe drive away a ſort of *dangerous fowl*, who have a perverſe

verſe inclination to plunder the beſt branches of the *tree of knowledge*, like thoſe *Stymphalian* birds that eat up the fruit.

Theſe reaſonings will furniſh us with an adequate definition of a true *critic*; that he is *a diſcoverer and collector of writers faults*; which may be farther put beyond diſpute, by the following demonſtration: That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this antient ſect has honoured the world, ſhall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether converſant and taken up with the faults, and blemiſhes, and overſights, and miſtakes of other writers; and, let the ſubject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are ſo entirely poſſeſſed, and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quinteſſence of what is bad, does of neceſſity diſtill into their own; by which means, the whole appears to be nothing elſe but an *abſtract* of the *criticiſms* they themſelves have made.

Having thus briefly conſidered the original and office of a *critic*, as the word is underſtood in its moſt noble and univerſal acceptation; I proceed to refute the objections of thoſe who argue from the ſilence and pretermiſſion of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of *criticiſm*, as now exerciſed, and by me explained, is wholly *modern*; and conſequently, that the *critics* of Great Britain and France, have no title to an original ſo ancient and illuſtrious as I have

deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the moſt ancient writers have particularly deſcribed both the perſon and the office of a *true critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the ſilence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confeſs to have for a long time borne a part in this general error; from which I ſhould never have acquitted myſelf, but through the aſſiſtance of our noble *moderns*; whoſe moſt edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country. Theſe have with unwearied pains made many uſeful ſearches into the weak ſides of the *ancients*, and given a comprehenſive liſt of them. Beſides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very fineſt things, delivered of old, have been long ſince invented, and brought to light by much later pens *; and that the nobleſt diſcoveries, thoſe *ancients* ever made of art and nature, have all been produced by the tranſcending genius of the preſent age. Which clearly ſhews, how little merit thoſe *ancients* can juſtly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappineſs of converſing too little with *preſent things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compaſs of human nature, I eaſily concluded, that theſe *ancients*, highly ſen-

* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.

ſible of their many imperfections, muſt needs have endeavoured, from ſome paſſages in their works, to obviate, ſoften, or divert the cenſorious reader, by *ſatire* or *panegyric*, upon the *true critics*, in imitation of their *maſters*, the *moderns*. Now, in the *common places* of both theſe *, I was plentifully inſtructed, by a long courſe of uſeful ſtudy in *prefaces* and *prologues*; and therefore immediately reſolved to try what I could diſcover of either, by a diligent peruſal of the moſt ancient writers, and eſpecially thoſe who treated of the earlieſt times. Here I found, to my great ſurpriſe, that although they all entered, upon occaſion, into particular deſcriptions of the *true critic*, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than *mythology* and *hieroglyphic*. This, I ſuppoſe, gave ground to ſuperficial readers, for urging the ſilence of authors againſt the antiquity of the *true critic*; though the *types* are ſo appoſite, and the applications ſo neceſſary and natural, that it is not eaſy to conceive, how any reader of a *modern eye* and *taſte* could overlook them. I ſhall venture, from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this queſtion beyond diſpute.

It well deſerves conſidering, that theſe *ancient writers*, in treating enigmatically upon the ſubject, have generally fixed upon the very *ſame hieroglyph*;

* Satire and panegyrie upon critics.

roglyph; varying only the ſtory, according to their affections, or their wit. For, firſt, Pauſanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct, was entirely owing to the inſtitution of *critics.* And that he can poſſibly mean no other than the *true critic,* is, I think, manifeſt enough from the following deſcription. He ſays *, *They were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the ſuperfluities and excreſcences of books; which the learned at length obſerving, took warning, of their own accord, to lop* the *luxuriant,* the *rotten,* the *dead,* the *ſapleſs,* and the *overgrown branches, from their works.* But now, all this he cunningly ſhades under the following allegory: *That the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by obſerving, that when an* ASS *had browſed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit.* But Herodotus †, holding the very ſame *hieroglyph,* ſpeaks much plainer, and almoſt *in terminis.* He hath been ſo bold as to tax the *true critics* of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the weſtern part of Libya, there were* ASSES *with* horns. Upon which relation Cteſias ‡ yet refines, mentioning the very ſame animal about India; adding, *that whereas all other* ASSES *wanted a* gall, *theſe horned ones were ſo redundant in that part, that their fleſh was not to be eaten, becauſe of its extreme* bitterneſs.

* Lib. —— † Lib. 4.

‡ *Vide* excerpta ex eo apud Photium.

Now, the reaſon why thoſe ancient writers treated this ſubject only by types and figures, was, becauſe they durſt not make open attacks againſt a party ſo potent and terrible, as the *critics* of thoſe ages were; whoſe very voice was ſo dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the ſound: For ſo Herodotus tells us expreſsly in another place *, how *a vaſt army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an* ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *philologers*, that the great awe and reverence paid to a *true critic* by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from thoſe our Scythian anceſtors. In ſhort, this dread was ſo univerſal, that, in proceſs of time, thoſe authors who had a mind to publiſh their ſentiments more freely, in deſcribing the *true critics* of their ſeveral ages, were forced to leave off the uſe of the former *hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *prototype*; and invented other terms inſtead thereof, that were more cautious and myſtical. So Diodorus †, ſpeaking to the ſame purpoſe, ventures no farther than to ſay, that, *in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain* weed, *which bears a flower of ſo damned a ſcent, as to poiſon thoſe who offer to ſmell it.* Lucretius gives exactly the ſame relation:

Eſt etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem retro conſueta necare ‡.

Lib. 6.

* Lib. 4. † Lib.

‡ Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees whoſe bloſſoms with their odour kill.

But Cteſias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder. He had been uſed with much ſeverity by the *true critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at leaſt, one deep mark of his vengeance againſt the whole tribe. His meaning is ſo near the ſurface, that I wonder how it poſſibly came to be overlooked by thoſe who deny the antiquity of the *true critics*. For, pretending to make a deſcription of many ſtrange animals about India, he hath ſet down theſe remarkable words. *Amongſt the reſt*, ſays he, *there is a* ſerpent *that wants* teeth, *and conſequently cannot bite; but if its* vomit, *to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenneſs or corruption enſues. Theſe* ſerpents *are generally found among the mountains where* jewels *grow, and they frequently emit a* poiſonous juice; *whereof whoever drinks, that perſon's* brains *fly out of his noſtrils.*

There was alſo among the *ancients*, a ſort of *critics*, not diſtinguiſhed in *ſpecie* from the former, but in growth or degree, who ſeem to have been only the *tyro's* or *junior* ſcholars; yet, becauſe of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a ſect by themſelves. The uſual exerciſe of theſe younger ſtudents was, to attend conſtantly at theatres, and learn to ſpy out the *worſt parts* of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleſhed at theſe ſmaller ſports, like young wolves, they grew up in time

to be nimble and ſtrong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been obſerved, both among ancients and moderns, that a *true critic* hath one quality in common with a *whore* and an *alderman*, never to change his title or his nature; that a *grey critic* has been certainly a *green* one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like *hemp*, which ſome naturaliſts inform us is bad for *ſuffocations*, though taken but in the ſeed. I eſteem the invention, or at leaſt the refinement of *prologues*, to have been owing to theſe younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain the inſtitution of the *true critics*, was of abſolute neceſſity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions ſeem to be divided, like Themiſtocles and his company: One man can *fiddle*, and another can make *a ſmall town a great city*; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deſerves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtleſs given the firſt birth to the nation of *critics*; and withal, an occaſion for their ſecret detractors to report, that a *true critic* is a ſort of mechanic, ſet up with a ſtock and tools for his trade at as little expence as a *taylor*; and that there is much analogy between the utenſils and abilities of both: That the *taylor's bell* is the type of a *critic's common-place-book*, and his wit and learning

ing held forth by the *gooſe;* that it requires at leaſt as many of theſe to the making up of one ſcholar, as of the others to the compoſition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their *weapons* near of a ſize. Much may be ſaid in anſwer to thoſe invidious reflections: And I can poſitively affirm the firſt to be a falſehood: For, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the *critic's* company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true beggar*, it will coſt the richeſt candidate every groat he is worth; ſo, before one can commence a *true critic*, it will coſt a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a leſs purchaſe would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of *criticiſm*, and deſcribed the primitive ſtate of it; I ſhall now examine the preſent condition of this empire, and ſhew how well it agrees with its ancient ſelf. A certain author, whoſe works have many ages ſince been entirely loſt, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, ſay of *critics*, that *their writings are the mirrors of learning* *. This I underſtand in a literal ſenſe; and ſuppoſe our author muſt mean, that whoever deſigns to be a perfect writer, muſt inſpect into the books of *critics*, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever conſiders, that the *mirrors* of

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. *Vide* Bentley's *diſſertation, &c.*

of the ancients were made of *braſs*, and *ſine mercurio*, may preſently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern critic*; and conſequently muſt needs conclude, that theſe have always been, and muſt be for ever the ſame. For *braſs* is an emblem of duration, and, when it is ſkilfully burniſhed, will caſt *reflections* from its own *ſuperficies*, without any aſſiſtance of *mercury* from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included, or eaſily reducible to theſe. However, I ſhall conclude with three maxims, which may ſerve both as characteriſtics to diſtinguiſh a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be alſo of admirable uſe to thoſe worthy ſpirits who engage in ſo uſeful and honourable an art.

The firſt is, That *criticiſm*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the trueſt and beſt, when it is the very *firſt* reſult of the *critic's* mind: as fowlers reckon the firſt aim for the ſureſt, and ſeldom fail of miſſing the mark, if they ſtay for a ſecond.

Secondly, The *true critics* are known by their talent of ſwarming about the nobleſt writers, to which they are carried merely by inſtinct, as a rat to the beſt cheeſe, or a waſp to the faireſt fruit. So when the *king* is on horſeback, he is ſure to be the *dirtieſt* perſon of the company; and they that make their court beſt, are ſuch as *beſpatter* him moſt.

Laſtly, A *true critic* in the peruſal of a book, is

like

like a *dog* at a feaſt, whoſe thoughts and ſtomach are wholly ſet upon what the gueſts *fling away;* and conſequently is apt to *ſnarl* moſt when there are the feweſt *bones.*

Thus much, I think, is ſufficient to ſerve by way of addreſs to my patrons, the *true modern critics;* and may very well atone for my paſt ſilence, as well as that which I am like to obſerve for the future. I hope I have deſerved ſo well of their whole *body,* as to meet with generous and tender uſage from their *hands.* Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to purſue thoſe adventures already ſo happily begun.

SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now with much pains and ſtudy conducted the reader to a period, where he muſt expect to hear of great revolutions. For no ſooner had our *learned brother,* ſo often mentioned, got a warm houſe of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; inſomuch that, unleſs the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will pleaſe a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *hero* of the play, when he happens to meet

meet him; his part, his dreſs, and his mien being ſo much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and conſequently his father's ſole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but MR PETER; and then he muſt be ſtyled FATHER PETER, and ſometimes MY LORD PETER. To ſupport this grandeur, which he ſoon began to conſider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to; after much thought, he caſt about at laſt to turn *projector* and *virtuoſo*; wherein he ſo well ſucceeded, that many famous diſcoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at preſent in the world, are owing entirely to LORD PETER's invention. I will deduce the beſt account I have been able to collect, of the chief amongſt them; without conſidering much the order they came out in; becauſe, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatiſe of mine ſhall be tranſlated into foreign languages, (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulneſs in recounting, and the great uſefulneſs of the matter to the public, will amply deſerve that juſtice), that the worthy members of the ſeveral *academies* abroad, eſpecially thoſe of France and Italy, will favourably accept theſe humble offers for the advancement of univerſal knowledge. I do alſo advertiſe the moſt reverend

rend fathers the eaſtern miſſionaries, that I have, purely for their ſakes, made uſe of ſuch words and phraſes as will beſt admit an eaſy turn into any of the *oriental* languages, eſpecially the Chineſe. And ſo I proceed, with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

The firſt undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchaſe a large continent *, lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in *Terra Auſtralis Incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the diſcoverers themſelves, (though ſome pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into ſeveral cantons, to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all ſhipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter ſold the ſaid continent to other cuſtomers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the ſame ſucceſs.

The ſecond project I ſhall mention, was his ſovereign remedy for the *worms* †, eſpecially thoſe in the *ſpleen*. The patient was to eat nothing after ſupper for three nights ‡. As ſoon as he went

* That is purgatory.

† *Penance* and *abſolution* are played upon under the notion of a *ſovereign remedy for the worms*, eſpecially in the ſpleen; which, by obſerving Peter's preſcription, would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the brain, *&c.* *W. Wotton.*

‡ Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome; which may be made as eaſy to the ſinner as he pleaſes, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one ſide; and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He muſt alſo duly confine his two eyes to the ſame object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifeſt occaſion. Theſe preſcriptions diligently obſerved, the *worms* would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the *brain*.

A third invention was the erecting of a *whiſpering-office* *, for the public good and eaſe of all ſuch as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the cholic; as likewiſe of all eves-droppers, phyſicians, midwives, ſmall politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in deſpair, bawds, privy counſellors, pages, paraſites, and buffoons; in ſhort, of all ſuch as are in danger of burſting with too much *wind*. An *aſs's* head was placed ſo conveniently, that the party affected might eaſily with his mouth accoſt either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply cloſe for a certain ſpace, and by a fugitive faculty peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was an *office of inſurance* † for tobacco-pipes, mar-

* By his *whiſpering-office*, for the relief of eves-droppers, phyſicians, bawds, and privy counſellors, he ridicules auricular confeſſion; and the prieſt, who takes it, is deſcribed by the *aſs's* head. *W. Wotton.*

† This I take to be the office of *indulgences*, the groſs abuſe whereof firſt gave occaſion for the Reformation.

tyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, ſhadows,————and rivers: That theſe, nor any of theſe, ſhall receive damage by *fire*. From whence our *friendly ſocieties* may plainly find themſelves to be only tranſcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of *great* benefit to the undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the public.

Lord Peter was alſo held the original author of *puppets* and *raree-ſhows* *; the great uſefulneſs whereof being ſo generally known, I ſhall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another diſcovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous univerſal *pickle* †. For having remarked how your common *pickle* ‡, in uſe among houſewives, was of no farther benefit than to preſerve dead fleſh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great coſt, as well as art, had contrived a *pickle* proper for houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber. Now, this *pickle*, to the taſte, the ſmell, and the ſight, appeared exactly the ſame with what is in common ſervice for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with

* I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous proceſſions, *&c.* among the Papiſts.

† Holy water he calls an *univerſal pickle*, to preſerve houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber. *W. Wotton.*

‡ This is eaſily underſtood to be holy water, compoſed of the ſame ingredients *with many* other pickles.

with great ſucceſs; but for its many ſovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his *powder pimperlimpimp* *, after which it never failed of ſucceſs. The operation was performed by *ſpargefaction* †, in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be *pickled*, if it were a houſe, would infallibly be preſerved from all ſpiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he ſhould be exempt from mange, and madneſs, and hunger. It alſo infallibly took away all ſcabs and lice, and ſcald-heads from children; never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities he moſt valued a certain ſet of *bulls* ‡, whoſe race was by great fortune preſerved in a lineal deſcent from thoſe that guarded the *golden fleece:* Though ſome, who pretended to obſerve them curiouſly, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaſte; becauſe they had degenerated from their anceſtors in ſome qualities,

* And becauſe holy water differs only in conſecration from common water, therefore he tells us, that his pickle by the powder of *pimperlimpimp* receives new virtues, though it differs not in ſight nor ſmell from the common pickles, which preſerve beef, and butter, and herrings. *W. Wotton.*

† *Sprinkling.*

‡ The Papal *bulls* are ridiculed by name; ſo that here we are at no loſs for the author's meaning. *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the *Pope's bulls*, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all ſigned with lead, and the ſeal of the fiſherman; and therefore ſaid to have leaden feet and fiſhes *tails*.

qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The *bulls* of Colchos are recorded to have *brazen feet.* But whether it happened by ill paſture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from ſtolen intrigues; whether a weakneſs in their progenitors had impaired the ſeminal virtue, or, by a decline neceſſary through a long courſe of time, the originals of nature being depraved in theſe latter ſinful ages of the world: Whatever was the cauſe, it is certain, That Lord Peter's *bulls* were extremely vitiated by the ruſt of time in the metal of their feet, which was now ſunk into common *lead.* However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their lineage, was preſerved; as likewiſe that faculty of breathing out *fire* from their noſtrils *; which notwithſtanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing ſo terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their uſual courſe of diet, which was of *ſquibs* and *crackers* †. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely diſtinguiſhed them from the *bulls* of Jaſon, and which I have not met together in the deſcription of any other monſter, beſide that in Horace,

* Theſe paſſages, and many others, no doubt, muſt be conſtrued as antichriſtian, by the church of Rome. When the chief miniſter and his minions are expoſed, the keener the ſatire, the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treaſon againſt the King. *Orrery.*

† Theſe are the fulminations of the Pope, threatening hell and damnation to thoſe princes who offend him.

Varias inducere plumas;
and
Atrum deſinit in piſcem.

For theſe had *fiſhes tails;* yet upon occaſion could *out-fly* any bird in the air. Peter put theſe *bulls* upon ſeveral employs. Sometimes he would ſet them a *roaring* to fright *naughty boys* *, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would ſend them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it; an *appetitus ſenſibilis* deriving itſelf through the whole family, from their noble anceſtors, guardians of the *golden fleece:* They continued ſo extremely fond of *gold*, that if Peter ſent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would *roar*, and *ſpit*, and *belch*, and *piſs*, and *fart*, and *ſnivel* out *fire*, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In ſhort, whether by ſecret connivance, or encouragement from their maſter, or out of their own liquoriſh affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a ſort of ſturdy, ſwaggering beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miſcarry, and children fall into fits; who to this very day uſually call ſprights and hobgoblins by the name of *bull-beggars*. They grew at laſt ſo very trouble-

* That is, Kings who incurred his diſpleaſure.

troubleſome to the neighbourhood, that ſome gentlemen of the *north-weſt* got a parcel of right Engliſh *bull-dogs*, and baited them ſo terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I muſt needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and diſcovered him to be maſter of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain ſum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all ſhifts to ſcrape up, and ſend, *his Lordſhip* would return a piece of paper in this form *:

"TO all mayors, ſheriffs, jailors, conſtables, "bailiffs, hangmen, *&c.* Whereas we are "informed, that *A. B.* remains in the hands of "you, or ſome of you, under the ſentence of "death; we will and command you, upon ſight "hereof, to let the ſaid priſoner depart to his "own habitation, whether he ſtands condemned "for murder, ſodomy, rape, ſacrilege, inceſt, "treaſon, blaſphemy, *&c.* for which this ſhall "be your ſufficient warrant. And if you fail "thereof, G—d d—mn you and yours to all "eternity. And ſo we bid you heartily farewell.

Your moſt humble

Man's man,

EMPEROR PETER."

* This is a copy of a general pardon, ſigned *Servus ſervorum. Ibid.* Abſolution *in articula mortis*, and the tax *cameræ apoſtolicæ*, are jeſted upon in Emperor Peter's letter. *W. Wotton.*

The wretches truſting to this, loſt their lives and money too.

I deſire of thoſe whom the *learned* among poſterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatiſe, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *vere adepti*, may be in danger to form raſh and haſty concluſions; eſpecially in ſome myſterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity's ſake, which in the operation muſt be divided. And I am certain, that future ſons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for ſo grateful, ſo uſeful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to perſuade the reader, that ſo many worthy diſcoveries met with great ſucceſs in the world; though I may juſtly aſſure him, that I have related much the ſmalleſt number; my deſign having been only to ſingle out ſuch as will be of moſt benefit for public imitation, or which beſt ſerved to give ſome idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his brain ſo long and ſo violently upon the rack, that at laſt it *ſhook* itſelf, and began to *turn round* for a little eaſe. In ſhort, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown diſtracted, and conceived the ſtrangeſt imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of pride, he would call himſelf

God

God Almighty *, and ſometimes *monarch of the univerſe*. I have ſeen him (ſays my author) take three old *high-crowned hats* †, and clap them all on his head, three ſtory high, with a huge bunch of *keys* at his girdle ‡, and an *angling rod* in his hand. In which guiſe, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of ſalutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-educated ſpaniel, would preſent them with his *foot* §; and if they refuſed his civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick on the mouth; which hath ever ſince been called a *ſalute*. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful ſtrong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upſide down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his firſt *boutade* || was, to kick both their *wives*

* The Pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Chriſt, but by ſeveral divines is called *God upon earth*, and other blaſphemous *titles* are given him.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church.——The church is here taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are aſſumed by the Pope in conſequence of what our Lord ſaid to Peter, *I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Hawkeſ.*

Ibid. The Pope's univerſal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fiſher's ring. *W. Wotton.*

§ Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiſs his ſlipper ſcape reflection. *W. Wotton.*

|| This word properly ſignifies a ſudden jerk, or laſh of an horſe, when you do not expect it.

wives one morning out of doors *, and his own too; and in their ſtead, gave orders to pick up the firſt three ſtrollers could be met with in the ſtreets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals †. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter obſerved him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praiſes of his ſirloin of beef. *Beef*, ſaid the ſaid magiſtrate, *is the king of meat: Beef comprehends in it the quinteſſence of partridge, and quail, and veniſon, and pheaſant, and plum-pudding, and cuſtard.* When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into uſe, and apply the precept, in default of a ſirloin, to his brown loaf. *Bread*, ſays he, *dear brothers, is the ſtaff of life; in which bread is contained*, incluſive, *the quinteſſence of beef, mutton, veal, veniſon, partridge, plum-pudding, and cuſtard: And to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whoſe crudities are alſo corrected by yeaſt or barm, through which means it becomes a wholeſome fermented liquor, diffuſed through the* maſs *of the bread.* Upon the ſtrength of theſe concluſions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf ſerved up, in all the formality of a city-feaſt. *Come, brothers*, ſaid Peter, *fall to, and ſpare not; here is excellent good mutton*

* The *celibacy of the* Romiſh *clergy* is ſtruck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers wives out of doors. *W. Wotton.*

† The Pope's refuſing the cup to the laity, perſuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Chriſt.

mutton * : *Or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you.* At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good ſlices of a loaf, and preſents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not ſuddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the myſtery. *My Lord,* ſaid he, *I doubt, with great ſubmiſſion, there may be ſome miſtake. What!* ſays Peter, *you are pleaſant: Come then, let us hear this jeſt your head is ſo big with. None in the world, my Lord; but, unleſs I am very much deceived, your Lordſhip was pleaſed a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to ſee it with all my heart. How!* ſaid Peter, appearing in great ſurpriſe, *I do not comprehend this at all.*——Upon which, the younger interpoſing to ſet the buſineſs aright; *My Lord,* ſaid he, *my brother I ſuppoſe is hungry, and longs for the mutton your Lordſhip hath promiſed us to dinner. Pray,* ſaid Peter, *take me along with you. Either you are both mad, or diſpoſed to be merrier than I approve of. If* you *there do not like your piece, I will carve you another; though I ſhould take that to be the choice bit of the whole ſhoulder. What then, my Lord,* replied the firſt, *it ſeems this is a ſhoulder of mutton all this while. Pray, Sir,* ſays Peter, *eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you pleaſe;*

* *Tranſubſtantiation.* Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the Popiſh doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls *palming his damned cruſts upon the brothers for mutton. W. Wotton.*

pleaſe; for I am not diſpoſed to reliſh it at preſent. But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected ſeriouſneſs of Peter's countenance. *By G—, my Lord,* ſaid he, *I can only ſay, that, to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and noſe, it ſeems to be nothing but a cruſt of bread.* Upon which the ſecond put in his word: *I never ſaw a piece of mutton in my life ſo nearly reſembling a ſlice from a twelve-penny loaf. Look ye, Gentlemen,* cries Peter in a rage, *to convince you what a couple of blind, poſitive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will uſe but this plain argument; By G—, it is true, good, natural mutton, as any in Leadenhall-market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwiſe.* Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection. The two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their miſtakes as haſtily as they could. *Why, truly,* ſaid the firſt, *upon more mature conſideration —Ay,* ſays the other, interrupting him, *now I have thought better on the thing, your Lordſhip ſeems to have a great deal of reaſon. Very well,* ſaid Peter. *Here, boy, fill me a beer-glaſs of claret: Here's to you both with all my heart.* The two brethren, much delighted to ſee him ſo readily appeaſed, returned their moſt humble thanks, and ſaid, they would be glad to pledge his Lordſhip. *That you ſhall,* ſaid Peter. *I am not a perſon to refuſe you any thing that is reaſonable. Wine, moderately taken, is a cordial. Here is a glaſs a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned*

vintners

vintners *brewings*. Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be baſhful; for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the uſual office in ſuch delicate conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient period at Lord Peter, and each other; and finding how matters were like to go, reſolved not to enter on a new diſpute, but let him carry the point as he pleaſed: For he was now got into one of his mad fits; and to argue or expoſtulate further, would only ſerve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have choſen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumſtances, becauſe it gave a principal occaſion to that great and famous *rupture**, which happened about the ſame time among theſe brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I ſhall treat at large in another ſection.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common converſation, extreme wilful and poſitive; and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himſelf once to be in an error. Beſides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable *lyes* upon all occaſions; and not only ſwearing to the truth, but curſing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the leaſt ſcruple of believing him. One time he ſwore he had a *cow* at home, which gave as much milk at

* By this *rupture is meant* the Reformation.

at a meal as would fill three thouſand churches; and, what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn ſour *. Another time he was telling of an old *ſign-poſt* † that belonged to his *father*, with nails and timber enough in it to build ſixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chineſe waggons, which were made ſo light as to ſail over mountains: *Z——ds*, ſaid Peter, *where's the wonder of that? By G—, I ſaw a large houſe of lime and ſtone travel over ſea and land, granting that it ſtopped ſometimes to bait, above two thouſand German leagues* ‡. And that which was the good of it, he would ſwear deſperately all the while, that he never told a lye in his life; and every word, *By G—, Gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the d——l broil them eternally that will not believe me.*

In ſhort, Peter grew ſo ſcandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to ſay, he

* The ridiculous multiplying of the virgin Mary's *milk* amongſt the Papiſts under the allegory of a *cow* which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thouſand churches. *W. Wotton.*

† By this *ſign-poſt* is meant the *croſs* of our bleſſed Saviour;—and if all the wood that is ſhewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would ſufficiently juſtify this ſarcaſm. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ The chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of Popery. The church of Rome intended by theſe things to guil ſilly ſuperſtitious people, and rook them of their money. The world had been too long in ſlavery; but our anceſtors glorioufly redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be expoſed; and he deſerves well of mankind, that does expoſe it. *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. The chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.

was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill uſage, reſolved at laſt to leave him; but firſt they humbly deſired a copy of their father's *will*, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Inſtead of granting this requeſt, he called them *damned ſons of whores, rogues, traitors*, and the reſt of the vile names he could muſter up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngſters watched their opportunity, made a ſhift to come at the *will*, and took a *copia vera* *; by which they preſently ſaw how groſsly they had been abuſed; their father having left them equal heirs, and ſtrictly commanded, that whatever they got ſhould lie in common among them all. Purſuant to which, their next enterpriſe was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good *drink* to ſpirit and comfort their hearts †. In copying the *will*, they had met another precept againſt whoring, divorce, and ſeparate maintenance: Upon which their next work was, to diſcard their concubines, and ſend for their wives ‡. Whilſt all this was in agitation, there enters a ſolicitor from Newgate, deſiring Lord Peter would pleaſe to procure a *pardon* for a *thief* that was to be *hanged* to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb, to ſeek pardons from a fellow who deſerved to be hanged much better than his

* Tranſlated the ſcriptures into the vulgar tongues.

† Adminiſtered the cup to the laity at the communion.

‡ Allowed the marriages of prieſts.

client; and diſcovered all the method of that impoſture, in the ſame form I delivered it a while ago; adviſing the ſolicitor to put his friend upon obtaining *a pardon from the king* *. In the midſt of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels †; and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after ſeveral millions of ſcurrilities and curſes, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors ‡, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECT. V.

A Digreſſion in the modern kind.

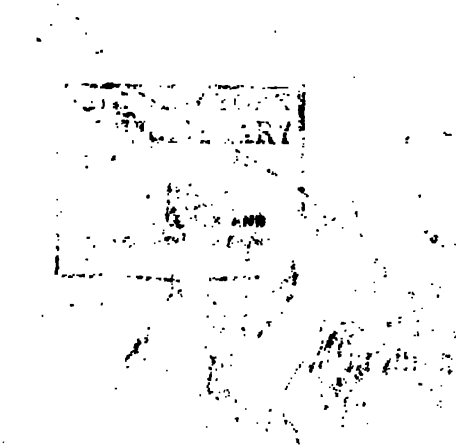
WE, whom the world is pleaſed to honour with the title of *modern authors*, ſhould never have been able to compaſs our great deſign of an everlaſting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been ſo highly ſerviceable

* Directed penitents not to truſt to pardons and abſolutions procured for money; but ſent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remiſſion is to be obtained.

† By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which thoſe princes, who were bigotted to the Romiſh ſuperſtition, employed againſt the reformers.

‡ The Pope ſhuts all who diſſent from him out of the church.

T. Bell. Sculp.



ſerviceable to the general good of mankind. This, *O Univerſe!* is the adventurous attempt of me thy ſecretary;

——*Quemvis perferre laborem*
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare ſerenas.'

To this end, I have ſome time ſince, with a world of pains and art, diſſected the carcaſe of *human nature*, and read many uſeful lectures upon the ſeveral parts, both *containing* and *contained*; till at laſt it *ſmelt* ſo ſtrong, I could preſerve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due ſymmetry; ſo that I am ready to ſhew a very complete anatomy thereof, to all curious *gentlemen and others*. But, not to digreſs farther in the midſt of a digreſſion, as I have known ſome authors incloſe digreſſions in one another, like a neſt of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *human nature*, I have found a very ſtrange, new, and important diſcovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, *inſtruction* and *diverſion*. And I have farther proved in my ſaid ſeveral readings, (which perhaps the world may one day ſee, if I can prevail on any friend to ſteal a copy, or on any certain gentleman of my admirers, to be very importunate), that, as mankind is now diſpoſed, he receives much greater advantage by being *diverted* than *inſtructed*; his epidemical diſeaſes being *faſtidioſity*, *amorphy*, and *oſcitation*;

whereas, in the preſent univerſal empire of wit and learning, there ſeems but little matter left for *inſtruction*. However, in compliance with a leſſon of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine treatiſe, have ſkilfully kneaded up both together, with a *layer* of *utile*, and a *layer* of *dulce*.

When I conſider how exceedingly our illuſtrious *moderns* have eclipſed the weak glimmering lights of the *ancients*, and turned them out of the road of all faſhionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town-wits, of moſt refined accompliſhments, are in grave diſpute, whether there have been ever any *ancients* or no *; in which point we are like to receive wonderful ſatisfaction from the moſt uſeful labours and lucubrations of that worthy *modern*, Dr Bentley: I ſay, when I conſider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *modern* hath ever yet attempted an univerſal ſyſtem, in a ſmall portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practiſed in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that ſuch an enterpriſe was thought on ſome time ago, by a great philoſopher of O. Brazil †. The method, he propoſed, was by a certain

* The learned perſon here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate ſo many ancient writers, that, until he is pleaſed to ſtop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.

† This is an imaginary iſland, of kin to that which is called the *Painters wives iſland*, placed in ſome unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map-maker.

certain curious *receipt*, a *noſtrum*, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the *modern learned*, preſent them with it; not doubting, it may one day encourage ſome worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-ſkin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and ſciences whatſoever, and in what language you pleaſe. Theſe you diſtil in balneo Mariæ, *infuſing* quinteſſence of poppy q. ſ. *together with three pints of* lethe, *to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanſe away carefully the* ſordes *and* caput mortuum, *letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preſerve only the firſt running, which is again to be diſtilled ſeventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glaſs vial* hermetically *ſealed, for one and twenty days; then you begin your catholic treatiſe, taking every morning faſting, firſt ſhaking the vial, three drops of this* elixir, *ſnuffing it ſtrongly up your noſe. It will dilate itſelf about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of* abſtracts, ſummaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medulla's, excerpta quædam's, florilegia's, *and the like, all diſpoſed into great order, and reducible upon paper.*

I muſt needs own, it was by the aſſiſtance of this *arcanum*, that I, though otherwiſe *impar*, have adventured upon ſo daring an attempt; never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a cer-

tain author, called *Homer;* in whom, though otherwiſe a perſon not without ſome abilities, and, *for an ancient*, of a tolerable genius, I have diſcovered many groſs errors, which are not to be forgiven his very aſhes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are aſſured, he deſigned his work for a complete body * of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic; it is manifeſt, he hath wholly neglected ſome, and been very imperfect in the reſt. For, firſt of all, as eminent a *cabaliſt* as his diſciples would repreſent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he ſeems to have read but very ſuperficially, either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthropoſophia Theomagica †. He is alſo quite miſtaken about the *ſphæra pyroplaſtica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit ſo ſevere a cenſure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audiviſſe ignis vocem.* His failings are not leſs prominent in ſeveral parts of the *mechanics.* For, having read his writings with the utmoſt application uſual among *modern wits*, I could never yet diſcover the leaſt direction about the ſtructure of that uſeful inſtrument, a *ſave-all.* For want of which, if the *moderns* had not

* Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus eſt. *Xenoph. in conviv.*

† A treatiſe written about fifty years ago, by a Welſh gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember, was *Vaughan;* as appears by the anſwer written to it by the learned Dr Henry Moor. It is a piece of the moſt unintelligible fuſtian, that perhaps was ever publiſhed in any language.

not lent their aſſiſtance, we might yet have wandered *in the dark*. But I have ſtill behind a fault, far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his groſs ignorance in the *common laws of this realm*, and in the doctrine, as well as diſcipline of the church of England *: A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients ſtand moſt juſtly cenſured by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatiſe of *ancient and modern learning*; a book never to be ſufficiently valued, whether we conſider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great uſefulneſs of his ſublime diſcoveries upon the ſubject of *flies* and *ſpittle*, or the laborious eloquence of his ſtyle. And I cannot forbear doing that author the juſtice of my public acknowledgements, for the great *helps* and *liftings* I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatiſe.

But, beſides theſe omiſſions in Homer, already mentioned, the curious reader will alſo obſerve ſeveral defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether ſo accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received ſuch wonderful acquirements ſince his age, eſpecially within theſe laſt three years, or thereabouts; it is almoſt impoſſible, he could be ſo very perfect in modern

* Mr. Wotton, (to whom our author never gives any quarter), in his compariſon of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, &c. among thoſe parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients.

modern diſcoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the *compaſs*, of *gunpowder*, and the *circulation of the blood*. But I challenge any of his admirers, to ſhew me in all his writings, a complete account of the *ſpleen*. Does he not alſo leave us wholly to ſeek in the art of *political wagering?* What can be more defective and unſatisfactory, than his long diſſertation upon *tea?* And as to his method of *ſalivation without mercury*, ſo much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to ſupply ſuch momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long ſolicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promiſe, the judicious reader ſhall find nothing neglected here, that can be of uſe upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhauſted all that human imagination can riſe or *fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the peruſal of the learned, certain diſcoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I ſhall only mention, among a great many more, *My new help for ſmatterers; or, The art of being deep-learned, and ſhallow-read:—A curious invention about mouſe-traps:—An univerſal rule of reaſon; or, Every man his own carver;* together with a moſt uſeful engine for *catching of owls*. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the ſeveral parts of this diſcourſe.

I hold myſelf obliged to give as much light as is poſſible, into the beauties and excellencies of

what

what I am writing, becauſe it is become the faſhion and humour moſt applauded among the firſt authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Beſides, there have been ſeveral famous pieces lately publiſhed, both in verſe and proſe; wherein, if the writers had not been pleaſed, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the *ſublime* and the *admirable* they contain, it is a thouſand to one, whether we ſhould ever have diſcovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have ſaid upon this occaſion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which uſually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the *laſt writer*; I claim an abſolute authority in right, as the *freſheſt modern*, which gives me a deſpotic power over all authors before me. In the ſtrength of which title, I do utterly diſapprove and declare againſt that pernicious cuſtom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiſcretion in *monſter-mongers*, and other *retailers of ſtrange ſights*, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a moſt eloquent deſcription underneath. This hath ſaved me many a three-pence; for my curioſity was fully ſatisfied, and I never offered to go in, though

often

often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his laſt *moving* and *ſtanding* piece of rhetoric, *Sir, upon my word, we are juſt going to begin.* Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of *Prefaces, Epiſtles, Advertiſements, Introductions, Prolegomena's, Apparatus's, To the readers.* This expedient was admirable at firſt. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible ſucceſs. He hath often ſaid to me in confidence, that the world would have never ſuſpected him to be ſo great a poet, if he had not aſſured them ſo frequently in his prefaces, that it was impoſſible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be ſo: However, I much fear, his inſtructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiſer in certain points, where he never intended they ſhould: For it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy ſcorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of *preface* and *dedication*, (which is the uſual *modern* ſtint), as if it were ſo much *Latin.* Though it muſt be alſo allowed, on the other hand, that a very conſiderable number is known to proceed *critics* and *wits*, by reading nothing elſe. Into which two factions, I think, all preſent readers may juſtly be divided. Now, for myſelf, I profeſs to be of the former ſort: And therefore having the *modern* inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and diſplay the bright parts of my diſcourſe, I thought beſt to do it in the body

body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very conſiderable addition to the bulk of the volume; *a circumſtance by no means to be neglected by a ſkilful writer.*

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgement to an eſtabliſhed cuſtom of our neweſt authors, by *a long digreſſion unſought for*, and *an univerſal cenſure unprovoked;* by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great juſtice to myſelf, and candour to them; I now happily reſume my ſubject, to the infinite ſatisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECT. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever diſcarded from his houſe, and reſigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to truſt to. Which are circumſtances that render them proper ſubjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; ſcenes of miſery ever affording the faireſt harveſt for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common

mon friend. The latter is obſerved to adhere cloſe in proſperity, but, on the decline of fortune, to drop ſuddenly off: Whereas the generous author, juſt on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual ſteps raiſes him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not ſo much as thanks for his pains. In imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble houſe, given him a title to wear, and money to ſpend. There I ſhall leave him for ſome time; returning where common charity directs me, to the aſſiſtance of his two brothers at their loweſt ebb. However, I ſhall by no means forget my character of an hiſtorian, to follow the truth ſtep by ſtep, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

The two exiles, ſo nearly united in fortune and intereſt, took a lodging together; where, at their firſt leiſure, they began to reflect on the numberleſs misfortunes and vexations of their life paſt; and could not tell, on the ſudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after ſome recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had ſo happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm reſolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiſs, and reduce all their future meaſures to the ſtricteſt obedience preſcribed therein. The main body of the *will* (as the reader cannot eaſily have forgot) conſiſted in certain admirable

rules about the wearing of their coats: In the peruſal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never ſeen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright tranſgreſſions of every point. Upon which they both reſolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to ſtop the haſty reader, ever impatient to ſee the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that theſe two brothers began to be diſtinguiſhed at this time by certain names. One of them deſired to be called MARTIN *, and the other took the appellation of JACK †. Theſe two had lived in much friendſhip and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter; as it is the talent of fellow-ſufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the ſame. But when they came forward into the world, and began to diſplay themſelves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the preſent poſture of their affairs gave them ſudden opportunity to diſcover.

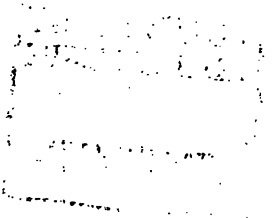
But here the ſevere reader may juſtly tax me as a writer of ſhort memory; a deficiency to which a true *modern* cannot but, of neceſſity, be a little ſubject: Becauſe *memory* being an employ-

* Martin Luther. † John Calvin.

ment of the mind upon things paſt, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illuſtrious age have no manner of occaſion, who deal entirely with *invention*, and ſtrike all things out of themſelves, or at leaſt by colliſion from each other; upon which account we think it highly reaſonable to produce our great forgetfulneſs, as an argument unanſwerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infuſed into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in faſhion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the moſt antic you can poſſibly conceive: And this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be ſeen; but an infinite quantity of *lace*, and *ribbands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points*; (I mean only thoſe *tagged with ſilver* *, for the reſt fell off). Now, this material circumſtance having been forgot in due place; as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are juſt going to reform their veſtures into the primitive ſtate, preſcribed by their father's *will*.

They both unanimouſly entered upon this great work, looking ſometimes on their coats, and ſome-

* Points tagged with ſilver, or thoſe doctrines that promote the greatneſs and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepeſt in the body of Popery.



A. Bell

ſometimes on the *will.* Martin laid the firſt hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of *points;* and, with a ſecond pull, ſtripped away ten dozen yards of *fringe.* But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while. He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done. However, the firſt heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he reſolved to proceed more moderately in the reſt of the work; having already very narrowly eſcaped a ſwinging rent in pulling off the *points,* which, being *tagged with ſilver,* (as we have obſerved before), the judicious workman had with much ſagacity double ſown, to preſerve them from *falling.* Reſolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of *gold lace,* he picked up the ſtitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the looſe threads as he went; which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; againſt which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's teſtament was extremely exact and ſevere: Theſe, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the reſt, where he obſerved the embroidery to be worked ſo cloſe, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it ſerved to hide or ſtrengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wiſeſt courſe was, to let it remain; reſolv-

ing in no caſe whatſoever, that the ſubſtance of the ſtuff ſhould ſuffer injury; which he thought the beſt method for ſerving the true intent and meaning of his father's *will*. And this is the neareſt account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution *.

But his brother Jack †, whoſe adventures will be ſo extraordinary as to furniſh a great part in the

* The criticiſms of the Martiniſts (whom we may ſuppoſe the members of the church of England) were, it is to be hoped, more candid than thoſe contained in the following note: For Martin is treated with a much leſs degree of ſarcaſm than the other two brothers.——The church of England can ſcarce be angry at ſuch a favourable account of Luther; eſpecially as we have ſince reformed from Luther himſelf; and, ſo far as our judgments can teach us, have reſtored our habits ſtill nearer to the original faſhion, which they bore at the perfection of the teſtament. *Orrery.*

† In the character of Jack, a ſet of people were alarmed, who are eaſily offended, and who can ſcarce bear the chearfulneſs of a ſmile. In their dictionary, wit is only another name for wickedneſs; and the purer or more excellent the wit, the greater and more impious the abomination. However wide, therefore, the difference of Peter and Jack might have been in faſhioning their coats, the two brothers moſt ſincerely agreed in their hatred of an adverſary ſo powerful as this anonymous author. They ſpared no unmannerly reflections upon his character. They had recourſe to every kind of abuſe that could reach him. And ſometimes it was the work of Swift and his companions: Sometimes not a ſyllable of it was his work; it was the work of one of his uncle's ſons, a clergyman; and ſometimes it was the work of a perſon who was to be nameleſs. Each of theſe malicious conjectures reigned in its turn: And it will be found, that bold aſſertions, however falſe, almoſt conſtantly meet with ſucceſs; a kind of triumph that would appear one of the ſevereſt inſtitutes of fate, if time and truth did not ſoon obliterate all marks of the victory. *Orrery.*

the remainder of this diſcourſe, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different ſpirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and ſpite, which had a much greater ſhare of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; ſince theſe appeared at beſt only ſecondary and ſubſervient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a ſhift to find a very plauſible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal*; which is perhaps the moſt ſignificant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *analytical* diſcourſe upon that ſubject; wherein I have deduced a *hiſtori-theo-phiſi-logical* account of *zeal*, ſhewing how it firſt proceeded from a *notion* into a *word*, and from thence, in a hot ſummer, ripened into a *tangible ſubſtance*. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I deſign very ſhortly to publiſh by the *modern* way of *ſubſcription*; not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all poſſible encouragement, having had already ſuch a taſte of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimfull of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the deſpondency of Martin, prefaced his reſolutions to this purpoſe. *What*, ſaid he, *a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes, palmed his damned*

cruſts upon us for mutton, and at laſt kicked us out of doors; muſt we be in his faſhions, with a pox! a raſcal, beſides, that all the ſtreet cries out againſt. Having thus kindled and inflamed himſelf as high as poſſible, and by conſequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he ſet about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more diſpatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to underſtand, that *zeal* is never ſo highly obliged, as when you ſet it a *tearing*; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himſelf, allowed it at this time its full ſwing. Thus it happened, that ſtripping down a parcel of *gold lace*, a little too haſtily, he rent the *main body* of his *coat* from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happieſt in *taking up a ſtitch*, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with *pack-thread* and a *ſkewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worſe (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery*: For, being clumſy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of ſtitches that required the niceſt hand, and ſedateſt conſtitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiouſly thus continued his career: *Ah, good brother* Martin, ſaid he, *do as I do, for the love of God; ſtrip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter as it is poſſible. I would not, for an hundred pounds, carry the leaſt mark about me, that might give occaſion*

ſion to the neighbours, of ſuſpecting I was related to ſuch a raſcal. But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely ſlegmatic and ſedate, *begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get ſuch another:* Deſired him *to conſider, that it was not their buſineſs to form their actions by any reflection upon* Peter, *but by obſerving the rules preſcribed in their father's* will: *That he ſhould remember,* Peter *was ſtill their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they ſhould by all means avoid ſuch a thought, as that of taking meaſures for good and evil, from no other rule than of oppoſition to him:* That *it was true, the teſtament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their* coats; *yet was it no leſs penal and ſtrict in preſcribing agreement, and friendſhip, and affection between them; and therefore, if ſtraining a point were at all diſpenſable, it would certainly be ſo, rather to the advance of unity, than increaſe of contradiction.*

Martin had ſtill proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtleſs would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's *repoſe, both of body and mind,* the true ultimate end of *ethics;* but Jack was already gone a flight-ſhot beyond his patience. And as, in ſcholaſtic diſputes, nothing ſerves to rouſe the ſpleen of him that *oppoſes,* ſo much as a kind of pedantic affected calmneſs in the *reſpondent;* diſputants being for the

the moſt part like unequal ſcales, where the *gravity* of one ſide advances the *lightneſs* of the other, and cauſes it to fly up, and kick the beam: So it happened here, that the *weight* of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's *levity*, and made him fly out and ſpurn againſt his brother's moderation. In ſhort, Martin's *patience* put Jack in a *rage*. But that which moſt afflicted him, was, to obſerve his brother's coat ſo well reduced into the ſtate of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his ſhirt; or thoſe places, which had eſcaped his cruel clutches, were ſtill in Peter's livery: So that he looked like a drunken *beau*, half rifled by *bullies*; or like a freſh tenant in Newgate, when he has refuſed the payment of *garniſh*; or like a diſcovered *ſhop-lifter*, left to the mercy of *Exchange women* *; or like a *bawd* in her old velvet petticoat, reſigned into the ſecular hands of the *mobile*. Like any, or like all of theſe, a medley of *rags* and *lace*, and *rents* and *fringes*, unfortunate Jack did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to ſee his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the ſame predicament with his. However,

* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange, were formerly filled with ſhops, kept chiefly by women. The ſame uſe was made of a building called the *New Exchange* in the Strand. This edifice has been pulled down; the ſhopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent ſtreets; and there are now no remains of *Exchange women*, but in Exeter 'change, and they are no longer deemed the firſt miniſters of faſhion. Hawkeſ.

ever, ſince neither of theſe was likely to come to paſs, he thought fit to lend the whole buſineſs another turn, and to dreſs up neceſſity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *fox's* arguments * as he could muſter up, for bringing Martin to *reaſon*, as he called it, or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bob-tailed condition; and obſerving he ſaid all to little purpoſe; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of ſcurrilities againſt his brother, to run mad with ſpleen, and ſpite, and contradiction? To be ſhort, here began a mortal breach between theſe two. Jack went immediately to *new lodgings*, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a ſhort time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddeſt whimſies that ever a ſick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the ſtreets began to ſalute him with ſeveral names. Sometimes they would call him, Jack *the Bald* †; ſometimes, Jack *with the lantern* ‡; ſometimes, *Dutch* Jack §; ſometimes, *French* Hugh ‖; ſometimes, Tom *the Beggar*,

* The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap, and loſt his tail, uſed many arguments to perſuade the reſt to cut off theirs; that the ſingularity of his deformity might not expoſe him to deriſion. *Hawkeſ.*

† That is, Calvin; from *calvus*, bald.

‡ All thoſe who pretend to inward light.

§ Jack of Leyden, who gave riſe to the Anabaptiſts.

‖ The Hugonots.

Beggar *; and ſometimes, *Knocking* Jack *of the* North †. And it was under one, or ſome, or all of theſe appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given riſe to the moſt illuſtrious and epidemic ſect of *Æoliſts*, who, with honourable commemoration, do ſtill acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whoſe original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

———*Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.*

SECT. VII.

A Digreſſion in praiſe of Digreſſions.

I HAVE ſometimes *heard* of an *Iliad* in a *nut-ſhell*; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftner *ſeen a nut-ſhell* in an *Iliad*. There is no doubt that human life has received moſt wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I ſhall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmoſt inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged

* The Gueuſes, by which name ſome Proteſtants in Flanders were called.

† John Knox the reformer of Scotland.

obliged to the great *modern* improvement of *digreſſions*: The late refinements in knowledge running parallel to thoſe of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taſte, are dreſſed up in various compounds, conſiſting in *ſoups* and *olio's*, *fricaſſees* and *ragouſts*.

It is true, there is a ſort of moroſe, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to diſreliſh theſe polite innovations. And as to the ſimilitude from diet, they allow the parallel; but are ſo bold to pronounce the example itſelf, a corruption and degeneracy of taſte. They tell us, that the faſhion of jumbling fifty things together in a diſh, was at firſt introduced in compliance to a depraved and *debauched appetite*, as well as to a *crazy conſtitution*: And to ſee a man hunting through an *olio* after the *head* and *brains* of a *gooſe*, *a widgeon*, or a *woodcock*, is a ſign he wants a ſtomach and digeſtion for more ſubſtantial victuals. Farther they affirm, that *digreſſions* in a book are like *foreign troops* in a *ſtate*, which argue the nation to want a *heart* and *hands* of its own; and often either *ſubdue* the *natives*, or drive them into the moſt *unfruitful corners*.

But, after all that can be objected by theſe ſupercilious cenſors, it is manifeſt, the ſociety of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconſiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpoſe. It is acknowledged, that were the caſe the ſame among

us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its *cradle*, to be reared, and fed, and clothed by *invention*; it would be an eaſy taſk to fill up volumes upon particular occaſions, without farther expatiating from the ſubject, than by moderate excurſions, helping to advance or clear the main deſign. But with *knowledge* it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itſelf by the product of the ſoil it is on; till, proviſions being ſpent, they are ſent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no ſuſtenance but clouds of duſt.

The whole courſe of things being thus entirely changed between *us* and the *ancients*, and the *moderns* wiſely ſenſible of it; we of this age have diſcovered a ſhorter, and a more prudent method, to become *ſcholars* and *wits*, without the fatigue of *reading* and *thinking*. The moſt accompliſhed way of uſing books at preſent, is twofold: Either, firſt, to ſerve them as ſome men do *lords*, learn their *titles* exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, ſecondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough inſight into the *index*, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like *fiſhes* by the *tail*. For to enter the palace of learning at the *great gate*, requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haſte and little

ceremony are content to get in by the *back-door*. For the arts are all in a *flying* march, and therefore more eaſily ſubdued by attacking them in the *rear*. Thus phyſicians diſcover the ſtate of the whole body, by conſulting only what comes from *behind*. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their *wit* on the poſteriors of a book, as boys do ſparrows by flinging *ſalt* upon their *tails*. Thus human life is beſt underſtood by the wiſe man's rule of *regarding the end*. Thus are the ſciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old ſciences* unravelled like *old ſtockings*, by beginning at the *foot*.

Beſides all this, the army of the ſciences hath been of late, with a world of martial diſcipline, drawn into its *cloſe order*, ſo that a view, or a muſter may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great bleſſing we are wholly indebted to *ſyſtems* and *abſtracts*, in which the *modern* fathers of learning, like prudent uſurers, ſpent their ſweat for the eaſe of us their children. For *labour* is the ſeed of *idleneſs*, and it is the peculiar happineſs of our noble age to gather the *fruit*.

Now, the method of growing wiſe, learned, and *ſublime*, having become ſo regular an affair, and ſo eſtabliſhed in all its forms; the number of writers muſt needs have increaſed accordingly, and to a pitch that has ma le it of abſolute neceſſity for them to interfere continually with each other. Beſides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this preſent a ſufficient quantity of new matter

left in nature, to furniſh and adorn any one particular ſubject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very ſkilful *computer*, who hath given a full demonſtration of it from the rules of *arithmetic*.

This perhaps may be objected againſt by thoſe who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any *ſpecies* of it can be exhauſted. For anſwer to which, let us examine the nobleſt branch of *modern* wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the preſent age, and which of all others hath borne the moſt, and the faireſt fruit. For though ſome remains of it were left us by the *ancients*, yet have not any of thoſe, as I remember, been tranſlated, or compiled into ſyſtems for *modern* uſe. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it hath, in ſome ſort, been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the ſame hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent among the *modern* wits, of deducing ſimilitudes, alluſions, and applications, very ſurpriſing, agreeable, and appoſite, from the *pudenda* of either ſex, together with *their proper uſes*. And truly, having obſerved how little invention bears any vogue, beſides what is derived into theſe *channels*, I have ſometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical deſcription of the Indian pygmies; *whoſe ſtature did not exceed above two foot; ſed quorum pudenda craſſa, et ad talos uſque pertingentia.*

gentia *. Now, I have been very curious to inſpect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have moſt prominently appeared. And although this *vein* hath bled ſo freely, and all endeavours have been uſed in the power of human breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, *who had a cuſtom, and an inſtrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk* †; yet I am under an apprehenſion, it is near growing dry, and paſt all recovery; and that either ſome new *fonde* of wit ſhould, if poſſible, be provided, or elſe that we muſt e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occaſions.

This will ſtand as an inconteſtable argument, that our *modern* wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a conſtant ſupply. What remains therefore, but that our laſt recourſe muſt be had to large *indexes*, and little *compendiums*? *Quotations* muſt be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little conſulted, yet *critics*, and *commentators*, and *lexicons*, carefully muſt. But above all, thoſe judicious collectors of *bright parts*, and *flowers*, and *obſervanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by ſome called the *ſieves* and *boulters* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *pearls* or meal; and conſequently, whether we are more to value that which *paſſed through*, or what *ſtaid behind*.

* *Cteſiæ fragm. apud Photium.* † Herodot. l. 4.

By theſe methods, in a few weeks, there ſtarts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundeſt, and moſt univerſal ſubjects. For what though his *head* be empty, provided his *common-place book* be full? And if you will bate him but the circumſtances of *method*, and *ſtyle*, and *grammar*, and *invention*; allow him but the common privileges of tranſcribing from others, and digreſſing from himſelf, as often as he ſhall ſee occaſion; he will deſire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatiſe, that ſhall make a very comely figure on a bookſeller's ſhelf, there to be preſerved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inſcribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greaſed by ſtudents, nor bound to everlaſting chains of darkneſs in a library; but when the fulneſs of time is come, ſhall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order *to aſcend the ſky*.

Without theſe allowances, how is it poſſible we *modern* wits ſhould ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, lifted under ſo many thouſand heads of a different nature? For want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as inſtruction; and we ourſelves buried, beyond redreſs, in an inglorious and undiſtinguiſhed oblivion.

From ſuch elements as theſe, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the *guild*: a happineſs derived to us with a great many others, from

from our Scythian anceſtors; among whom the number of *pens* was ſo infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expreſſing it, than by ſaying, *that in the region far to the* North, *it was hardly poſſible for a man to travel, the very air was ſo replete with* feathers *.

The neceſſity of this digreſſion will eaſily excuſe the length; and I have choſen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can aſſign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleaſes. And ſo I return, with great alacrity, to purſue a more important concern.

SECT. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned Æoliſts † maintain the original cauſe of all things to be *wind*, from which principle this whole univerſe was at firſt produced, and into which it muſt at laſt be reſolved; that the ſame breath which had kindled, and blew *up* the flame of nature, ſhould one day blow it *out:*

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

* Herodot. l. 4. † All pretenders to inſpiration whatſoever.

This is what the *adepti* underſtand by their *anima mundi*; that is to ſay, the *ſpirit*, or *breath*, or *wind* of the world. For examine the whole ſyſtem by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be diſputed. For whether you pleaſe to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *ſpiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all theſe but ſeveral appellations for *wind*? which is the ruling *element* in every compound, and into which they all reſolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itſelf, but, as it is commonly called, the *breath* of our noſtrils? Whence it is very juſtly obſerved by naturaliſts, that *wind* ſtill continues of great emolument in *certain myſteries* not to be named, giving occaſion for thoſe happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the *compaſs* of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their moſt important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight. That ſince *wind* had the maſter-ſhare, as well as operation in every compound, by conſequence, thoſe beings muſt be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears moſt prominently to abound; and therefore *man* is in higheſt perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philoſophers, been endued with three diſtinct

anima's

anima's or *winds*, to which the sage[illegible]s, all their much liberality, have added a fourth, [illegible]urer the necessity, as well as ornament, with the [illegible]on by three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in o[illegible] four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist*, Bumbastus *, of placing the body of men in due position to the four *cardinal* points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, That *man* brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of *wind*, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This *quintessence* is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when *blown* up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them in vast numbers, with their *mouths gaping wide enough against a storm* †. At other times were to be seen several hundred

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus. He was called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bumbastus.

† This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up the *seeds of rebellion, &c.*

This is w circular chain, with
anima mu applied to his neigh-
or w y blew up each other
un; and for that rea-
of speech, did usually
vessels. When, by these
es, they were grown suf-
would immediately depart,
the public good, a plenti-
ful ... uirements into their disciples
chaps. For ... t here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle: Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning *puffeth men up*: And, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: *Words are but wind, and learning is nothing but words*; ergo, *learning is nothing but wind*. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils, all their doctrines and opinions by *eructation*, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the *wind* and vapours issuing forth; having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world; distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind.

kind of *relievo*. At which junctures, all their *belches* were received for ſacred, the ſourer the better, and ſwallowed with infinite conſolation by their meagre devotees. And to render theſe yet more complete; becauſe the breath of man's life is in his noſtrils, therefore the choiceſt, moſt edifying, and moſt enlivening *belches*, were very wiſely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they paſſed.

Their gods were the four *winds*, whom they worſhipped, as the ſpirits that pervade and enliven the univerſe, and as thoſe from whom alone all *inſpiration* can properly be ſaid to proceed. However, the chief of theſe, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria* *, was the *almighty North*: an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in Greece, had likewiſe in the higheſt reverence: *Omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant* †. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet ſuppoſed by the profounder Æoliſts to poſſeſs one peculiar habitation, or (to ſpeak in form) a *cœlum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately preſent. This was ſituated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called Σκοτία, or, the *land of darkneſs*. And although many controverſies have ariſen upon that matter; yet ſo much is undiſputed, that, from a region of the *like denomination*, the moſt

* *Latria* is that worſhip which is paid only to the Supreme Deity. *Hawkeſ.*

† *Pauſan.* l. 8.

moſt refined Æoliſts have borrowed their original; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their prieſthood have brought over their choiceſt *inſpiration*; fetching it with their own hands from the fountain head, in certain *bladders*, and diſploding it among the ſectaries in all nations; who did, and do, and ever will, daily gaſp and pant after it.

Now, their myſteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuoſo's of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preſerving *winds* in caſks or barrels, which was of great aſſiſtance upon long ſea-voyages; and the loſs of ſo uſeful an art at preſent is very much to be lamented, although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirollus *. It was an invention aſcribed to Æolus himſelf, from whom this ſect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preſerved great numbers of thoſe *barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, firſt beating out the top. Into this *barrel*, upon ſolemn days, the prieſt enters; where, having before duly prepared himſelf by the methods already deſcribed, a ſecret funnel is alſo conveyed from his poſteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new ſupplies of inſpiration from a *northern* chink or crany.

Whereupon

* An author who writ *de artibus perditis*, &c. of arts loſt, and of arts invented.

Whereupon you behold him ſwell immediately to the ſhape and ſize of his *veſſel*. In this poſture he diſembogues whole tempeſts upon his auditory, as the ſpirit from beneath gives him utterance, which, iſſuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the *wind*, in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the ſea; firſt *blackening*, then *wrinkling*, and at laſt *burſting it into a foam* *. It is in this guiſe the ſacred Æoliſt delivers his oracular *belches* to his panting diſciples; of whom ſome are greedily gaping after the ſanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praiſes of the *winds*; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus repreſent the ſoft breezes of their deities appeaſed.

It is from this cuſtom of the prieſts, that ſome authors maintain theſe Æoliſts to have been very ancient in the world; becauſe the delivery of their myſteries, which I have juſt now mentioned, appears exactly the ſame with that of other ancient oracles, whoſe inſpirations were owing to certain ſubterraneous *effluviums* of *wind*, delivered with the ſame pain to the prieſt, and much about the *ſame* influence on the people. It is true indeed, that theſe were frequently managed and directed by *female* officers, whoſe organs were underſtood to be better diſpoſed for the admiſſion of thoſe oracular *guſts*, as entering and paſſing up through

a

* This is an exact deſcription of the changes made in the face by *enthuſiaſtic preachers*.

a receptacle of greater capacity, and cauſing alſo a pruriency by the way, ſuch as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a ſpiritual ecſtaſy. And, to ſtrengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther inſiſted, that this cuſtom of *female* prieſts * is kept up ſtill in certain refined colleges of our *modern* Æoliſts, who are agreed to receive their inſpiration, derived through the receptacle aforeſaid, like their anceſtors, the *Sibyls*.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the ſpur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never ſtop, but naturally ſallies out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil; his firſt flight of fancy commonly tranſports him to ideas of what is moſt perfect, finiſhed, and exalted; till having ſoared out of his own reach and ſight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the ſame courſe and wing, he falls down plum into the loweſt bottom of things; like one who travels the *eaſt* into the *weſt*; or like a ſtrait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furniſhing every bright idea with its reverſe; or whether reaſon, reflecting upon the ſum of things, can, like the ſun, ſerve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by neceſſity under ſhade and darkneſs; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is

 higheſt

* Quakers, who ſuffer their women to preach and pray.

higheſt and beſt, becomes over-ſhort, and ſpent, and weary, and ſuddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradiſe, to the ground; or whether, after all theſe *metaphyſical* conjectures, I have not entirely miſſed the true reaſon; the propoſition, however, which hath ſtood me in ſo much circumſtance, is altogether true, That as the moſt uncivilized parts of mankind have ſome way or other climbed up into the conception of a *god*, or ſupreme power, ſo they have ſeldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghaſtly notions, which, inſtead of better, have ſerved them pretty tolerably for a *devil*. And this proceeding ſeems to be natural enough: For it is with men, whoſe imaginations are lifted up very high, after the ſame rate as with thoſe whoſe bodies are ſo; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, ſo they are equally terrified with the diſmal proſpect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a *devil*, it hath been the uſual method of mankind, to ſingle out ſome being, either in act, or in viſion, which was in moſt antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus alſo the ſect of Æoliſts poſſeſſed themſelves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was eſtabliſhed. The firſt of theſe was the *Camelion* *, ſworn foe to *inſpira-*

* I do not well underſtand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monſter mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulinavent*, which is the French name for a *wind-mill*.

tion, who, in ſcorn, devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the ſmalleſt blaſt by *eructation*. The other was a huge terrible monſter, called *Moulinavent*, who, with four ſtrong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterouſly turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with intereſt.

Thus furniſhed, and ſet out with *gods*, as well as *devils*, was the renowned ſect of Æoliſts; which makes at this day ſo illuſtrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders, are, beyond all doubt, a moſt authentic branch: Of whom I therefore cannot, without injuſtice, here omit to make honourable mention; ſince they appear to be ſo cloſely allied, in point of intereſt, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æoliſts among us, as not only to buy their *winds* by wholeſale from the *ſame* merchants, but alſo to retail them after the *ſame* rate and method, and to cuſtomers much alike.

Now, whether the ſyſtem here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as ſome writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations ſuited to the times and circumſtances; I ſhall not abſolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at leaſt a new turn, and formed it into the ſame dreſs and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long ſought after this opportunity of doing juſtice to a ſociety of men, for whom I have

have a peculiar honour; and whoſe opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely miſrepreſented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adverſaries. For I think it one of the greateſt and beſt of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their trueſt and faireſt light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beſide the conſcience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECT. IX.

A Digreſſion concerning the original, the uſe, and improvement of Madneſs *in a commonwealth.*

NOR ſhall it any wiſe detract from the juſt reputation of this famous ſect, that its riſe and inſtitution are owing to ſuch an author as I have deſcribed Jack to be; a perſon whoſe intellectuals were overturned, and his brain ſhaken out of its natural poſition; which we commonly ſuppoſe to be a diſtemper, and call by the name of *madneſs*, or *phrenzy*. For, if we take a ſurvey of the greateſt actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of ſingle men; which are, *the eſtabliſhment of new empires by conqueſt; the advance and progreſs of new ſchemes in philoſophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions;* we ſhall find the authors

of them all to have been perſons whoſe natural reaſon had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of ſome certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Beſides, there is ſome thing individual in human minds, that eaſily kindles at the accidental approach and colliſion of certain circumſtances, which, though of paultry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greateſt emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by ſtrong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper ſeaſons. And it is of no import where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the *upper region* of man is furniſhed like the *middle region* of the air; the materials are formed from cauſes of the wideſt difference, yet produce at laſt the ſame ſubſtance and effect. Miſts ariſe from the earth, ſteams from dunghills, exhalations from the ſea, and ſmoke from fire; yet all clouds are the ſame in compoſition, as well conſequences; and the fumes iſſuing from a jakes, will furniſh as comely and uſeful a vapour, as incenſe from an altar. Thus far, I ſuppoſe, will eaſily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcaſt and diſturbed; ſo human underſtanding, ſeated in the brain, muſt be troubled and overſpread by vapours, aſcending from the lower faculties, to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although theſe vapours

(as

(as it hath been already ſaid) are of as various original, as thoſe of the ſkies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the ſoil. I will produce two inſtances, to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince raiſed a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treaſures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the leaſt part of his deſign to his greateſt miniſters, or his neareſt favourites *. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the ſtorm would burſt; the ſmall politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a ſcheme for univerſal monarchy; others, after much inſight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the *Pope*, and ſetting up the *reformed* religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper ſagacity, ſent him into Aſia, to ſubdue the Turk, and recover Paleſtine. In the midſt of all theſe projects and preparations, a certain *ſtate-ſurgeon* †, gathering the nature of the diſeaſe by theſe ſymptoms, attempted the cure; at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the *vapour*. Nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately hap-

* This was Harry the Great of France.

† *Ravillac, who ſtabbed* Henry the Great *in his coach.*

pened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *vapour* took its riſe, which had ſo long ſet the nations at a gaze? what ſecret wheel, what hidden ſpring, could put into motion ſo wonderful an engine? It was afterwards diſcovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an abſent *female*, whoſe eyes had raiſed a protuberancy, and, before emiſſion, ſhe was removed into an enemy's country. What ſhould an unhappy prince do in ſuch tickliſh circumſtances as theſe? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque:* For,

Idque petit corpus mens, unde eſt ſaucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, geſtitque coire. Lucr.

Having to no purpoſe uſed all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *ſemen*, raiſed and inflamed, became aduſt, converted to choler, turned head upon the ſpinal duct, and aſcended to the brain. The very ſame principle that influences a *bully* to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally ſtirs up a great prince to raiſe mighty armies, and dream of nothing but ſieges, battles, and victories.

——————*Teterrimi belli*
Cauſa——————

The other inſtance is, what I have read ſomewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king *, who, for the ſpace of above thirty years, amuſed

* This is meant of the preſent French King, Lewis XIV.

amuſed himſelf to take and loſe towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waſte, plunder, dragoon, maſſacre ſubject and ſtranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philoſophers of each country were in grave diſpute upon cauſes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they ſhould aſſign an original ſolution of this *phænomenon.* At laſt the *vapour* or *ſpirit* which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, ſeized upon that region of the human body, ſo renowned for furniſhing the *zibeta occidentalis* *, and gathering there into a tumour, left the reſt of the world for that time in peace. Of ſuch mighty conſequence it is, where thoſe exhalations fix; and of ſo little, from whence they proceed. The ſame ſpirits, which, in their ſuperior progreſs, would conquer a kingdom, deſcending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fiſtula.*

Let us next examine the great introducers of new ſchemes in philoſophy, and ſearch till we can find from what faculty of the ſoul the diſpoſition ariſes in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new ſyſtems, with ſuch an eager zeal,

* Paracelſus, who was ſo famous for chymiſtry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or *weſtern civet*, the back parts of man (according to his diviſion mentioned by the author, *p.* 331.) being the weſt.

zeal, in things agreed on all hands impoſſible to be known; from what ſeeds this diſpoſition ſprings, and to what quality of human nature theſe grand innovators have been indebted for their number of diſciples: Becauſe it is plain, that ſeveral of the chief among them, both *ancient* and *modern*, were uſually miſtaken by their adverſaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been perſons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common courſe of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of *unrefined* reaſon; agreeing, for the moſt part, in their ſeveral models, with their preſent undoubted ſucceſſors in the *academy* of *modern Bedlam*; (whoſe merits and principles I ſhall farther examine in due place.) Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelſus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied faſt, and ſeparate from their followers, would, in this our undiſtinguiſhing age, incur manifeſt danger of *phlebotomy*, and *whips*, and *chains*, and *dark chambers*, and *ſtraw*. For what man, in the natural ſtate or courſe of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the ſame length, and breadth, and height of his own? Yet this is the firſt humble and civil deſign of all innovators in the empire of reaſon. Epicurus modeſtly hoped, that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourſe of all men's opinions, after

perpetual

erpetual juſtlings, the ſharp with the ſmooth, ıe light and the heavy, the round and the ıuare, would, by certain *clinamina*, unite in the otions of *atoms* and *void*, as theſe did in the ori- inals of all things. Carteſius reckoned to ſee, efore he died, the ſentiments of all philoſophers, ke ſo many leſſer ſtars in his *romantic* ſyſtem, rapped and drawn within his own *vortex*. Now, would gladly be informed, how it is poſſible to :count for ſuch imaginations as theſe in particu- ılar men, without recourſe to my *phænomenon* of *apours*, aſcending from the lower faculties to verſhadow the brain, and there diſtilling into onceptions, for which the narrowneſs of our mo- ıer-tongue has not yet aſſigned any other name eſides that of *madneſs*, or *phrenzy*. Let us ıerefore now conjecture, how it comes to paſs, ıat none of theſe great preſcribers do ever fail roviding themſelves and their notions with a umber of implicit diſciples. And, I think, the eaſon is eaſy to be aſſigned; for there is a pecu- ar *ſtring* in the harmony of human underſtand- ıg, which in ſeveral individuals is exactly of the ıme tuning. This if you can dextrouſly ſcrew p to its right key, and then ſtrike gently upon ; whenever you have the good fortune to light mong thoſe of the ſame pitch, they will, by a :cret neceſſary ſympathy, ſtrike exactly at the ıme time. And in this one circumſtance lies ll the ſkill or luck of the matter: For if you hance to jar the ſtring among thoſe who are either

either above or below your own height; inſtead of ſubſcribing to your doctrine, they will tie you faſt, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the niceſt conduct, to diſtinguiſh and adapt this noble talent with reſpect to the differences of perſons and of times. Cicero underſtood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our *hackney-coachmen*, (who, it ſeems, in thoſe days were as arrant raſcals as they are now), has theſe remarkable words: *Eſt quod gaudeas te in iſta loca veniſſe, ubi aliquid ſapere viderere* *. For, to ſpeak a bold truth, it is a fatal miſcarriage, ſo ill to order affairs, as to paſs for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a *philoſopher*. Which I deſire *ſome certain gentlemen of my acquaintance* to lay up in their hearts, as a very ſeaſonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal miſtake of that worthy gentleman, my moſt ingenious friend, Mr Wotton; a perſon, in appearance, ordained for great deſigns, as well as performances. Whether you will conſider his *notions* or his *looks*, ſurely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had thoſe happy talents, miſapplied to vain philoſophy, been turned into their proper channels of *dreams* and *viſions*, where *diſtortion* of mind and countenance are of

* Epiſt. ad Fam. Trebat.

of ſuch ſovereign uſe; the baſe detracting world would not then have dared to report, that ſomething is amiſs, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky ſhake; which even his brethren *modernijts* themſelves, like ungrates, do whiſper ſo loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Laſtly, Whoſoever pleaſes to look into the fountains of *enthuſiaſm*, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded ſuch fattening ſtreams, will find the ſpring-head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the current. Of ſuch great emolument is a tincture of this *vapour*, which the world calls *madneſs*, that, without its help, the world would not only be deprived of thoſe two great bleſſings, *conqueſts* and *ſyſtems*, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the ſame belief in things inviſible. Now, the former *poſtulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this *vapour* proceeds, but either in what *angles* it ſtrikes, and ſpreads over the underſtanding, or upon what *ſpecies* of brain it aſcends; it will be a very delicate point, to cut the feather, and divide the ſeveral reaſons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of ſo vaſt a difference from the ſame *vapour*, as to be the ſole point of individuation between Alexander *the Great*, Jack *of* Leyden, and Monſieur Des Cartes. The preſent argument is the moſt abſtracted that ever I engaged in; it ſtrains my faculties to their higheſt ſtretch:

ſtretch: And I deſire the reader to attend with utmoſt perpenſity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain † * *

* * * * * * * * *

Hic multa deſiderantur.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

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* * * And this I take to be a clear ſolution of the matter.

Having therefore ſo narrowly paſſed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am ſure, agree with me in the concluſion, That if the *moderns* mean by *madneſs* only a diſturbance or tranſpoſition of the brain, by force of certain *vapours* iſſuing up from the lower faculties, then has this *madneſs* been the parent of all thoſe mighty revolutions, that have happened in *empire*, in *philoſophy*, and in *religion*. For the brain, in its natural poſition and ſtate of ſerenity, diſpoſeth its owner to paſs his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of ſubduing multitudes to his own *power*, his *reaſons*, or his *viſions*: And the more he ſhapes his underſtanding by the pattern of human learning, the leſs he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; becauſe that inſtructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the ſtubborn

* Here is another defect in the manuſcript; but I think the author did wiſely, and that the matter which thus ſtrained his faculties, was not worth a ſolution; and it were well if all metaphyſical cobweb problems were no otherwiſe anſwered.

ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets *aſtride* on his reaſon; when imagination is at cuffs with the ſenſes; and common underſtanding, as well as common ſenſe, is kicked out of doors; the firſt proſelyte he makes, is himſelf; and when that is once compaſſed, the difficulty is not ſo great in bringing over others; a ſtrong deluſion always operating from *without*, as vigorouſly as from *within*. For cant and viſion are, to the ear and the eye, the ſame that tickling is to the touch. Thoſe entertainments and pleaſures we moſt value in life, are ſuch as *dupe* and play the wag with the ſenſes. For if we take an examination of what is generally underſtood by *happineſs*, as it has reſpect either to the underſtanding or the ſenſes, we ſhall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this ſhort definition, That *it is a perpetual poſſeſſion of being well deceived*. And, firſt, with relation to the mind or underſtanding, it is manifeſt, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth: And the reaſon is juſt at our elbow; becauſe imagination can build nobler ſcenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furniſh. Nor is mankind ſo much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we conſider that the debate merely lies between *things paſt*, and *things conceived*. And ſo the queſtion is only this: Whether things that have place in the *imagination*, may not as properly be ſaid to *exiſt*, as thoſe that are ſeated in the *memory*? Which may be juſtly held in the

affirmative: And very much to the advantage of the former; ſince this is acknowledged to be the *womb* of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the *grave*. Again, if we take this definition of happineſs, and examine it with reference to the ſenſes, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and inſipid do all objects accoſt us, that are not conveyed in the vehicle of *deluſion!* How ſhrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glaſs of nature! So that if it were not for the aſſiſtance of artificial *mediums*, falſe lights, refracted angles, varniſh and tinſel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were ſeriouſly conſidered by the world, as I have a certain reaſon to ſuſpect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wiſdom, the art of expoſing weak ſides, and publiſhing infirmities: an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worſe than that of *unmaſking*; which, I think, has never been allowed fair uſage, either in the *world*, or the *play-houſe*.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful poſſeſſion of the mind, than curioſity, ſo far preferable is that wiſdom which converſes about the ſurface, to that pretended philoſophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and diſcoveries, that in the inſide they are good for nothing. The two ſenſes to which all objects firſt addreſs themſelves, are the ſight and the touch.

These

'Theſe never examine farther than the colour, the ſhape, the ſize, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reaſon officiouſly with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonſtrate, that they are not of the ſame conſiſtence quite through. Now, I take all this to be the laſt degree of perverting nature; one of whoſe eternal laws it is, to put her beſt furniture forward. And therefore, in order to ſave the charges of all ſuch expenſive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in ſuch concluſions as theſe, reaſon is certainly in the right; and that in the moſt corporeal beings which have fallen under my cogniſance, the *outſide* hath been infinitely preferable to the *in*. Whereof I have been farther convinced from ſome late experiments. Laſt week I ſaw a woman *flayed*, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her perſon for the worſe. Yeſterday I ordered the carcaſe of a *beau* to be ſtripped in my preſence; when we were all amazed to find ſo many unſuſpected faults under one ſuit of cloaths. Then I laid open his *brain*, his *heart*, and his *ſpleen*. But I plainly perceived, at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increaſe upon us in number and bulk. From all which I juſtly formed this concluſion to myſelf, That whatever philoſopher or projector can find out an art to ſolder and patch up the flaws and imper-

fections of nature, will deſerve much better of mankind, and teach us a more uſeful ſcience than that ſo much in preſent eſteem, of widening and expoſing them, like him who held *anatomy* to be the ultimate end of *phyſic*. And he whoſe fortunes and diſpoſitions have placed him in a convenient ſtation to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the *films* and *images*, that fly off upon his ſenſes from the *ſuperficies* of things; ſuch a man, truly wiſe, creams off nature, leaving the ſour and the dregs for philoſophy and reaſon to lap up. This is the ſublime and refined point of felicity, called the *poſſeſſion of being well deceived*; the ſerene peaceful ſtate of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to *madneſs*: It is certain, that, according to the ſyſtem I have above deduced, every *ſpecies* thereof proceeds from a redundancy of *vapours*; therefore, as ſome kinds of *phrenzy* give double ſtrength to the ſinews, ſo there are of other *ſpecies*, which add vigour, and life, and ſpirit to the brain. Now, it uſually happens, that theſe active ſpirits, getting poſſeſſion of the brain, reſemble thoſe that haunt other waſte and empty dwellings, which, for want of buſineſs, either vaniſh, and carry away a piece of the houſe, or elſe ſtay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which are myſtically diſplayed, the two principal branches of *madneſs*; and which ſome philoſophers, not conſidering ſo well as I, have miſ-

taken

taken to be different in their cauſes; over-haſtily aſſigning the firſt to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifeſt, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of ſkill and addreſs is, to furniſh employment for this redundancy of *vapour*, and prudently to adjuſt the ſeaſon of it; by which means, it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man chuſing a proper conjecture, leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the ſaver of his country: Another atchieves the ſame enterpriſe; but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of *madneſs* fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon ſo nice a diſtinction are we taught to repeat the name of *Curtius*, with reverence and love; that of *Empedocles*, with hatred and contempt. Thus alſo it is uſually conceived, that the elder Brutus only perſonated the *fool* and *madman* for the good of the public. But this was nothing elſe than a redundancy of the ſame *vapour* long miſapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis* *; or, to tranſlate it as nearly as I can, a ſort of *phrenzy*, never in its right element, till you take it up in the buſineſs of the ſtate.

Upon all which, and many other reaſons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long ſought for, of recommending it as a very noble

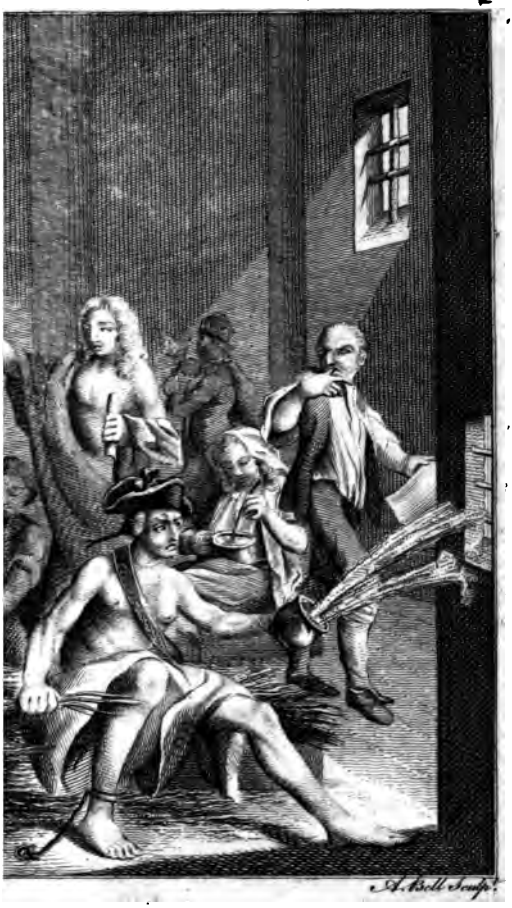
 undertaking.

* *Tacit.*

undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Chriſtopher Muſgrave, Sir John Bowls, John Howe, Eſq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commiſſioners to inſpect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who ſhall be impowered to *ſend for perſons, papers, and records*; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every ſtudent and profeſſor; to obſerve with utmoſt exactneſs their ſeveral diſpoſitions and behaviour; by which means, duly diſtinguiſhing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable inſtruments for the ſeveral offices in a ſtate †, * * * *civil* and *military*; proceeding in ſuch methods as I ſhall here humbly propoſe. And I hope the gentle reader will give ſome allowance to my great ſolicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high eſteem I have borne that honourable ſociety, whereof I had ſome time the happineſs to be an unworthy member.

Is any ſtudent tearing his ſtraw in piece-meal, ſwearing and blaſpheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piſs-pot in the ſpectators faces? Let the Right Worſhipful the *Commiſſioners of Inſpection* give him a regiment of dragoons, and ſend him into Flanders among the *reſt*. Is another eternally talking, ſputtering, gaping, bawling, in a ſound without period or article? What wonderful talents are here miſlaid! Let him be furniſhed immediately with a green bag

† *Eccleſiaſtical.* Hawkeſ.


A. Bell Sculp.

retainer of the *ſound*; extremely ſubject to the *looſeneſs*, for his *occaſions* are perpetually *calling him away*. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, *Sir*, ſays he, *give me a penny, and I'll ſing you a ſong; but give me the penny firſt.* (Hence comes the common ſaying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a *ſong.*) What a complete ſyſtem of *court-ſkill* is here deſcribed in every branch of it, and all utterly loſt with wrong application! Accoſt the hole of another kennel, (firſt ſtopping your noſe), you will behold a ſurly, gloomy, naſty, ſlovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The beſt part of his diet, is the reverſion of his own ordure; which, expiring into ſteams, whirls perpetually about, and at laſt reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin ſcattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its firſt declination; like other inſects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their ſmell. The ſtudent of this apartment is very ſparing of his words, but ſomewhat over liberal of his breath: He holds his hand out, ready to receive your penny; and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing, to think, the ſociety of Warwick-lane ſhould have no more concern for the recovery of ſo uſeful a member, who, if one may judge from theſe appearances, would become the greateſt ornament to that illuſtrious body? Another

bag and papers, and *three-pence* * in his pocket, and away with him to Weſtminſter-hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimenſions of his kennel; a perſon of foreſight and inſight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moſes, *ecce cornuta erat ejus facies* †. He walks duly in pace; intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and *the whore of Babylon;* bars up the wooden window of his cell conſtantly at eight o'clock; dreams of *fire*, and *ſhop-lifters*, and *court-cuſtomers*, and *privileged places*. Now, what a figure would all theſe acquirements amount to, if the owner were ſent into the *city* among his brethren? Behold a fourth, in much and deep converſation with himſelf; biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with buſineſs and deſign; ſometimes walking very faſt, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great ſaver of time; ſomewhat thick of hearing; very ſhort of ſight, but more of memory; a man ever in haſte, a great hatcher and breeder of buſineſs, and excellent at the famous art of *whiſpering nothing;* a huge idolater of monoſyllables and procraſtination; ſo ready to *give* his word to every body, that he never *keeps* it; one that has forgot the common *meaning* of words, but an admirable retainer

* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to Weſtminſter.

† Cornutus is either horned or ſhining; and by this term Moſes *is deſcribed in* the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

ſhall enforce by this one plain inſtance, That even I myſelf, the author of theſe momentous truths, am a perſon whoſe imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly diſpoſed to run away with his *reaſon*, which I have obſerved, from long experience, to be a very light rider, and eaſily ſhaken off: Upon which account, my friends will never truſt me alone, without a ſolemn promiſe to vent my ſpeculations, in this or the like manner, for the univerſal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimfull of that *modern* charity and tenderneſs uſually annexed to his *office*, will be very hardly perſuaded to believe.

SECT. X.

A further Digreſſion *.

IT is an unanſwerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have paſſed of late years, between the nation of *authors*, and that of *readers*. There can hardly pop out a *play*, a *pamphlet*, or a *poem*, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world, for the general reception

* This ſection has in former editions been intitled, *A Tale of a Tub*; but the tale not being continued till ſection II. and this being only a further digreſſion, no apology can be thought neceſſary for making the title correſpond with the contents. Hawkeſ.

reception and applauſe they have given it; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received *. In due deference to ſo laudable a cuſtom, I do here return my humble thanks to *his Majeſty*, and both houſes of *parliament*; to the *Lords* of the King's Moſt Honourable Privy Council; to the Reverend the *judges*; to the *clergy*, and *gentry*, and *yeomanry* of this land: But, in a more eſpecial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at *Will's coffee-houſe*, and *Greſham-college*, and *Warwick-lane*, and *Moorfields*, and *Scotland-yard*, and *Weſtminſter-hall*, and *Guild-hall*: In ſhort, to all inhabitants and retainers whatſoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and univerſal acceptance of this divine treatiſe. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude; and, to the utmoſt of my poor capacity, ſhall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am alſo happy, that fate has flung me into ſo bleſſed an age for the mutual felicity of *bookſellers* and *authors*, whom I may ſafely affirm to be at this day the two only ſatisfied parties in England. Aſk an author, how his laſt piece has ſucceeded: *Why, truly, he thanks his ſtars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the leaſt reaſon to complain. And yet, by G—, he writ it in a week, at bits and ſtarts, when he would ſteal an hour from his urgent*

* This is literally true, as we may obſerve in the prefaces to moſt plays, poems, &c.

urgent affairs; as it is a hundred to one, you may ſee farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the reſt, to the bookſeller. There you go as a cuſtomer, and make the ſame queſtion: *He bleſſes his God, the* thing *takes wonderfully; he is juſt printing the ſecond edition, and has but three left his ſhop.* You beat down the price: *Sir, we ſhall not differ;* and, in hopes of your cuſtom another time, lets you have it as reaſonable as you pleaſe: *And, pray ſend as many of your acquaintance as you will; I ſhall, upon your account, furniſh them all at the ſame rate.*

Now, it is not well enough conſidered, to what accident and occaſions the world is indebted for the greateſt part of thoſe noble writings which hourly ſtart up to entertain it. If it were not for a *rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the ſpleen, a courſe of phyſic, a ſleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long taylor's bill, a beggar's purſe, a factious head, a hot ſun, coſtive diet, want of books, and a juſt contempt of learning;* but for theſe events, I ſay, and ſome others too long to recite, (eſpecially a *prudent neglect of taking brimſtone inwardly*), I doubt, the number of *authors*, and of *writings*, would dwindle away to a degree moſt woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philoſopher. *It is certain*, ſaid he, *ſome grains of folly are of courſe annexed as part of the compoſition of human nature; only the choice is left us, whether we pleaſe to wear them* inlaid *or* imboſſed: *And we need not go very far to ſeek how*

that is uſually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lighteſt will be ever at the top.

There is in this famous iſland of Britain, a certain paultry *ſcribler*, very voluminous, whoſe character the reader cannot wholly be a ſtranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *ſecond parts*, and uſually paſſes under the name of *the author of the firſt*. I eaſily foreſee, that as ſoon as I lay down my pen, this nimble *operator* will have ſtolen it, and treat me as inhumanely as he hath already done Dr Blackmore, L'Eſtrange, and many others who ſhall here be nameleſs. I therefore fly for juſtice and relief, into the hands of that great *rectifier of ſaddles* *, and *lover of mankind*, Dr Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his moſt *modern* conſideration: And if it ſhould ſo happen, that the *furniture of an aſs*, in the ſhape of a *ſecond part*, muſt for my ſins be clapped by a miſtake upon my back; that he will immediately pleaſe, in the preſence of the world to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to *his own houſe*, till the *true beaſt* thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time, I do here give this public notice, that my reſolutions are to circumſcribe within this diſcourſe, the whole ſtock of matter I have been ſo many years providing. Since my *vein* is once opened, I am content to exhauſt it

* Alluding to the trite phraſe, *Place the ſaddle on the right horſe. Hawkeſ.*

all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the univerſal benefit of mankind. Therefore hoſpitably conſidering the number of my gueſts, they ſhall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I ſcorn to ſet up the *leavings* in the cup-board. What the *gueſt* cannot eat, may be given to the *poor*; and the *dogs* under the table may gnaw the *bones* *. This I underſtand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's ſtomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a ſcurvy meal of *ſcraps*.

If the reader fairly conſiders the ſtrength of what I have advanced in the foregoing ſection, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to reliſh the concluding part of this miraculous treatiſe. Readers may be divided into three claſſes; the *ſuperficial*, the *ignorant*, and the *learned*: And I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *ſuperficial* reader will be ſtrangely provoked to *laughter*; which clears the breaſt and the lungs, is ſovereign againſt the *ſpleen*, and the moſt innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the diſtinction is extremely nice, will find himſelf diſpoſed to *ſtare*; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, ſerves to raiſe and enliven the ſpirits, and wonderfully helps *perſpiration*.

* By *dogs* the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himſelf before, in his Digreſſion upon *Critics*, p. 285.

tion. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whoſe benefit I wake when others ſleep, and ſleep when others wake, will here find ſufficient matter to employ his ſpeculations for the reſt of his life. It were much to be wiſhed, and I do hereby humbly propoſe for an experiment, that every prince in Chriſtendom will take ſeven of the *deepeſt ſcholars* in his dominions, and ſhut them up cloſe for *ſeven* years, in *ſeven* chambers, with a command to write *ſeven* ample commentaries on this comprehenſive diſcourſe. I ſhall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their ſeveral conjectures, they will be all, without the leaſt diſtortion, manifeſtly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earneſt requeſt, that ſo uſeful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majeſties pleaſe, with all convenient ſpeed; becauſe I have a ſtrong inclination, before I leave the world, to taſte a bleſſing, which we *myſterious* writers can ſeldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves; whether it is, that *Fame*, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much leſs ripen, till the *ſtock* is in the earth; or whether ſhe be a bird of prey, and is lured among the reſt to purſue after the ſcent of a *carcaſe*; or whether ſhe conceives her trumpet ſounds beſt and fartheſt, when ſhe ſtands on a *tomb*, by the advantage of a riſing ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of *dark* authors, after they once found out this excellent expedi-

dying, have been peculiarly happy in the ety, as well as extent of their reputation. For *ight* being the univerſal mother of things, wiſe philoſophers hold all writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*; and therefore the *true illuminated* * (that is to ſay, the *darkeſt* of all) have met with ſuch numberleſs commentators, whoſe *ſcholaſtic* midwifery hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themſelves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very juſtly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of ſuch writers being like ſeed, which, however ſcattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the ſower †.

And therefore, in order to promote ſo uſeful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendo's*, that may be of great aſſiſtance to thoſe ſublime ſpirits, who ſhall be appointed to labour in a univerſal comment upon this wonderful diſcourſe. And, firſt, I have couched a very profound myſtery in the number of O's multiplied by *ſeven*, and divided by nine ‡. Alſo, if a devout brother

* A name of the *Roſycrucians*.——Theſe were fanatic alchymiſts, who, in ſearch after the great ſecret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end. It was a kind of theological philoſophy, made up of almoſt equal mixtures of Pagan Platoniſm, Chriſtian Quietiſm, aud the Jewiſh Cabala. Warburton on the *Rape of the Lock*.

† Nothing is more frequent, than for commentators to force interpretations which the author never meant.

‡ This is what the *Cabaliſts* among the Jews have done with the *Bible*, and pretend to find wonderful myſteries by it.

brother of the *Roſy Croſs* will pray fervently for ſixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then tranſpoſe certain letters and ſyllables according to preſcription, in the ſecond and fifth ſection; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Laſtly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatiſe, and ſum up the difference exactly between the ſeveral numbers, aſſigning the true natural cauſe for every ſuch difference; the diſcoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he muſt beware of *Bythus* and *Sige* *, and be ſure not to forget the qualities of *Achamoth; a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit ſubſtantia, a riſu lucida, a triſtitia ſolida, et a timore mobilis;* wherein Eugenius Philalethes † hath committed an unpardonable miſtake.

* I was told by an eminent divine, whom I conſulted on this point, that theſe two barbarous words, with that of *Achamoth*, and its qualities, as here ſet down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he diſcovered by ſearching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author; which he has placed in the title page, and refers to the book and chapter. The curious were very inquiſitive, whether thoſe barbarous words, *baſyma cacabaſa*, &c. are really in Irenæus; and upon inquiry, it was found they were a ſort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to ſuch a book as this of our author.

† *Vid.* Anima magica abſcondita.

To the above-mentioned treatiſe, called *Anthropoſophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abſcondita*, written by the ſame author, Vaughan, under the name of Eugenius Philalethes; but in neither of thoſe treatiſes, is there any mention of *Achamoth*, or its qualities: So that this is nothing but amuſe-

SECT. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER ſo wide a compaſs as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and cloſe in with my ſubject; and ſhall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except ſome beautiful proſpect appears within ſight of my way: Whereof though at preſent I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon ſuch an accident, come when it will, I ſhall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myſelf. For in *writing*, it is as in *travelling*; if a man is in haſte to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my caſe, having never ſo little buſineſs as when I am there), if his *horſe* be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I adviſe him clearly to make the ſtraiteſt and the commoneſt road, be it ever ſo dirty. But then ſurely we muſt own ſuch a man to be a ſcurvy companion at beſt: He *ſpatters* himſelf and his fellow-

amuſement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *a cujus lacrymis*, &c. are, as we have ſaid, tranſcribed from Irenæus, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's deſigns was, to ſet curious men a hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road.

fellow-travellers at every ſtep; all their thoughts, and wiſhes, and converſation, turn entirely upon the ſubject of their journey's end; and at every ſplaſh, and plunge, and ſtumble, they heartily wiſh one another at the devil.

On the other ſide, when a traveller and his *horſe* are in heart and plight; when his purſe is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can: But, upon the firſt occaſion, carries them along with him to every delightful ſcene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuſe, out of ſtupidity or wearineſs, let them jog on by themſelves, and be d——n'd: He'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiouſly through; the men, women, and children, run out to gaze; a hundred *noiſy curs* * run *barking* after him; of which if he honours the boldeſt with a *laſh of his whip*, it is rather out of ſport than revenge: But ſhould ſome *ſourer mongrel* dare too near an approach, he receives a *ſalute* on the chops by an accidental ſtroke from the courſer's heels, (nor is any ground loſt by the blow), which ſends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to ſum up the ſingular adventures of my renowned Jack; the ſtate of whoſe diſpoſitions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, moſt exactly remember, as I laſt parted with

* By theſe are meant what the author calls, the true critics, p. 284.

with them in the concluſion of a former ſection. Therefore his next care muſt be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a ſcheme of notions that may beſt fit his underſtanding for a true reliſh of what is to enſue.

Jack had not only calculated the firſt revolution of his brain ſo prudently, as to give riſe to that empidemic ſect of *Æoliſts*, but ſucceeding alſo into a new and ſtrange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulneſs of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their myſteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I ſhall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting ſuch material paſſages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and ſhall deſcribe them as graphically as it is poſſible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compaſs of a pen. Nor do I at all queſtion, but they will furniſh plenty of noble matter for ſuch, whoſe converting imaginations diſpoſe them to reduce all things into types; who can make *ſhadows*, no thanks to the ſun; and then mould them into ſubſtances, no thanks to philoſophy; whoſe peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the *letter*, and refining what is literal into figure and myſtery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, ingroſſed in form upon a large ſkin of parchment;

parchment; and reſolving to act the part of a moſt dutiful ſon, he became the fondeſt creature of it imaginable. For though, as I have often told the reader, it conſiſted wholly in certain plain, eaſy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in caſe of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore muſt needs have a great deal more of myſtery at the bottom. *Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *I will prove this very ſkin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth; to be the philoſopher's ſtone, and the univerſal medicine* *. In conſequence of which raptures, he reſolved to make uſe of it in the moſt neceſſary, as well as the moſt paultry occaſions of life. He had a way of working it into any ſhape he pleaſed; ſo that it ſerved him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a ſore toe; or when he had fits, burn two inches under his noſe; or if any thing lay heavy on his ſtomach, ſcrape off, and ſwallow as much of the powder as would lie on a ſilver penny: They were all infallible remedies. With analogy to theſe refinements, his common talk and converſation ran wholly in the phraſe of his will †; and he circumſcribed the utmoſt of his eloquence

* The author here laſhes thoſe pretenders to purity, who place ſo much merit in uſing ſcripture-phraſes on all occaſions.

† The Proteſtant *diſſenters* uſe *ſcripture phraſes* in their ſerious diſcourſes and compoſures, more than the *Church of* England *men*. Accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and *converſation to run* wholly in the phraſe of his WILL. W. Wotton.

eloquence within that compaſs, not daring to let ſlip a ſyllable without authority from thence. Once, at a ſtrange-houſe, he was ſuddenly taken ſhort upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that ſuddenneſs the occaſion required, an authentic phraſe for demanding the way to the back-ſide; he choſe rather, as the moſt prudent courſe, to incur the the penalty in ſuch caſes uſually annexed. Neither was it poſſible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himſelf clean again; becauſe, having conſulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a paſſage near the bottom (whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber, is not known) which ſeemed to forbid it *.

He made it a part of his religion, never to ſay grace to his meat †; nor could all the world perſuade him, as the common phraſe is, to eat his victuals *like a Chriſtian* ‡. He

* I cannot gueſs the author's meaning here, which I would be very glad to know, becauſe it ſeems to be of importance.

Ibid. *Incurring the penalty in ſuch caſes uſually annexed*, wants no explanation. *He would not make himſelf clean, becauſe having conſulted the will*, (*i. e.* the New Teſtament), *he met with a paſſage near the bottom*, i. e. in the 11th verſe of the laſt chapter of the Revelations, "He which is *filthy*, let him be *filthy* ſtill," *which ſeemed to forbid it. Whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber*, is added; becauſe this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldeſt and moſt authentic copy of the New Teſtament. *Hawkeſ.*

† The ſlovenly way of receiving the ſacrament among the fanatics.

‡ This is a common phraſe to expreſs eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective againſt that indecent manner among ſome people.

He bore a ſtrange kind of appetite to *ſnap-dragon* *, and to the livid ſnuffs of a burning candle; which he would catch and ſwallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly; which iſſued in a glowing ſteam from both his eyes, as well as his noſtrils, and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the ſcull of an aſs, wherein a roguiſh boy had conveyed a farthing candle, *to the terror of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects.* Therefore he made uſe of no other expedient to light himſelf home; but was wont to ſay, that *a wiſe man was his own lantern.*

He would ſhut his eyes as he walked along the ſtreet; and if he happened to bounce his head againſt a poſt, or fall into the kennel, as he ſeldom miſſed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that *he ſubmitted, with entire reſignation, as to a trip, or blow of fate, with whom he found by long experience, how vain it was either to wreſtle or to cuff; and whoever durſt undertake to do either, would be ſure to come off with a ſwingeing fall, or a bloody noſe. It was ordained,* ſaid he, *ſome few days before the creation, that my noſe and this very poſt ſhould have a rencounter; and therefore Nature thought fit to ſend us both into the world in the ſame age, and to make*

people in receiving the ſacrament; ſo in the lines before, which is to be underſtood of the diſſenters refuſing to kneel at the ſacrament.

* I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unleſs it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthuſiaſts.

make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the buſineſs might have been a great deal worſe; for how many a confounded ſlip is daily got by man, with all his foreſight about him? Beſides, the eyes of the underſtanding ſee beſt, when thoſe of the ſenſes are out of the way; and therefore blind men are obſerved to tread their ſteps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than thoſe who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the viſual nerve, which every little accident ſhakes out of order, and a drop or film can wholly diſconcert; like a lamp among a pack of roaring bullies, when they ſcowr the ſtreets; expoſing its owner, and itſelf, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have eſcaped, if the vanity of appearing would have ſuffered them to walk in the dark. But, farther, if we examine the conduct *of theſe boaſted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worſe than their* fortune: *It is true, I have broke my noſe againſt this poſt, becauſe fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the preſent age or poſterity, to truſt their* noſes *into the keeping of their* eyes, *which may prove the faireſt way of loſing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes! ye blind guides! miſerable guardians are ye of our frail noſes; ye, I ſay, who faſten upon the firſt precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of deſtruction: But, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet ſlip, and we tumble down prone into*

a gulph, without one hoſpitable ſhrub in the way to break the fall; a fall, to which not any noſe of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant * Laurcalco, *who was lord of the* ſilver bridge. *Moſt properly, therefore, O eyes! and with great juſtice, may you be compared to thoſe fooliſh lights which conduct men through dirt and darkneſs, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noiſome bog.*

This I have produced, as a ſcantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reaſoning upon ſuch abſtruſe matters.

He was, beſides, a perſon of great deſign and improvement in affairs of *devotion*, having introduced a new deity, who hath ſince met with a vaſt number of worſhippers; by ſome called *Babel*,—by others, *Chaos*; who had an ancient temple of Gothic ſtructure upon Saliſbury-plain, famous for its ſhrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had ſome roguiſh trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midſt of the kennel †. Then it was that thoſe, who underſtood his pranks, would be ſure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curioſity attracted ſtrangers to laugh, or to liſten, he would of a ſudden with one hand out with his *gear*, and piſs full in their eyes, and with the other all beſpatter them with mud.

*. *Vide* Don Quixote.

† The villanies and cruelties, committed by enthuſiaſts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the diſguiſe of religion and long prayers.

In winter he went always looſe and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as poſſible, to let *in* the ambient heat; and in ſummer, lapped himſelf cloſe and thick, to keep it *out* *.

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of *hangman*-general †; and in the exerciſe of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make uſe of no other *vizor*, than a long *prayer* ‡.

He had a tongue ſo muſculous and ſubtile, that he could twiſt it up into his noſe, and deliver a ſtrange kind of ſpeech from thence. He was alſo the firſt in theſe kingdoms who began to improve the Spaniſh accompliſhment of *braying*; and having large ears, perpetually expoſed and erected, he carried his art to ſuch a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to diſtinguiſh, either by the view or the ſound, between the *original* and the *copy*.

He was troubled with a diſeaſe, reverſe to that called the ſtinging of the *tarantula*; and would run dog-mad at the noiſe of *muſic*, eſpecially a *pair of bag-pipes* §. But he would cure himſelf again, by taking two or three turns in *Weſtminſter-hall*, or *Billingſgate*, or in a *boarding-ſchool*, or the *Royal Exchange*, or a *ſtate coffee-houſe*.

He

* They affected differences in habit and behaviour.

† They are ſevere perſecutors, and all in form of cant and devotion.

‡ Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, *to ſeek God*, when they reſolved to murther the King.

§ This is to expoſe our diſſenters averſion againſt inſtrumental muſic in churches. *W. Wotton.*

He was a perſon that *feared* no *colours* *, but mortally *hated* all; and upon that account bore a cruel averſion againſt *painters*, inſomuch that in his paroxyſms, as he walked the ſtreets, he would have his pockets loaden with ſtones, to pelt at the ſigns.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occaſion to *waſh* himſelf, he would often leap over head and ears into water, though it were the midſt of *winter*; and was always obſerved to come out again much *dirtier*, if poſſible, than he went in †.

He was the firſt that ever found out the ſecret of contriving a *ſoporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears*. It was a compound of *ſulphur* and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *pilgrim's ſalve* ‡.

He wore a large plaiſter of artificial *cauſtics* on his ſtomach, with the fervour of which he could ſet himſelf a *groaning*, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would ſtand in the turning of a ſtreet; and, calling to thoſe who paſſed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good ſlap in the chaps*; to another, *Honeſt friend, pray favour*

* They quarrel at the moſt innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the ſtatues and paintings on all the churches in England.

† Baptiſm of adults by plunging. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Fanatic preaching, compoſed either of hell or damnation, or a fulſome deſcription of the joys of heaven; both in ſuch a dirty, nauſeous ſtyle, as to be well reſembled to pilgrim's ſalve.

me with a handſome kick on the arſe. Madam, ſhall I intreat a ſmall box on the ear from your Ladyſhip's fair hand? Noble Captain, lend a reaſonable thwack for the love of God, with that cane of your's, over theſe poor ſhoulders *. And when he had, by ſuch earneſt ſolicitations, made a ſhift to procure a baſting ſufficient to ſwell up his fancy and his ſides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the *public good. Obſerve this ſtroke,* ſaid he, ſhewing his bare ſhoulders, *a plaguy* janiſary *gave it me this very morning at ſeven a-clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. Neighbours, mind this broken head deſerves a plaiſter. Had poor* Jack *been tender of his noddle, you would have ſeen the Pope and the French King, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouſes. Dear Chriſtians, the Great Mogul was come as far as White-chapel; and you may thank theſe poor ſides, that he hath not (God bleſs us) already ſwallowed up man, woman, and child.*

It was highly worth obſerving, the ſingular effects of that averſion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter ſeemed, even to an affectation, to bear againſt each other †. Peter had lately done

* The Fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into perſecution, and count vaſt merit upon every little hardſhip they ſuffer.

† The Papiſts and Fanatics, though they appear the moſt averſe againſt each other, yet bear a near reſemblance in many things, as hath been obſerved by learned men.

Ibid.

done *ſome rogueries*, that forced him to abſcond; and he ſeldom ventured to ſtir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two moſt diſtant parts of the town, from each other; and whenever their occaſions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddeſt unlikely times, and moſt uncouth rounds, they could invent, that they might be ſure to avoid one another. Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reaſon of which is eaſy enough to apprehend: For the phrenzy and the ſpleen of both having the ſame foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compaſſes, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the ſame centre; which though moving contrary ways at firſt, will be ſure to encounter ſomewhere or other in the circumference. Beſides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge perſonal reſemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and diſpoſitions were not only the ſame, but there was a cloſe analogy in their ſhape and ſize, and their mien; inſomuch as nothing was more frequent, than for a bailiff to ſeize Jack by the ſhoulders, and cry, *Mr Peter, you are the King's priſoner;*

Ibid. The agreement of our Diſſenters and the Papiſts, in that which Biſhop Stillingfleet called, *The fanaticiſm of the church of* Rome, is ludicrouſly deſcribed for ſeveral pages together, by Jack's likeneſs to Peter, and their being often miſtaken for each other, and their frequent meetings when they leaſt intended it. *W. Wotton.*

or, at other times, for one of Peter's neareſt friends, to accoſt Jack with open arms, *Dear* Peter, *I am glad to ſee thee; pray, ſend me one of your beſt medicines for the worms.* This, we may ſuppoſe, was a mortifying return of thoſe pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in ſo long; and finding how directly oppoſite all his endeavours had anſwered to the ſole end and intention which he had propoſed to himſelf, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart ſo furniſhed as his? However, the poor remainders of his *coat* bore all the puniſhment. The orient ſun never entered upon his diurnal progreſs, without miſſing a piece of it. He hired a taylor to ſtitch up the colar ſo cloſe, that it was ready to choke him, and ſqueezed out his eyes at ſuch a rate as one could ſee nothing but the white. What little was left of the main ſubſtance of the coat, he rubbed every day, for two hours, againſt a rough-caſt wall, in order to grind away the remnants of *lace* and *embroidery*; but, at the ſame time, went on with ſo much violence, that he proceeded a *Heathen philoſopher*. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the ſucceſs continued ſtill to diſappoint his expectation. For as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock reſemblance to finery; there being a ſort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be diſtinguiſhed at a diſtance, in the dark, or by ſhort-ſighted eyes: So, in thoſe junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the firſt

firſt view a ridiculous flaunting; which, aſſiſting the reſemblance in perſon and air, thwarted all his projects of ſeparation, and left ſo near a ſimilitude between them, as frequently deceived the very diſciples and followers of both. * *

* * * * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * * *Deſunt non-*

* * * * * *nulla.*

* * * * * * * *

The old Sclavonian proverb ſaid well, That *it is with* men *as with* aſſes; *whoever would keep them faſt, muſt find a very good hold at their ears.* Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our anceſtors, with great allowances to times and perſons. For, if we look into primitive records, we ſhall find, that no revolutions have been ſo great, or ſo frequent, as thoſe of human *ears*. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may juſtly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And how can it be otherways, when, in theſe latter centuries, the very ſpecies is not only diminiſhed to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is alſo degenerated ſo far, as to mock our ſkilfulleſt *tenure?* For if the only ſlitting of one *ear* in a ſtag hath been found ſufficient to propagate the defect

defect through a whole foreſt, why ſhould we wonder at the greateſt conſequences, for ſo many loppings and mutilations, to which the *ears* of our fathers, and our own, have been of late ſo much expoſed? It is true, indeed, that while this *iſland* of ours was under the *dominion of grace*, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of *ears* once more among us. The proportion of largeneſs was not only looked upon as an ornament of the *outward* man, but as a type of grace in the *inward*. Beſides, it is held by naturaliſts, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the *ſuperior* region of the body, as in the *ears* and *noſe*, there muſt be a parity alſo in the *inferior*. And therefore, in that truly pious age, the *males* in every aſſembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in expoſing their *ears* to view, and the regions about them; becauſe Hippocrates tells us, that *when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch* *. And the *females* were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: Whereof thoſe who had already *uſed the means*, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a ſuitable offspring by ſuch a proſpect. Others, who ſtood candidates for *benevolence*, found there a plentiful choice, and were ſure to fix upon ſuch as diſcovered the largeſt *ears*, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Laſtly, The devouter ſiſters, who looked upon

† Lib. de aere, locis, et aquis.

upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protruſions of zeal, or ſpiritual excreſcences, were ſure to honour every head they ſat upon, as if they had been *marks of grace*; but eſpecially that of the preacher, whoſe *ears* were uſually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in expoſing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical *paroxyſms*, turning ſometimes to *hold forth* the one, and ſometimes to *hold forth* the other. From which cuſtom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their profeſſors, ſtyled by the phraſe of *holding forth*.

Such was the progreſs of the ſaints for advancing the ſize of that member; and it is thought, the ſucceſs would have been every way anſwerable, if, in proceſs of time, a cruel king had not aroſe, who raiſed a bloody perſecution againſt all *ears* above a certain ſtandard *. Upon which, ſome were glad to hide their flouriſhing ſprouts in a black border; others crept wholly under a periwig; ſome were ſlit, others cropped, and a great number ſliced off to the ſtumps. But of this more hereafter in my *general hiſtory of ears*; which I deſign very ſpeedily to beſtow upon the public.

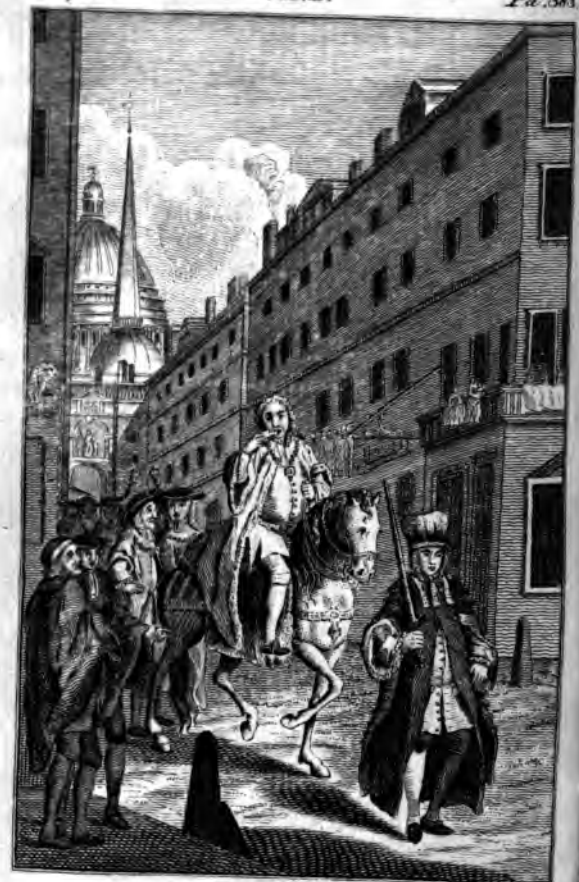
From this brief ſurvey of the falling ſtate of *ears* in the laſt age, and the ſmall care had to advance their ancient growth in the preſent, it is manifeſt,

* This was K. Charles II. who, at his reſtoration, turned out all *the diſſenting* teachers that would not conform.

manifeſt, how little reaſon we can have to rely upon a hold ſo ſhort, ſo weak, and ſo ſlippery; and that whoever deſires to catch mankind faſt, muſt have recourſe to ſome other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumſpection enough, may diſcover ſeveral *handles*, whereof the *fix* * ſenſes afford one a-piece, beſide a great number that are ſcrewed to the paſſions, and ſome few rivetted to the intellect. Among theſe laſt, *curioſity* is one, and, of all others, affords the firmeſt graſp; *curioſity*, that ſpur in the ſide, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the noſe, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this *handle* it is, that an author ſhould ſeize upon his readers; which as ſoon as he hath once compaſſed, all reſiſtance and ſtruggling are in vain; and they become his priſoners as cloſe as he pleaſes, till wearineſs or dulneſs force him to let go his grip.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatiſe, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforeſaid *handle*, a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my graſp; leaving them in the peruſal of what remains to that natural *oſcitancy* inherent in the tribe. I can only aſſure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappineſs in loſing, or miſlaying among my papers, the remaining

* Including Scaliger's.



A. Bell Sculpt.

ing part of theſe memoirs; which conſiſted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and ſurpriſing; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taſte of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmoſt endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a *protection* out of the King's-bench; and of a reconcilement between Jack and him, upon a deſign they had in a certain *rainy night* to trepan brother Martin into a *ſpunging-houſe*, and there ſtrip him to the ſkin *: How Martin, with much ado, ſhewed them both a fair pair of heels; how a *new warrant* came out againſt Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, *ſtole his protection, and made uſe of it himſelf.* How Jack's tatters came into faſhion in *court* and *city*; how *he got upon a great horſe* †, *and eat cuſtard* ‡. But the particulars of

* In the reign of K. James II. the Preſbyterians, by the King's invitation, joined with the Papiſts, againſt the church of England, and addreſſed him for repeal of the penal laws and teſt. The King, by his diſpenſing power, gave liberty of conſcience, which both Papiſts and Preſbyterians made uſe of. But, upon the Revolution, the Papiſts being down of courſe, the Preſbyterians freely continued their aſſemblies, by virtue of K. James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This, I believe, the author means by Jack's ſtealing Peter's protection, and making uſe of it himſelf.

† Sir Humphrey Edwyn, a Preſbyterian, was ſome years ago Lord Mayor of London, and had the inſolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the enſigns of his office.

‡ Cuſtard is a famous diſh at a Lord Mayor's feaſt.

of all theſe, with ſeveral others, which have now ſlid out of my memory, are loſt beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they ſhall find it to agree with their ſeveral conſtitutions; but conjuring them, by all the friendſhip that hath paſſed between us from the title-page to this, not to proceed ſo far as to injure their healths for an accident paſt remedy: I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accompliſhed writer; and therefore, by a courtly *modern*, leaſt of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING *too long*, is a cauſe of abortion as effectual, though not ſo frequent, as *going too ſhort*; and holds true, eſpecially in the *labours* of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble *Jeſuit* * who firſt adventured to confeſs in print, that books muſt be ſuited to their ſeveral ſeaſons, like dreſs, and diet, and diverſions: And better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this, among other French modes. I am living faſt to ſee the time, when a *book* that miſſes its tide, ſhall be neglected, as the *moon* by day, or like *mackarel* a week after the ſeaſon. No man hath more nicely obſerved our climate, than the bookſeller who bought the copy of this work. He knows

* Pere d'Orleans.

to a tittle, what ſubjects will beſt go off in a *dry year*, and which it is proper to expoſe foremoſt, when the weather-glaſs is fallen to *much rain*. When he had ſeen this treatiſe, and conſulted his *almanack* upon it, he gave me to underſtand, that he had manifeſtly conſidered the two principal things, which were the *bulk* and the *ſubject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long vacation; and then only, in caſe it ſhould happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I deſired to know, *conſidering my urgent neceſſities*, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked *weſtward*, and ſaid, *I doubt we ſhall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare ſome pretty little* banter, (but not in verſe), *or a ſmall treatiſe upon the* ———, *it would run like wild-fire*. But if it hold up, *I have already hired an author to write ſomething againſt Dr* Bentley, *which, I am ſure, will turn to account* *.

At length we agreed upon the expedient, That when a cuſtomer comes for one of theſe, and deſires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits ſhall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's laſt play ſhould be in courſe, I had as lieve he may be the perſon as Congreve. This I mention, becauſe I am wonderfully

* When Dr Prideaux brought the copy of his connection of the Old and New Teſtament to the bookſeller, he told him, it was a *dry ſubject*, and the printing could not ſafely be ventured, *unleſs he could enliven it with a little* humour. Hawkeſ.

derfully well acquainted with the preſent reliſh of courteous readers; and have often obſerved, with ſingular pleaſure, that a *fly* driven from a *honey-pot*, will immediately, with very good appetite, alight, and finiſh his meal on an *excrement*.

I have one word to ſay upon the ſubject of *profound writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is reſolved to liſt me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the buſineſs of being *profound*, that it is with *writers*, as with *wells*: A perſon with good eyes may ſee to the bottom of the deepeſt, provided any *water* be there; and often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, beſides *dryneſs* and *dirt*, though it be but a yard and a half under ground, it ſhall paſs however for wondrous *deep*, upon no wiſer a reaſon, than becauſe it is wondrous *dark*.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is, to *write upon nothing*: When the ſubject is utterly exhauſted, to let the pen ſtill move on; by ſome called, the ghoſt of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to ſay the truth, there ſeems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of diſcerning *when to have done*. By the time that an author hath written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; ſo that I have ſometimes known it to be in writing, as in viſiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has em-

ployed

ployed more time than the whole converſation before. The concluſion of a treatiſe reſembles the concluſion of human life, which hath ſometimes been compared to the end of a feaſt; where few are ſatisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva:* For men will ſit down after the fulleſt meal, though it be only to *doſe*, or to *ſleep* out the reſt of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and ſhall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *repoſe* of mankind, in times ſo turbulent and unquiet as theſe *. Neither do I think ſuch an employment ſo very alien from the office of a *wit*, as ſome would ſuppoſe. For among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the *ſame* temples built and conſecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muſes*, between which two deities they believed the ſtricteſt friendſhip was eſtabliſhed †.

I have one concluding favour to requeſt of my reader, That he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this diſcourſe; but give ſome allowance to the author's ſpleen, and ſhort fits or intervals of dulneſs, as well as his own; and lay it ſeriouſly to his conſcience, whether, if he were walking the ſtreets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks, at their eaſe from a

 window,

* This was written before the peace of Ryſwick, which was ſigned in September 1697.

† *Trezenii, Pauſan. l. 2.*

window, to criticiſe his gait, and ridicule his dreſs at ſuch a juncture.

In my diſpoſure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make *invention* the *maſter*, and to give *method* and *reaſon* the office of his *lacqueys*. The cauſe of this diſtribution was, from obſerving it my peculiar caſe to be often under a temptation of being *witty* upon occaſions, where I could be neither *wiſe* nor *ſound*, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a ſervant of the *modern* way, to neglect any ſuch opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have obſerved, that from a laborious collection of ſeven hundred thirty-eight *flowers*, and *ſhining hints* of the beſt *modern* authors, digeſted with great reading into my book of *common-places*; I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common converſation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of ſucceſs, by being dropped among unſuitable company; and the other coſt me ſo many ſtrains, and traps, and *ambages* to introduce, that I at length reſolved to give it over. Now, this diſappointment, (to diſcover a ſecret), I muſt own, gave me the firſt hint of ſetting up for an *author*; and I have ſince found among ſome particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the ſame effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a *towardly word* to be wholly neglected or

deſpiſed

deſpiſed in *diſcourſe*, which hath paſſed very ſmoothly, with ſome conſideration and eſteem, after its preferment and ſanction in *print*. But now, ſince, by the liberty and encouragement of the preſs, I am grown abſolute maſter of the occaſions and opportunities to expoſe the talents I have acquired; I already diſcover, that the *iſſues* of my *obſervanda* begin to grow too large for the *receipts*. Therefore I ſhall here pauſe a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulſe, and my own, that it will be of abſolute neceſſity for us both to reſume my pen.

A full and true Account of the BATTLE fought laſt Friday, between the ANCIENT and the MODERN Books in St James's Library.

The BOOKSELLER to the READER.

THE following diſcourſe, as it is unqueſtionably of the ſame Author, ſo it ſeems to have been written about the ſame time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous diſpute was on foot, about *ancient and modern learning*. The controverſy took its riſe from an eſſay of Sir William Temple's upon that ſubject; which was anſwered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr Bentley, endeavouring to deſtroy the credit of Æſop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the eſſay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle, (now Earl of Orrery); to which Mr Boyle replied at large, with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminouſly rejoined. In this diſ-

pute,

pute, the town highly reſented, to ſee a perſon of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly uſed by the two Reverend gentlemen aforeſaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St James's library, looking upon themſelves as parties principally concerned, took up the controverſy, and came to a deciſive battle; but the manuſcript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in ſeveral places imperfect, we cannot learn to which ſide the victory fell.

I muſt warn the reader, to beware of applying to perſons, what is here meant only of books in the moſt literal ſenſe. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to underſtand the perſon of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain ſheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the ſaid poet; and ſo of the reſt.

The PREFACE of the AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a ſort of *glaſs*, wherein beholders do generally diſcover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reaſon for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that ſo very few are offended with it. But if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, the danger is not great, and I have learned, from long experience, never to apprehend miſchief from thoſe underſtandings I have been able to provoke. For anger and fury, though they add ſtrength to the *ſinews* of the *body*, yet are found to relax thoſe of the *mind*, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a *brain* that will endure but one *ſcumming*: Let the owner gather it with diſcretion, and manage his little ſtock with huſbandry. But of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the *laſh* of his *betters*; becauſe that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new ſupply: Wit without knowledge being a ſort of *cream*, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a ſkilful hand may be ſoon *whipped* into *froth*; but once ſcummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

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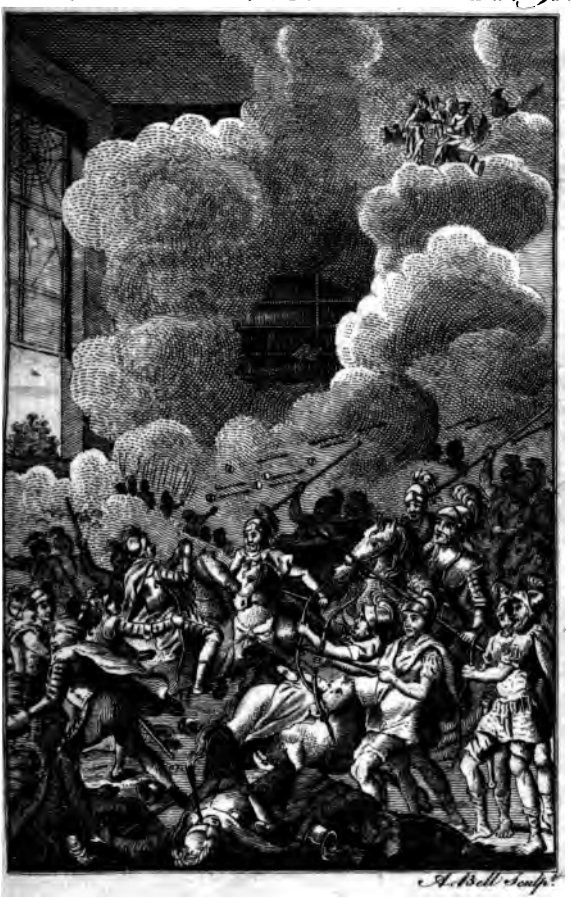
A. Bell Sculp.t

A full and true Account of the BATTLE fought laſt Friday, &c *.

WHOEVER examines, with due circumſpection, into the *annual records of time*, will find it remarked, that *War is the child of Pride*, and

* The *Battle of the Books* took its riſe from a controverſy between Sir William Temple and Mr Wotton; a controverſy which made much noiſe, and employed many pens towards the latter end of the laſt century. This humourous treatiſe is drawn up in an heroic comic ſtyle, in which Swift, with great wit and ſpirit, gives the victory to the former. The general plan is excellent, but particular parts are defective. The frequent chaſms puzzle and interrupt the narrative: They neither convey any latent ideas; nor point out any diſtinct or occult ſarcaſms. Some characters are barely touched upon, which might have been extended; others are enlarged, which might have been contracted. The name of Horace is inſerted; and Virgil is introduced only for an opportunity of comparing his tranſlator Dryden, to *the lady in a lobſter; to a mouſe under a canopy of ſtate; and to a ſhrivelled beau within the pent-houſe of a full-bottomed periwig*. Theſe ſimilies carry the true ſtamp of ridicule. But rancour muſt be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of Dryden; many of whoſe dedications and prefaces are as fine compoſitions, and as juſt pieces of criticiſm, as any in our language. The tranſlation of Virgil was a work of haſte and indigence. Dryden was equal to the undertaking, but unfortunate during the conduct of it.—— The two chief heroes among the modern generals, are Wotton and Bentley. Their figures are diſplayed in the moſt diſadvantageous attitudes. The former is deſcribed, "full of ſpleen, "dulneſs, and ill manners." The latter is repreſented, "tall, "without

and *Pride the daughter of Riches* *. The former of which aſſertions may be ſoon granted; but one cannot ſo eaſily ſubſcribe to the latter. For *Pride* is nearly related to *Beggary* and *Want*, either by father or mother, and ſometimes by both: And, to ſpeak naturally, it very ſeldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invaſions uſually travelling from *North* to *South*, that is to ſay, from Poverty to Plenty. The moſt ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are *Luſt* and *Avarice*; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of *Pride*, are certainly the iſſues of *Want*. For, to ſpeak in the phraſe of writers upon politics, we may obſerve in the republic of *Dogs*, which in its original ſeems to be an inſtitution of the *many*, that the whole ſtate is ever in the profoundeſt peace after a full meal; and that civil broils ariſe among them, when it happens for one great *bone* to be ſeized on by ſome *leading dog*; who either divides it among the *few*, and then it falls to an *oligarchy*;

" without ſhape or comelineſs; large, without ſtrength or pro-
" portion."——The *battle*, which is maintained by the Ancients with great ſuperiority of ſtrength, though not of numbers, ends with the demolition of Bentley, and his friend Wotton, by the lance of the Honourable Charles Boyle, youngeſt ſon of Roger the ſecond Earl of Orrery, and father of the preſent Earl. He was a fellow of the royal ſociety, and invented the aſtronomical machine called the *Orrery*. *Orrery.*

* Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke; opt. edit.*—now called *Wing's ſheet almanack*, and printed by J. Roberts for the company of Stationers.

oligarchy; or keeps it to himſelf, and then it runs up to a *tyranny*. The ſame reaſoning alſo holds place among them, in thoſe diſſenſions we behold upon a turgeſcency in any of the females. For, the right of poſſeſſion lying in common, (it being impoſſible to eſtabliſh a property in ſo delicate a caſe), jealouſies and ſuſpicions do ſo abound, that the whole commonwealth of that ſtreet is reduced to a manifeſt *ſtate of war*, of every *citizen* againſt every *citizen*; till ſome one of more courage, conduct, or fortune, than the reſt, ſeizes and enjoys the prize: Upon which naturally ariſes plenty of heart-burning, and envy and ſnarling againſt the *happy dog*. Again, if we look upon any of theſe republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invaſion or defence, we ſhall find, the ſame reaſoning will ſerve as to the grounds and occaſions of each; and that *Poverty* or *Want*, in ſome degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the caſe), has a great ſhare, as well as *Pride*, on the part of the aggreſſor.

Now, whoever will pleaſe to take this ſcheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual ſtate, or commonwealth of learning, will ſoon diſcover the firſt ground of diſagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form juſt concluſions upon the merits of either cauſe. But the iſſue or events of this war are not ſo eaſy to conjecture at: For the preſent quarrel is ſo inflamed by the warm heads of either

faction,

faction, and the pretenſions *ſomewhere or other* ſo exorbitant, as not to admit the leaſt overtures of accommodation. This quarrel firſt began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a ſmall ſpot of ground, *lying* and *being* upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnaſſus; the higheſt and largeſt of which had, it ſeems, been, time out of mind, in quiet poſſeſſion of certain tenants called the *Ancients:* and the other was held by the *Moderns.* But theſe diſliking their preſent ſtation, ſent certain ambaſſadors to the *Ancients,* complaining of a great nuiſance; how the height of that part of Parnaſſus quite ſpoiled the proſpect of theirs, eſpecially towards the *eaſt:* And therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, Either that the *Ancients* would pleaſe to remove themſelves and their effects down to the lower ſummity, which the *Moderns* would graciouſly ſurrender to them, and advance in their place; or elſe that the ſaid *Ancients* will give leave to the *Moderns,* to come with ſhovels and mattocks, and level the ſaid hill as low as they ſhall think it convenient. To which the *Ancients* made anſwer, How little they expected ſuch a meſſage as this, from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to ſo near a neighbourhood: That as to their own ſeat, they were *Aborigines* of it; and therefore, to talk with them of a removal or ſurrender, was a language they did not underſtand: That if the height of the hill

on their ſide ſhortened the proſpect of the *Moderns*, it was a diſadvantage they could not help; but deſired them to conſider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompenſed by the *ſhade* and ſhelter it afforded them: That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propoſe it, if they did, or did not know, how that ſide of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itſelf: That they would therefore adviſe the *Moderns*, rather to raiſe their own ſide of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Ancients*; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but alſo largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much indignation; who ſtill inſiſted upon one of the two expedients. And ſo this difference broke out into a long and obſtinate war; maintained on the one part by reſolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatneſs of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of *ink* have been exhauſted, and the virulence of both parties enormouſly augmented. Now, it muſt here be underſtood, that *ink* is the great miſſive weapon in all battles of the *learned*, which conveyed through a ſort of engine called a *quill*, infinite numbers of theſe are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each ſide, with equal ſkill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor

was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are *gall* and *copperas*; by its bitterneſs and venom, to *ſuit* in ſome degree, as well as to *foment*, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not *agree* about the victory, were wont to ſet up trophies on both ſides; the beaten party being content to be at the ſame expence to keep itſelf in countenance, (a laudable and ancient cuſtom happily revived of late in the art of war); ſo the *learned*, after a ſharp and bloody diſpute, do on both ſides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worſt. Theſe trophies have largely inſcribed on them, the merits of the cauſe; a full impartial account of ſuch a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that ſet them up. They are known to the world under ſeveral names; as, *Diſputes*, *Arguments*, *Rejoinders*, *Brief Conſiderations*, *Anſwers*, *Replies*, *Remarks*, *Reflections*, *Objections*, *Confutations*. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themſelves or their repreſentatives *, for paſſengers to gaze at: From whence the chiefeſt and largeſt are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purpoſely aſſigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called *books of controverſy*.

In theſe books is wonderfully inſtilled, and preſerved, the ſpirit of each warrior, while he is alive;

* Their title-pages.

alive; and after his death, his ſoul tranſmigrates there, to inform them. This, at leaſt, is the more common opinion. But I believe, it is with libraries as with other cœmeteries, where ſome philoſophers affirm, that a certain ſpirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to *duſt* or to *worms*, but then vaniſhes or diſſolves: So, we may ſay, a reſtleſs ſpirit haunts over every *book*, till *duſt* or *worms* have ſeized upon it; which to ſome may happen in a few days, but to others later. And therefore, *books of controverſy*, being of all others haunted by the moſt diſorderly ſpirits, have always been confined in a ſeparate lodge from the reſt; and for fear of mutual violence againſt each other, it was thought prudent by our anceſtors, to bind them to the peace with ſtrong iron chains. Of which invention the original occaſion was this. When the works of Scotus firſt came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them: But this author was no ſooner ſettled, than he went to viſit his maſter Ariſtotle; and there both concerted together to ſeize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient ſtation among the *divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt ſucceeded, and the two uſurpers have reigned ever ſince in his ſtead. But to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *polemics* of the larger ſize ſhould be held faſt with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preſerved, if a new ſpecies of controverſial books had not aroſe of late years, inſtinct with a moſt malignant ſpirit, from the war above mentioned, between the *learned*, about the higher ſummity of Parnaſſus.

When theſe books were firſt admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have ſaid upon occaſion, to ſeveral perſons concerned, how I was ſure they would create broils where-ever they came, unleſs a world of care were taken: And therefore I adviſed, that the champions of each ſide ſhould be coupled together, or otherwiſe mixed; that, like the blending of contrary poiſons, their malignity might be employed among themſelves. And it ſeems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counſellor: For it was nothing elſe but the neglect of this caution, which gave occaſion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday laſt, between the *Ancient* and *Modern books* in the *King's library*. Now, becauſe the talk of this battle is ſo freſh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town ſo great to be informed in the particulars; I, being poſſeſſed of all qualifications requiſite in an *hiſtorian*, and retained by neither party, have reſolved to comply with the urgent *importunity of my friends*, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The *guardian* of the *regal library*, a perſon of great valour, but chiefly renowned for [redacted] *humanity*,

humanity *, had been a fierce champion [illegible] *Moderns;* and in an engagement upon Pa[illegible] had vowed, with his own hands to knock [illegible] two of the *Ancient* chiefs, who guarded a [illegible] paſs on the ſuperior rock: But endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obſtructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre: A quality to which thoſe of the *Modern* party are extreme ſubject; for, being light-headed, they have in ſpeculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, diſcover a mighty preſſure about their poſteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his deſign, the diſappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the *Ancients;* which he reſolved to gratify, by ſhewing all marks of his favour to the *books* of their adverſaries, and lodging them in the faireſt apartments; when at the ſame time, whatever *book* had the boldneſs to own itſelf for an advocate of the *Ancients*, was buried alive in ſome obſcure corner, and threatened, upon the leaſt diſpleaſure, to be turned out of doors. Beſides, it ſo happened, that about this time there was a ſtrange confuſion of place among all the *books* in the library; for which ſeveral reaſons were aſ-

* The Honourable Mr Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, ſays, he was refuſed a manuſcript by the library-keeper, *pro ſolita humanitate ſua.*

† *Ibid.* Dr Bentley was then library-keeper. The two ancients were Phalaris and Æſop. *Hawkeſ.*

ſigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of *learned duſt*, which a perverſe wind blew off from a ſhelf of *Moderns* into the *keeper's* eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the *worms* out of the *ſchoolmen*, and ſwallow them freſh and faſting; whereof ſome fell upon his *ſpleen*, and ſome climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And laſtly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite loſt the ſituation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his *books*, he was apt to miſtake, and clap Des Cartes next to Ariſtotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven wiſe maſters; and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one ſide, and Withers on the other.

Mean while, thoſe *books* that were advocates for the *Moderns*, choſe out one from among them, to make a progreſs through the whole library, examine the number and ſtrength of their party, and concert their affairs. This meſſenger performed all things very induſtriouſly, and brought back with him a liſt of their forces, in all fifty thouſand, conſiſting chiefly of *light horſe*, *heavy armed foot*, and *mercenaries*: Whereof the *foot* were, in general, but ſorrily armed, and worſe clad: Their *horſes* large, but extremely out of caſe and heart. However, ſome few, by trading among the *Ancients*, had furniſhed themſelves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, *Diſcord* grew extremely high, hot words paſſed on both

ſides,

ſides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a ſolitary *Ancient* ſqueezed up among a whole ſhelf of *Moderns*, offered fairly to diſpute the caſe, and to prove, by manifeſt reaſon, that the priority was due to them, from long poſſeſſion, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits towards the *Moderns*. But theſe denied the premiſes; and ſeemed very much to wonder, how the *Ancients* could pretend to inſiſt upon their antiquity, when it was ſo plain, (if they went to that), that the *Moderns* were *much* the more *ancient* * of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the *Ancients*, they renounced them all. "It is true," ſaid they, "we are informed ſome few of our "party have been ſo mean to borrow their ſub-"ſiſtence from you. But the reſt, infinitely the "greater number, (and eſpecially we French and "Engliſh), were ſo far from ſtooping to ſo baſe "an example, that there never paſſed, till this "very hour, ſix words between us. For our "*horſes* were of our own breeding, our *arms* of "our own forging, and our *cloaths* of our own "cutting and ſowing." Plato was by chance upon the next ſhelf, and obſerving thoſe that ſpoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their *jades* lean and foundered, their *weapons* of rotten wood, their *armour* ruſty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed aloud, and, in his pleaſant way, ſwore, *By —— he believed them.*

Now,

* *According* to the modern paradox.

Now, the *Moderns* had not proceeded in their late negociation, with ſecrecy enough to eſcape the notice of the enemy. For thoſe advocates who had begun the quarrel, by ſetting firſt on foot the diſpute of precedency, talked ſo loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the *Ancients*; who thereupon drew up their ſcattered troops together, reſolving to act upon the defenſive. Upon which ſeveral of the *Moderns* fled over to their party, and among the reſt Temple himſelf. This Temple having been educated and long converſed among the *Ancients*, was of all the *Moderns* their greateſt favourite, and became their greateſt champion.

Things were at this criſis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the higheſt corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain *ſpider*, ſwollen up to the firſt magnitude by the deſtruction of infinite numbers of *flies*, whoſe ſpoils lay ſcattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of ſome giant. The avenues to his caſtle were guarded with turnpikes and paliſadoes, all after the *modern* way of fortification. After you had paſſed ſeveral courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the *conſtable* himſelf in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to ſally out upon all occaſions of prey or defence. In this manſion he had for ſome time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his *perſon* by

ſwallows

ſwallows from above, or to his *palace* by *brooms* from below; when it was the pleaſure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandering *bee*, to whoſe curioſity a broken pane in the glaſs had diſcovered itſelf: And in he went; where expatiating a while, he at laſt happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the *ſpider's* citadel; which yielding to the unequal weight, ſunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his paſſage, and thrice the centre ſhook. The *ſpider* within feeling the terrible convulſion, ſuppoſed at firſt, that *Nature* was approaching to her final diſſolution; or elſe, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thouſands of his ſubjects, whom his enemy had ſlain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly reſolved to iſſue forth, and meet his fate. Mean while the *bee* had acquitted himſelf of his toils, and, poſted ſecurely at ſome diſtance, was employed in cleanſing his wings, and diſengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the *ſpider* was adventured out; when, beholding the chaſms, and ruins, and dilapidations of his fortreſs, he was very near at his wit's end. He ſtormed and ſwore like a madman, and ſwelled till he was ready to burſt. At length, caſting his eye upon the *bee*, and wiſely gathering cauſes from events, (for they knew each other by ſight); "A plague ſplit you," ſaid he, "for a giddy ſon of a whore. "Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made

"this

" this litter here? Could not you look before " you, and be d—n'd? Do you think I have no- " thing elſe to do, (in the devil's name), but to " mend and repair after your arſe?" " Good " words, friend, (ſaid the bee, having now prun- ed himſelf, and being diſpoſed to droll); " I'll " give you my hand and word to come near your " kennel no more; I was never in ſuch a con- " founded pickle ſince I was born." " Sirrah," replied the ſpider, " if it were not for breaking an " old cuſtom in our family, never to ſtir abroad " againſt an enemy, I ſhould come and teach " you better manners." " I pray, have patience," ſaid the bee, " or you will ſpend your ſubſtance; " and, for aught I ſee, you may ſtand in need of " it all towards the repair of your houſe." " Rogue, rogue," replied the ſpider; " yet me- " thinks you ſhould have more reſpect to a per- " ſon, whom all the world allows to be ſo much " your betters." " By my troth," ſaid the bee, " the compariſon will amount to a very good " jeſt; and you will do me a favour, to let me " know the reaſon that all the world is pleaſed " to uſe in ſo hopeful a diſpute." At this, the *ſpider*, having ſwelled himſelf into the ſize and poſture of a diſputant, began his argument in the true ſpirit of controverſy, with a reſolution to be heartily ſcurrilous and angry; to urge *on* his own reaſons, without the leaſt regard to the anſwers or objections of his oppoſite; and fully predeter- mined in his mind againſt all conviction.

" Not

" Not to diſparage myſelf," ſaid he, " by the " compariſon with ſuch a raſcal, what art thou " but a vagabond, without houſe or home, with- " out ſtock or inheritance; born to no poſſeſſion " of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone- " pipe? Your livelihood is an univerſal plunder " upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gar- " dens; and, for the ſake of ſtealing, will rob a " nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a " domeſtic animal, furniſhed with a native ſtock " within myſelf. This large caſtle (to ſhew my " improvements in the mathematics) is all built " with my own hands, and the materials extract- " ed altogether out of my own perſon."

" I am glad," anſwered the bee, " to hear you " grant at leaſt, that I am come honeſtly by my " wings and my voice: For then, it ſeems, I am " obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my " muſic; and Providence would never have be- " ſtowed on me two ſuch gifts, without deſign- " ing them for the nobleſt ends. I viſit indeed " all the flowers and bloſſoms of the field and " garden: But whatever I collect from thence, " enriches myſelf, without the leaſt injury to " their beauty, their ſmell, or their taſte. Now, " for you, and your ſkill in architecture and " other mathematics, I have little to ſay. In " that building of your's, there might, for aught " I know, have been labour and method enough; " but, by woful experience for us both, it is " plain, the materials are naught; and I hope

" wwn

" you will henceforth take warning, and conſider " duration and matter, as well as method and " art. You boaſt indeed of being obliged to no " other creature, but of drawing and ſpinning " out all from yourſelf; that is to ſay, if we may " judge of the liquor in the veſſel by what iſſues " out, you poſſeſs a good plentiful ſtore of dirt " and poiſon in your breaſt. And although I " would by no means leſſen or diſparage your " genuine ſtock of either, yet, I doubt, you are " ſomewhat obliged for an increaſe of both to a " little foreign aſſiſtance. Your inherent portion " of dirt does not fail of acquiſitions, by ſweep- " ings exhaled from below; and one inſect fur- " niſhes you with a ſhare of poiſon to deſtroy " another. So that, in ſhort, the queſtion comes " all to this, Whether is the nobler being of the " two; that which, by a lazy contemplation of " four inches round, by an overweening pride, " feeding and ingendering on itſelf, turns all into " excrement and venom, producing nothing at " all, but fly-bane and a cob-web; or that which, " by an univerſal range, with long ſearch, much " ſtudy, true judgment, and diſtinction of things, " brings home honey and wax ?"

This diſpute was managed with ſuch eagerneſs, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of *books* in arms below ſtood ſilent a while, waiting in ſuſpence what would be the iſſue. Which was not long undetermined: For the *bee*, grown impatient at ſo much loſs of time, fled ſtraight a-

way to a bed of roſes, without looking for a reply; and left the *ſpider*, like an orator *collected* in himſelf, and juſt prepared to burſt out.

It happened, upon this emergency, that Æſop broke ſilence firſt. He had been of late moſt barbarouſly treated by a ſtrange effect of the *regent's humanity*, who had tore off his title-page, ſorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him faſt among a ſhelf of *Moderns* *; where ſoon diſcovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himſelf to a thouſand forms. At length, in the borrowed ſhape of an *aſs*, the *regent* miſtook him for a *Modern*; by which means, he had time and opportunity to eſcape to the *Ancients*, juſt when the *ſpider* and the *bee* were entering into the conteſt; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleaſure; and when it was ended, ſwore in the loudeſt key, that in all his life, he had never known two caſes ſo parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the ſhelves. "The diſputants," ſaid he, "have admirably managed the diſpute between them, "have taken in the full ſtrength of all that is to "be ſaid on both ſides, and exhauſted the ſubſtance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but "to adjuſt the reaſonings of both to the preſent "quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours "and fruits of each, as the *bee* has learnedly deduced

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æſop. See note, p. 401.

" duced them; and we ſhall find the concluſion
" fall plain and cloſe upon the *Moderns* and *us*.
" For, pray, Gentlemen, was ever any thing ſo
" *modern* as the *ſpider*, in his air, his turns, and his
" paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of *you* his
" brethren, and himſelf, with many boaſtings of
" his native ſtock, and great genius; that he
" ſpins and ſpits wholly from himſelf, and ſcorns
" to own any obligation or aſſiſtance from with-
" out. Then he diſplays to you his great ſkill
" in architecture, and improvement in the ma-
" thematics. To all this, the *bee*, as an advocate
" retained by us the *Ancients*, thinks fit to anſwer,
" That if one may judge of the great genius or
" inventions of the *Moderns*, by what they have
" produced, you will hardly have countenance to
" bear you out in boaſting of either. Erect your
" ſchemes with as much method and ſkill as you
" pleaſe; yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt,
" ſpun out of your own entrails, (the guts of
" *modern* brains), the edifice will conclude at laſt
" in a *cobweb*; the duration of which, like that
" of other *ſpiders* webs, may be imputed to their
" being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a cor-
" ner. For any thing elſe of genuine that the
" *Moderns* may pretend to, I cannot recollect;
" unleſs it be a large vein of wrangling and ſatire,
" much of a nature and ſubſtance with the *ſpider's*
" poiſon; which, however they pretend to ſpit
" wholly out of themſelves, is improved by the
" ſame arts; by feeding upon the *inſects* and *ver-*

" *min*

" *min* of the age. As for *us* the *Ancients*, we " are content, with the *bee*, to pretend to no- " thing of our own, beyond our *wings* and our " *voice*; that is to ſay, our *flights* and our *lan-* " *guage*. For the reſt, whatever we have got, " has been by infinite labour and ſearch, and " ranging through every corner of Nature. The " difference is, that inſtead of dirt and poiſon, " we have rather choſen to fill our hives with " *honey* and *wax*; thus furniſhing mankind with " the two nobleſt of things, which are, *ſweetneſs* " and *light*."

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult ariſen among the *books*, upon the cloſe of this long deſcant of Æſop. Both parties took the hint, and heightened their animoſities ſo on a ſudden, that they reſolved it ſhould come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their ſeveral enſigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and conſults upon the preſent emergency. The *Moderns* were in very warm debates upon the choice of their *leaders*; and nothing leſs than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occaſion. The difference was greateſt among the *horſe*, where every private *trooper* pretended to the chief command, from Taſſo and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The *light-horſe* were commanded by Cowley and Deſpreaux *. There came the *bowmen* under

* More commonly known by the name of Boileau. Hawkeſ.

their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gaſſendi, and Hobbes; whoſe ſtrength was ſuch, that they could ſhoot their arrows beyond the *atmoſphere*, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into *meteors*, or, like the *cannon-ball*, into *ſtars*. Paracelſus brought a *ſquadron* of *ſtink-pot-ſlingers* from the ſnowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vaſt body of *dragoons* of different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great *Aga* *; part armed with *ſcythes*, the weapons of death; part with *lances* and long *knives*, all ſteeped in *poiſon*; part ſhot *bullets* of a moſt malignant nature, and uſed *white powder*, which infallibly killed without *report*. There came ſeveral bodies of *heavy-armed foot*, all *mercenaries*, under the enſigns of Guiccardine, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The *engineers* were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The reſt were a confuſed multitude, led by Scotus, Acquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and ſtature, but without either arms, courage, or diſcipline. In the laſt place, came infinite ſwarms of *calones* †, a diſorderly rout led

* Dr Harvey, who diſcovered the circulation of the blood; a diſcovery much inſiſted on by the advocates for the Moderns, and excepted againſt as falſe by Sir William Temple, in his eſſay, p. 44. 45. *Hawkeſ.*

† *Calones.* By calling this diſorderly rout *calones*, the author points both his ſatire and contempt againſt all ſorts of mercenary ſcriblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of ſedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work.

led by L'Eſtrange ; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder ; all without *coats* to cover them *.

The army of the *Ancients* was much fewer in number : Homer led the *horſe*, and Pindar the *light-horſe ;* Euclid was chief *engineer ;* Plato and Ariſtotle commanded the *bowmen ;* Herodotus and Livy the *foot ;* Hippocrates the *dragoons ;* the *allies* led by Voſſius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a deciſive battle, *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly aſſigned her in the *regal library*, fled up ſtraight to Jupiter, to whom ſhe delivered a faithful account of all that paſſed between the two parties below ; for among the gods ſhe always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the *Milky Way*. The ſenate aſſembled : He declares the occaſion of convening them ; a bloody battle juſt impendent between two mighty armies of *Ancient* and *Modern* creatures, called *books*, wherein the celeſtial intereſt was but two deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the *Moderns*, made an excellent ſpeech in their favour ; which was anſwered by Pallas, the protectreſs of the *Ancients*. The aſſembly was

 divided

work. They are ſtyled *calones*, becauſe they are the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable of all writers ; as the *calones*, whether belonging to the army, or private families, were the meaneſt of all ſlaves or ſervants whatſoever. *Hawkeſ.*

* Theſe are pamphlets which are not bound or covered.

divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought, by Mercury, three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things paſt, preſent, and to come. The claſps were of ſilver, double gilt; the covers of celeſtial turkey-leather, and the paper ſuch as here on earth might almoſt paſs for vellum. Jupiter having ſilently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but preſently ſhut up the book.

Without the doors of this aſſembly, there attended a vaſt number of light, nimble gods, menial ſervants to Jupiter. Theſe are his miniſtering inſtruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or leſs together, and are faſtened to each other, like a link of galley-ſlaves, by a light chain, which paſſes from them to Jupiter's great toe. And yet, in receiving or delivering a meſſage, they may never approach above the loweſt ſtep of his throne, where he and they whiſper to each other through a long hollow trunk. Theſe deities are called by mortal men, *Accidents* or *Events*; but the gods call them *Second Cauſes*. Jupiter having delivered his meſſage to a certain number of theſe divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, conſulting a few minutes, entered unſeen, and diſpoſed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while, Momus, fearing the worſt, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore

no very good face to his children the *Moderns*, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called *Criticiſm*. She dwelt on the top of a ſnowy mountain in Nova Zembla. There Momus found her extended in her den, upon the ſpoils of numberleſs volumes half devoured. At her right hand ſat *Ignorance*, her father and huſband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dreſſing her up in the ſcraps of paper herſelf had torn. There was *Opinion*, her ſiſter, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-ſtrong; yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noiſe* and *Impudence*, *Dulneſs* and *Vanity*, *Poſitiveneſs*, *Pedantry*, and *Ill-Manners*. The goddeſs herſelf had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, reſembled thoſe of an *aſs*; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if ſhe looked only upon herſelf; her diet was the overflowing of her own *gall*; her *ſpleen* was ſo large, as to ſtand prominent like a dug of the firſt rate; nor wanted excreſcences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monſters were greedily ſucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of ſpleen increaſed faſter than the ſucking could diminiſh it. "Goddeſs," ſaid Momus, "can you ſit idle here, while our "devout worſhippers, the *Moderns*, are this mi-"nute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps "now lying under the ſwords of their enemies? "Who then hereafter will ever ſacrifice, or "build altars to our divinities? Haſte therefore

"to

" to the *Britiſh iſle*, and, if poſſible, prevent their " deſtruction; while I make factions among the " gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an anſwer, but left the goddeſs to her own reſentment. Up ſhe roſe in a rage; and as it is the form upon ſuch occaſions, began a ſoliloquy. " It is I" (ſaid ſhe) " who give wiſdom to infants " and idiots; by me children grow wiſer than " their parents; by me *beaux* become politicians, " and *ſchool-boys* judges of philoſophy; by me ſo- " phiſters debate, and conclude upon the depths " of knowledge; and coffeehouſe-wits, inſtinct " by me, can correct an author's ſtyle, and diſ- " play his minuteſt errors, without underſtand- " ing a ſyllable of his matter or his language; " by me ſtriplings ſpend their judgment, as they " do their eſtate, before it comes into their " hands. It is I who have depoſed Wit and " Knowledge from their empire over *Poetry*, and " advanced myſelf in their ſtead. And ſhall a " few *upſtart Ancients* dare oppoſe me?—— But " come, my aged parents, and you my children " dear, and thou my beauteous ſiſter; let us " aſcend my chariot, and haſte to aſſiſt our de- " vout *Moderns*, who are now ſacrificing to us a " *hecatomb*, as I perceive by that grateful ſmell, " which from thence reaches my noſtrils."

The goddeſs and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by *tame geeſe*, flew over infinite regions, ſhedding her influence in due

due places, till at length ſhe arrived at her beloved iſland of Britain. But, in hovering over its *metropolis*, what bleſſings did ſhe not let fall upon her ſeminaries of Greſham and Covent-garden *? And now ſhe reached the fatal plain of St James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan unſeen, and, landing upon a caſe of ſhelves, now deſart, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuoſo's*, ſhe ſtaid a while to obſerve the poſture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breaſt. For, at the head of a troop of *Modern bowmen*, ſhe caſt her eyes upon her ſon Wotton; to whom the Fates had aſſigned a very ſhort thread; Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by ſtolen embraces with this goddeſs. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children; and ſhe reſolved to go and comfort him. But firſt, according to the good old cuſtom of deities, ſhe caſt about to change her ſhape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal ſight, and overcharge the reſt of his ſenſes. She therefore gathered up her perſon into an *Octavo* compaſs. Her body grew white and arid, and ſplit in pieces with dryneſs; the thick turned into paſteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully ſtrewed a black juice or decoction

* See the notes, p. 245.

coction of gall and ſoot in form of letters; her head, and voice, and ſpleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of ſkin, did ſtill continue ſo. In this guiſe ſhe marched on towards the *Moderns*, undiſtinguiſhable in ſhape and dreſs from the *divine* Bentley, Wotton's deareſt friend. "Brave Wotton," ſaid the goddeſs, "why do our troops ſtand idle here, to "ſpend their preſent vigour, and opportunity of "the day? Away, let us haſte to the generals, "and adviſe to give the onſet immediately." Having ſpoke thus, ſhe took the uglieſt of her monſters, full glutted from her ſpleen, and flung it inviſibly into his mouth; which flying ſtraight up into his head, ſqueezed out his eye-balls, gave him a diſtorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then ſhe privately ordered two of her beloved children, *Dulneſs* and *Ill-manners*, cloſely to attend his perſon in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, ſhe vaniſhed in a miſt; and the *hero* perceived it was the goddeſs his mother.

The deſtined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular deſcription, I muſt, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform ſo immenſe a work. Say, Goddeſs, that preſided over hiſtory, who it was that firſt advanced in the field of battle. Paracelſus, at the head of his *dragoons*, obſerving Galen in the adverſe wing,

wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force; which the brave *Ancient* received upon his ſhield, the point breaking in the ſecond fold. * *

* * * * *Hic pauca*
* * * * *deſunt.*

They bore the wounded *Aga* † on their ſhields to his chariot. * * *

* * * * *Deſunt*
* * * * *nonnulla.*
* * * * *

Then Ariſtotle obſerving Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow; which miſſed the valiant *Modern*, and went hizzing over his head. But Des Cartes it hit: The ſteel point quickly found a *defect* in his *head-piece*; it pierced the leather and the paſteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant *bowman* round, till death, like a ſtar of ſuperior influence, drew him into his own *vortex*.

* * * * *
* * * *Ingens hiatus*
* * * *hic in MS.*
* * * * *

when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horſe, with difficulty managed by the rider himſelf, but which no other mortal

† Dr Harvey. See the note, p. 412. It was not thought proper to name his antagoniſt, but only to intimate that he was wounded. Other Moderns are ſpared by the [illegible]s that follows, probably for ſimilar reaſons. *Hawkeſ.*

mortal durſt approach. He rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, Goddeſs, whom he ſlew firſt, and whom he ſlew laſt. Firſt, Gondibert * advanced againſt him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a ſtaid ſober gelding, not ſo famed for his ſpeed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had ſpoiled Homer of his armour †: Madman! who had never once *ſeen* the wearer, nor underſtood his ſtrength. Him Homer overthrew, horſe and man, to the ground; there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long ſpear he ſlew Denham, a ſtout *Modern*; who from his father's ſide derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race ‡. He fell, and bit the earth. The celeſtial part Apollo took, and made it a ſtar; but the terreſtrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer ſlew Weſley §, with a kick of his horſe's heel. He took Perault by mighty force, out of his ſaddle; then hurled him at Fontenelle; with the ſame blow daſhing out both their brains.

* An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant, in ſtanzas of four lines. *Hawkeſ.*

† *Vid.* Homer.

‡ Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; ſo that his detractors ſaid, he was not the real author of Cooper's *Hill.*

§ Mr Weſley, who wrote the Life of Chriſt in verſe, &c. *Hawkeſ.*

On the left wing of the horſe, Virgil appeared, in ſhining armour, completely fitted to his body. He was mounted on a dapple-grey ſteed, the flowneſs of whoſe pace was an effect of the higheſt mettle and vigour. He caſt his eye on the adverſe wing, with a deſire to find an object worthy of valour; when, behold, upon a ſorrel gelding of a monſtrous ſize, appeared a foe, iſſuing from among the thickeſt of the enemy's ſquadrons: But his ſpeed was leſs than his noiſe; for his horſe, old and lean, ſpent the dregs of his ſtrength in a high trot; which, though it made ſlow advances, yet cauſed a loud claſhing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance; when the ſtranger deſired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within; which, after a pauſe, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave *Ancient* ſuddenly ſtarted, as one poſſeſſed with ſurpriſe and diſappointment together: For the helmet was nine times too large for the head; which appeared ſituate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobſter, or like a mouſe under a canopy of ſtate, or like a ſhrivelled beau from within the pent-houſe of a modern periwig: And the voice was ſuited to the viſage, ſounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, ſoothed up the good *Ancient;* called him *Father;* and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related.

Then he humbly propoſed an exchange of armour, as a laſting mark of hoſpitality between them. Virgil conſented, (for the goddeſs *Diffidence* came unſeen, and caſt a miſt before his eyes), though his was of gold, and coſt a hundred beeves *, the other's but of ruſty iron. However, this glittering armour became the *Modern* yet worſe than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horſes; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

* * * * *

* * * * *Alter hiatus in MS.*

* * * Lucan appeared upon a fiery horſe, of admirable ſhape, but headſtrong, bearing the rider where he liſted, over the field. He made a mighty ſlaughter among the enemy's horſe; which deſtruction to ſtop, Blackmore, a famous *Modern*, (but one of the *mercenaries*), ſtrenuouſly oppoſed himſelf, and darted his javelin with a ſtrong hand; which falling ſhort of its mark, ſtruck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æſculapius came unſeen, and turned off the point †. "Brave "*Modern*," ſaid Lucan, "I perceive ſome god "protects you; for never did my arm ſo deceive "me before. But what mortal can contend with "a god? Therefore let us fight no longer, but "preſent

* *Vid.* Homer.

† His ſkill as a phyſician atoned for his dulneſs as a poet. *Hawkeſ.*

" preſent gifts to each other." Lucan then beſtowed *the Modern a pair of ſpurs*, and Blackmore gave Lucan a *bridle*. * * *

* * * * *Pauca*

* * * * *deſunt.*

Creech: But the goddeſs *Dulneſs* took a cloud, formed into the ſhape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying poſture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and purſued the image, threatening loud; till at laſt it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby; by whom he was diſarmed, and aſſigned to his repoſe.

Then Pindar ſlew ——, and ——, and Oldham, and ——, and Afra and Amazon *, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible ſlaughter among the enemy's *light-horſe*. Him when Cowley obſerved, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced againſt the fierce *Ancient*, imitating his addreſs, his pace and career, as well as the vigour of his horſe, and his own ſkill, would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins; firſt Cowley threw a lance, which miſſed Pindar, and paſſing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, ſo large and

 weighty,

* Mrs Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems. *Hawkeſ.*

weighty, that ſcarce a dozen *cavaliers*, as *cavaliers* are in our degenerate days, could raiſe it from the ground; yet he threw it with eaſe, and it went, by an unerring hand, ſinging through the air; nor could the *Modern* have avoided preſent death, if he had not luckily oppoſed the ſhield that had been given him by Venus *. And now both Heroes drew their ſwords. But the *Modern* was ſo aghaſt and diſordered, that he knew not where he was; his ſhield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not eſcape. At laſt he turned, and, lifting up his hands in the poſture of a ſuppliant, "Godlike Pindar!" ſaid he, "ſpare my life, and poſſeſs my horſe, "with theſe arms, beſides the ranſom which my "friends will give, when they hear I am alive, "and your priſoner." "Dog," ſaid Pindar, "let your ranſom ſtay with your friends: But "your carcaſe ſhall be left for the *fowls of the* "*air*, and the *beaſts of the field*." With that, he raiſed his ſword, and, with a mighty ſtroke, cleft the wretched *Modern* in twain, the ſword purſuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horſes feet, the other half was borne by the frighted ſteed thro' the field. This Venus took †, and waſhed it ſeven

* His poem called the *Miſtreſs*. *Hawkeſ.*

† I do not approve the author's judgment in this; for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his *Miſtreſs*.

It may however be conſidered, that Cowley's Pindarics were but copies of which Pindar was the original. Before Pindar; therefore his Pindarics might fall, and his *Miſtreſs* be preſerved as properly his own. *Hawkeſ.*

ſeven times in *ambroſia*; then ſtruck it thrice with a ſprig of *amaranth*; upon which the leather grew round and ſoft, and the leaves turned into feathers; and being gilded before, continued gilded ſtill; ſo it became a *dove*, and ſhe harneſſed it to her chariot. * * *

* * * * *Hiatus valde deflendus in MS.*

Day being far ſpent, and the numerous forces of the *Moderns* half inclining to a retreat, there iſſued forth from a ſquadrom of their *heavy-armed foot* *, a captain, whoſe name was *Bentley*; the moſt deformed of all the *Moderns*; tall, but without ſhape or comelineſs; large, but without ſtrength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thouſand incoherent pieces; and the ſound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a ſheet of lead, which an *Eteſian* wind blows ſuddenly down from the roof of ſome ſteeple. His helmet was of old ruſty iron; but the vizor was braſs, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the ſame fountain; ſo that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of moſt malignant nature was ſeen to diſtil from his lips. In his right hand he

* The epiſode of Bentley and Wotton.

As the account of the battle of the books is an allegorical repreſentation of Sir William Temple's eſſay, in which the Ancients are oppoſed to the Moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an epiſode, and their intruſion repreſented as an under action. *Hawkeſ.*

graſped a flail *, and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offenſive* weapon) a veſſel full of *ordure* in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a ſlow and heavy pace, where the *Modern* chiefs were holding a conſult upon the ſum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump ſhoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expoſe. The generals made uſe of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great ſervice to their cauſe; but at other times did more miſchief than good; for at the leaſt touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it againſt his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the diſpoſition of Bentley, grieved to ſee the enemy prevail, and diſſatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the *Modern* generals to underſtand, that he conceived, with great ſubmiſſion, they were all a pack of *rogues*, and *fools*, and *ſons of whores*, and *d—n'd cowards*, and *confounded loggerheads*, and *illiterate whelps*, and *nonſenſical ſcoundrels*; that if himſelf had been conſtituted general, thoſe *preſumptuous dogs* † the *Ancients* would long before this have been beaten out of the field. "You," ſaid he, "ſit

* The perſon here ſpoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without diſtinction, and uſing mean and foul ſcurrilities.

† *Vid.* Homer de Therſite.

" ſit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant " *Modern*, kill an enemy, you are ſure to ſeize " the ſpoil. But I will not march one foot a- " gainſt the foe, till you all ſwear to me, that " whomever I take or kill, his arms I ſhall qui- " etly poſſeſs." Bentley having ſpoken thus, Scaliger beſtowing him a ſour look; " Miſcreant " prater," ſaid he, " eloquent only in thine own " eyes, thou raileſt without wit, or truth, or diſ- " cretion. The malignity of thy temper per- " verteth nature, thy *learning* makes thee more " *barbarous*; thy ſtudy of *humanity*, more *inhu-* " *man*; thy *converſe* among poets, more *gro-* " *velling*, *miry*, and *dull*. All arts of *civilizing* " others, render thee *rude* and *untractable*; *courts* " have taught thee *ill manners*, and *polite conver-* " *ſation* has finiſhed thee a *pedant*. Beſides, a " greater coward burdeneth not the army. But " never deſpond; I paſs my word, whatever " ſpoil thou takeſt, ſhall certainly be thy own; " though, I hope, that vile carcaſe will firſt be- " come a prey to kites and worms."

Bentley durſt not reply; but half choaked with ſpleen and rage, withdrew in full reſolution of performing ſome great atchievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; reſolving, by policy or ſurpriſe, to attempt ſome neglected quarter of the *Ancients* army. They began their march over carcaſes of their ſlaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they

they came to Aldrovandus's tomb; which they paſſed on the ſide of the declining ſun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might ſpy the quarters of the wounded, or ſome ſtraggling ſleepers, unarmed, and remote from the reſt. As when two *mungrel curs*, whom *native greedineſs* and *domeſtic want* provoke and join in partnerſhip, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of ſome rich grazier; they, with tails depreſſed and lolling tongues, creep ſoft and ſlow: Mean while, the conſcious *moon*, now in her *zenith*, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent viſage, whether ſeen in puddle by reflection, or in ſphere direct; but one ſurveys the region round, while t'other ſcouts the plain, if haply to diſcover, at diſtance from the flock, ſome *carcaſe* half devoured, the refuſe of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens: So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with leſs fear and circumſpection; when, at diſtance, they might perceive two ſhining ſuits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound ſleep. The two friends drew lots, and the purſuing of this adventure fell to Bentley. On he went, and in his van *Confuſion* and *Amaze*, while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the *Ancients* army, Phalaris and Æſop, lay faſt aſleep. Bentley would fain have diſpatch-

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ed them both; and, ſtealing cloſe, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breaſt. But then the goddeſs *Affright* interpoſing, caught the *Modern* in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger ſhe foreſaw; for both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the ſame inſtant, though ſoundly ſleeping, and buſy in a dream *. For Phalaris was juſt that minute dreaming, how a moſt vile *poet-aſter* had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his *bull*. And Æſop dreamed, that as he and the *Ancient chiefs* were lying on the ground, a *wild aſs* broke looſe, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes aſleep, ſeized on both their armours, and withdrew in queſt of his darling Wotton.

He, in the mean time, had wandered long in ſearch of ſome enterpriſe, till at length he arrived at a ſmall *rivulet*, that iſſued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men, *Helicon*. Here he ſtopped, and, parched with thirſt, reſolved to allay it in this limpid ſtream. Thrice with profane hands he eſſayed to raiſe the water to his lips, and thrice it ſlipped all through his fingers. Then he ſtooped prone on his breaſt; but ere his mouth had kiſſed the liquid cryſtal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his *ſhield* betwixt the *Modern* and the fountain, ſo that he drew up nothing but *mud*. For although no.

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of thoſe who were killed in their ſleep.

no fountain on earth can compare with the clearneſs of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick ſediment of *ſlime* and *mud*; for ſo Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a puniſhment to thoſe who durſt attempt to taſte it with unhallowed lips, and for a leſſon to all, not to *draw too deep*, or *far from the ſpring*.

At the fountain-head, Wotton diſcerned two heroes. The one he could not diſtinguiſh; but the other was ſoon known for Temple, general of the *allies* to the *Ancients*. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himſelf to reſt from the toils of the war Wotton obſerving him, with quaking knees and trembling hands ſpoke thus to himſelf. "Oh, that I could kill this deſtroyer of our "army! What renown ſhould I purchaſe among "the chiefs? But to iſſue out againſt him, man "againſt man, ſhield againſt ſhield, and lance "againſt lance *, what *Modern* of us dare? For "he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are "ever at his elbow. But, Oh, *Mother!* if what "Fame reports be true, that I am the ſon of ſo "great a goddeſs, grant me to hit Temple with "this lance, that the ſtroke may ſend him to "hell, and that I may return in ſafety and "triumph, laden with his ſpoils." The firſt part of his prayer the gods granted, at the interceſſion of his *mother*, and of Momus; but the reſt

* Vid. Homer.

reſt, by a perverſe wind, ſent from *Fate*, was ſcattered in the air. Then Wotton graſped his lance, and brandiſhing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the *goddeſs* his *mother*, at the ſame time, adding ſtrength to his arm. Away the lance went hizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted *Ancient*; upon which lightly graſing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall. And Wotton might have eſcaped to his army, with the honour of having emitted his lance againſt ſo great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin flung by the aſſiſtance of ſo foul a *goddeſs*, ſhould pollute his fountain, put on the ſhape of —, and ſoftly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: He pointed firſt to the lance, then to the diſtant *Modern* that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a ſuit of armour which had been *given him by all the gods* *, immediately advanced againſt the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Arabian Deſart, ſent by his aged ſire to hunt for prey, or health, or exerciſe; he ſcours along, wiſhing to meet ſome tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a *wild aſs*, with brayings importune,

* Boyle was aſſiſted in this diſpute by Dean Aldrich, Dr Atterbury, afterwards Biſhop of Rocheſter, and other perſons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the *Chriſt-Church wits*. Hawkeſ.

importune, affronts his ear; the generous beaſt, though loathing to diſtain his claws with blood ſo vile, yet much provoked at the offenſive noiſe; which *Echo*, fooliſh nymph, like her [redacted], *judging ſex*, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's ſong; he vindicates the honour of the foreſt, and hunts the noiſy long-ear'd animal: So Wotton fled, ſo Boyle purſued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and ſlow of foot, began to ſlack his courſe; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the ſpoils of the two ſleeping *Ancients*. Boyle obſerved him well; and ſoon diſcovering the helmet and ſhield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he [redacted] lately, with his own hands, new poliſhed and gilded; rage ſparkled in his eyes; and leaving his purſuit after Wotton, he furiouſly ruſhed on againſt this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways. And as a woman in a little houſe, that gets a painful livelihood by ſpinning *; if chance her *geeſe* be ſcattered o'er the common, ſhe courſes round the plain from ſide to ſide, compelling here and there the ſtraglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champain: So Boyle purſued, ſo fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themſelves in *phalanx*. Firſt, Bentley threw

* This is alſo after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by ſpinning, has nothing to do with the ſimilitude, nor would be excuſable without ſuch authority.

a ſpear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breaſt. But Pallas came unſeen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of *lead*; which, after a dead bang againſt the enemy's ſhield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, obſerving well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and ſharpneſs; and as this pair of friends compacted ſtood cloſe ſide to ſide, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unuſual force, darted the weapon. Bentley ſaw his fate approach; and flanking down his arms cloſe to his ribs, hoping to ſave his body, in went the point, paſſing through arm and ſide: Nor ſtopt, or ſpent its force, till it had alſo pierced the valiant Wotton; who going to ſuſtain his dying friend, ſhared his fate. As when a ſkilful cook has truſſed a brace of *woodcocks*, he, with iron ſkewer pierces the tender ſides of both, their legs and wings cloſe pinioned to their ribs: So was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; ſo cloſely joined, that Charon would miſtake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: And happy and immortal ſhall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now * * * * * *

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* * * * * * *Deſunt cætera.*

END OF VOL. I.